1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
AW32 Gond AW32
Hill Maria
Bison Horn Maria

CHAPTER VIII

PROCURING OF OTHER FOOD AND DRINK

> 'Whatever came across them they must needs kill and eat it; 539
> They made no distinction. If they saw a jackal they killed
> And ate it; no distinction was observed; they respected not antelope,
> sambhar and the like.
> They made no distinction in eating a sow, a quail, a pigeon,
> A crow, a kite, an adjutant, a vulture,
> A lizard, a frog, a beetle, a cow, a calf, a he- and a she-buffalo,
> Rats, bandicoots, squirrels—all these they killed and ate.
> So began the Gonds to do. They devoured raw and ripe things.'
> (Hislop's version of the Lingo epic of the Gonds.)

A. *Food Gathering*

FAMINE has never been a problem in Bastar, as the Marias and 222
other tribes have always been able to draw half of their food supplies 262
from the innumerable edible products of the vast forests. The
difficulty is not so much to say what they collect and eat as what
they do not; in fact, if one were to take one of the lists of trees,
shrubs and herbs compiled by the Central Provinces Forest Department,
and copy from it the names of all edible forest products, one
would not even then produce an exhaustive list. At page 124 above,
many of the more important forest products collected and garnered
were enumerated. *Mahua* (*Bassia latifolia*) is not common in the
Abujhmar hills, where consequently little *mahua* spirit is distilled [273]
or drunk; where it does occur, the Hill Marias collect its flowers
and fruit as eagerly as cultivators throughout India. It is common
in the Bison-horn country. The women and children gather the
fallen flowers in the mornings. It is dried in the sun, and then
stored in bamboo wicker baskets; it keeps a long time. It is used [263]
to flavour *pej* and *gato*, or roasted. Oil is pressed in the plains from
the fruit. Tamarind trees are not really wild, but were originally
planted around village sites; the fruit is carefully gathered from
all the unoccupied village sites. The fruits of the *achar* (*Buchanania
latifolia*) and *tendu* (*Diospyros melanoxylon*) are two of the main
sources of food supply. They collect also fruit of the *seona* (*Gmelina
arborea*), *jamun* (*Eugenia jambolana*) and *aonla* (*Phyllanthus emblica*).
Wild mangoes are common, and they are learning to cultivate the
tree; they store whole fruit, dried pulp, and kernels whole or
crushed. In the south of the State the toddy palm (*Borassus
flabellifer*) is the mainstay of the economic life of the people, but

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197 It may be observed that in these specimens and in the *Linguistic Survey* records there is far less borrowing from Aryan languages than in the Gondi folk-tales, stories and songs printed in Volume II 192 of Trench's *Grammar*. In my specimens there are two corruptions of English words which have become current through excise and police practice respectively, ***bōtāl*** (bottle) and ***rapōṭ*** (report). Fairly recent Hindi or Halbi borrowings (as distinct from long acclimatized words of Sanskrit origin like ***mīn*** (fish), ***wijjā*** (seed) or ***bēsh*** (good)) found in my specimens are ***ḍōkrā*** (old man), ***ḍōkrī*** (old woman), ***dinām*** and ***dināl*** (daily), ***kabāṛ*** (work), ***khush*** (pleased), ***tiyār*** (ready), ***bichār*** (thought), ***milē-māsī*** (together), ***sarkār*** (authorities), ***lagē*** (fastened), and ***rāzī*** (contented).

126 I have not collected any specimens of Bison-horn Maria language, nor have I the qualifications to attempt any sketch of the grammars of the two dialects. The Hill Maria specimens that follow were recorded under my supervision by Sampat Singh, my interpreter, in the villages of Orcha and Hikul in the Abujhmar hills in March 1934, the records being corrected with the aid of the Hill Marias in my camp.

TWO STORIES, FROM HIKUL VILLAGE

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I. The Monkey Son-in-law

Unḍ nāgā mattā. Ḍōkri- mu'ittā mattā, ōrā unḍ miyāṛ
One village was. Old-woman-old-woman was, hers a daughter

mattā. Ad pīkī layā mattā. Ḍōkri- mu'ittā ad pīki-tun
was. That girl maiden was. Old-woman-old-woman that girl

bōn-kē bēwā mattā. Unḍ mētā-tā unḍ kōwē ḍōkri-mu'ittā-
anyone-to giving-not was. A mountain-from a monkey old-woman-

nagā pīki-may'dē lām wātā. Ḍōkri-mu'ittā
old-woman-to girl-for bride-servitor came. Old-woman-old-woman

kētā, 'Nimā bārā-kiyā wātōq, kōwā?' Kōwā ittoq, 'Hillē,
said, 'You what-for have-come, monkey?' Monkey said, 'No,

māmō, bēnōrē lām tāsʼtēq, nannā paṛī tūngānā-may'dē
father's-sister, anyone bride-servitor will-keep. I work doing-for

mandākān.' Ḍōkri-mu'ittā bichār kitā, 'Māwā-igā paṛī kiyānōr bōgh
will-stay.' Old-woman thought-made, 'Me-with work doer anyone

hillē; pīkin-may'dē kōwā baranjā-tun tāsʼkān.' Injōr vēāhtā,
not; girl-for monkey son-in-law-for I-will-keep.' Then she-said,

'Mākā paṛī kia, tihtānūr.' Kōwā-ku tāstōq. Kōwā vēāhtōq,
'Me-for work do, I-will-feed.' Monkey she-kept. Monkey said,

'Māmā, nā-kā unḍ maqsu par-sim; pēndā naṛkān.'
'Father-in-law, me-to an axe made-give; penda-clearing I-will-cut.'

Kōwā-nā pōlō kēñj-sī, mu'ittōr māṛōnagā unḍ maqsu banā-kīyā
Monkey-of saying having-heard, old-man blacksmith-with an axe making-do

vēhhātōq. Ogā māṛō tānā kōlā-bārā maqsu-nā kīsī kōwāng-kū
said. That smith its handle-with axe having-made monkey-to

hittōq. Aske kōwā tānā māmān-tōnē vēhhātōq ki, 'Nākun jāwā
gave. Then monkey his father-in-law-to said that, 'Me-to gruel

aṭsī-sīm; nannā pēṅdā naṛkālāyᵃ dākān.' Mu'ittā-ḍōkrī
cooking-give; I penda-clearing to-cut will-go.' Old-woman-old-woman

vēhhātā ki 'Kōwā-tun jāwā himatu, aur pēndā naṛkālāyᵃ dāyānur.'
said that 'Monkey-to gruel give, and penda to-cut he-will-go.'

Aske narkōm pīkī jāwā kīs-hittā. Jāwā pā'īs, kōwā pēndā
Then in-the-morning girl gruel made-gave. Gruel having-taken, monkey penda

naṛkālāyᵃ hattōq. Pēndā naṛkālāyᵃ wiṛsī, kōwā rēkā tumrī
to-cut went. Penda to-cut having-neglected, monkey achar tendu

tindā-lāyᵃ marā mēṭā huṛtōq. wa pāyā mulpē maqsu-tun
to-eat trees mountain was-seeing, and afterwards at-evening axe

marā tōl-ā lagē-kīsī lōn wātōq. Pīkī kōwān man-kīwō mattā.
tree bark-to having-fastened home came. Girl monkey liking-not was.

Onā paṛī-tun huṛsī, ḍōkrī ōnā miyāṛ-tun kētā, 'Huṛā, pīkī, kōwā
His work seeing, old-woman her daughter-to said, 'See, girl, monkey

baṛānjā nēhᵃnā kām kiyānōr, nimā ōn man-kēwīr.' Pīkī kēmēk
son-in-law good work will-do, you him liking-make-not.' Girl silent

ātā. Dinām kōwā jāwā kājsī kām kiyānā mayᵃdē hattōq. Unḍ diyā
was. Daily monkey gruel taking work doing for went. One day

māmāl kētōq, 'Nēnḍ nannā bārā pēndā huṛᵃlāsī ākān.' Kōwā
father-in-law said, 'To-day I also penda to-see will-come.' Monkey

kētōq, 'Nāṛ wā'īkī.' Imā diyā ōnā māmā-kū kōwā
said, 'To-morrow come-please.' Next day his father-in-law monkey

nāṭēnā naṛkal pēṅdā-tun tōhhātōq. Mu'ittōr kabāṛ-tun huṛsī khush
of-the-village cut penda-to showed. Old-man work seeing pleased

ātōq. Pāyā ōgā lōn wās, ḍōkrī-tun kētōq. Mu'ittōr-nā pōlō
was. Afterwards he home having-come old-woman told. Old-man's word

kēñjsī mu'ittā bārā khush ātā. Nāṭēnōr pēndā bōṛsalāyᵃ
having-heard old-woman also pleased was. Villagers penda to-burn

handānā-askē kōwā bārā jāwā pā'īs tiyār ātūr. Nāṭēnōr pēṅdā
going-when monkey also gruel having-taken ready was. Villagers penda

bōṛsatōq arā kōwā tumrī rēkā tindā ātūr. Nāṭēnōr kōhᵃlā bītānā-askē,
burnt and monkey tendu achar to-eat began. Villagers kutki sowing-when,

kōwā vēhhātōq, 'Wijjā parkā, māmā, nannā bārā bītᵃkān.'
monkey said, 'Seed look-for, father-in-law, I too will-sow'

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●539 Mu'ittōr wijjā parhakas hittōq. Kōwā wijjā-tun guppat-tagā
Old-man seed having-looked-for gave. Monkey seeds-to undergrowth-in

missī-hittōq. Missī pāyā lōn wās, 'bītān' injōrē
buried. Having-buried then home having-come, 'I-have sown' saying

ōnā māmā-tun vĕ*kk*tōq. Mu'ittōr ittōq, 'Pēndā huṛᵃlā dākōm,
his father-in-law-to told. Old-man said, 'Penda to-see we-will-go,

baṛānjā.' Indānkē, kōwā vĕ*kk*tōq, 'Dā'ī.' Kōwā
son-in-law.' He-having-spoken, monkey said, 'Please-go.' Monkey

munē munē, tānā māmā pāyā pāyā wītal pēndā hurᵃlāsī
in-front in-front, his father-in-law behind behind sown penda to-see

hattōq. Kōwā askē munē tō*kk*as-mattōq, ad pēndā-tun ōs bēṛ
went. Monkey then before shown-was, that penda second time

tō*kk*tōq. Kōhᵃlā mōṛas-mattā. Huṛtōq, payā milē-māsī lōn wātōq.
showed. Kutki sprouted-had. They-saw, then together home came.

Imā diyā kōwā ittōq ki, 'Māmā, nannā piṭṭē rākhā-mayᵃdē
Next day monkey said that, 'Father-in-law, I birds watching-for

pēndā-tagā dākān.' Ahᵃlĕkēn dinām jāwā tinjī kōwā pēndā-nagā
penda-to will-go.' Thus daily gruel having-eaten monkey penda-to

rākhā-mayᵃdē handōr. Agā kōwā nāṭēnā g̃ōṛ-ku mēhtānā
watching-for used-to-go. There monkey of-the-village cattle grazing

pēkōr-nā pēndā bitᵃlē-tun tindūr. Ahᵃlĕkēn dinām tinjōr-mattōq.
lads-of penda the-sown was-eating. Thus daily he-kept-eating.

Pēkōr huṛtōq ki 'Māwā kōhalā-tun bātā lĕkōrā dinām tintā?' Unḍ
The-lads saw that 'Our kutki what animal daily eats?' One

diyā pēkōr jamā wāsī bichār kitōq, 'Ayō, bōg*h* i*gh*ā rākhā
day lads together having-come counsel took, 'No, someone here watching

manᵃtu, askē huṛᵃkīṭ bātā tindāntā.' Imā diyā unḍ pēkā kōhᵃlā-tagā
stay, then you-will-see what is-eating.' Next day a boy kutki-near

rākhā-mattōq. Askē kōwā garak-manj kōhᵃlā tindā wātōq, bārā
watching-stayed. Then monkey soon-after kutki to-eat came, and

tindālāsī ātōq. Rākhā pēkā huṛsī ōnā sangᵃtōr-kun vĕ*kk*tōq.
eating began. Watching boy having-seen his comrades-to told.

Imā diyā sabē milē-māsī kōwā-tun hawaktōq. Hawaksī-manj hachun
Next day all together monkey killed. Killing-after a-little

kōwā-tā awiṅg ōnā māmā-tun bārā pēkōr hittōq; ō*gh* tittōq.
monkey-of flesh his father-in-law-to also lads gave; he ate (it).

Mulpē ātā, matī kōwā ōnā māmānā lōn āwō ātōq. Askē ōnā
Evening came, but monkey his father-in-law's house not come. Then his

māmā parktōq. Munḍ nālū diyālā payā ōnā māmā-ku
father-in-law searched. Three four days later his father-in-law-to

yērkā ātā ki pēkōr hawaktōq. Ona māmā rām ātōr
known became that the-lads had-killed. His father-in-law angry became

pēkōr-nā vēhātōq, 'Idēn nannā sarkār-tagā rapōṭ kiyā-kān.' Askē pēkōr
lads-to said, 'This I authorities-to report shall-make.' Then lads

bēṛatōq ittōq, 'Ayō, ilēhā kēmā ; māt bōgh ni-agā lām
were-afraid said, 'No, thus do-not ; of-us someone you-with bride-servitor

mandākōm. Askē mu'ittōr rāzi ātōq. Ūnd pēkā ōnēgā lām
we-will-stay. Then old-man content became. A lad his bride-servitor

mattōq, askē ōnā piki-tun ad lām pēkānā-tōghē manni kis-hittōq.
became, then his girl-to that bride-servitor boy-with marriage made.

Lōn kis, tittōq.
House having-made, they-ate.

Free Translation

In a certain village an old woman had a maiden daughter, whose hand she would give to no suitor. A monkey came from a mountain to gain the girl's hand by serving for her. The old woman asked the monkey why he had come, and the monkey answered, 'Father's sister, if I could find anyone to give me his daughter as my wife after I have served him for her, I would stay with him and work for him.' The old woman reflected that she had no one to work for her, and determined to keep the monkey as a future husband for the girl. So she told him that if he would work for her, she would keep him. So she kept the monkey. The monkey then asked his future father-in-law to get an axe made for him to enable him to cut the trees for his *penda* cultivation. The old man ordered an axe from the blacksmith, and the smith duly made an axe complete with handle and gave it to the monkey. Then the monkey told his father-in-law that if he were given some cooked gruel to eat, he would go to clear the *penda* plot. The old woman told her daughter to make gruel for the monkey, so that he could go to work. So next morning the girl made gruel and gave it to the monkey, who ate it and went off to cut the forest for *penda* cultivation ; but he did no cutting, but searched the mountain-side for achar and tendu fruits to eat, and then in the evening left the axe in the bark of a tree and came home. The girl hated the monkey ; but when the old woman saw him return from work, she said to her daughter, 'Look, my girl, what good work this monkey son-in-law will do, and yet you dislike him !' But the girl kept quiet. Every day the monkey when he had had his gruel went off to work. One day his father-in-law said that he would go with him to see the *penda* cultivation, but the monkey suggested that he should wait till the morrow. The next day the monkey showed him the *penda* clearings that had been made by the villagers, and the old man, thinking he was looking at the monkey's work, was delighted, and went home and told his equally delighted wife.

When the villagers were going to burn the felled timber in the *penda* plots, the monkey took his gruel, and said that he was ready to go and burn his *penda* also, but while the villagers were busy burning theirs, the monkey was eating tendu and achar fruit. And when the villagers were sowing their kutki, the monkey said that he, too, was going to sow, and asked his future father-in-law to look out some seed for him. The old man found some seed and gave it to the monkey, but the monkey threw it away in the undergrowth, and came and told the old man that he had sown the seed. Then the old man said that he would go with the monkey to see the *penda* plot, and the monkey agreeing, they went off, the monkey leading, to see the sown field. The monkey again showed the old man the same plot which he had shown him before, on which the kutki had sprouted, and then they went back home.

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Next day the monkey told his father-in-law that he would have to go up to the *penda* field to scare away the birds; and thereafter every day after his gruel the monkey used to go off on the pretence of watching the crops; but when he reached the *penda* fields, he used to eat the kutki growing on the fields of the boys who were absent grazing the village cattle. The boys observed that some animal was eating their crops, and one day consulted together, and decided to leave a boy there to see what happened to the crops. Next day, therefore, a boy was left to guard the *penda*, and soon after he had been posted he saw the monkey come and start eating the kutki. The watchman told the other boys, and next day all combined to kill the monkey; they gave a little of its flesh to the old man also, and he ate it.

When evening came but the monkey did not come home, his father-in-law searched for him, and three or four days later learnt how the boys had killed him. In a rage he told the boys that he intended to report their action to the authorities. They were frightened and begged him not to do this, promising that one of them should come and serve him for his daughter's hand. Then the old man was satisfied. One of the boys came to serve him to win his daughter's hand, and ultimately he married the servitor to his daughter, and the boy and girl made a house and lived there together.

II. Catching Peacocks

Uṅḍ nāṭē-nagā mu'ittōr mu'ittā mattōq. Mu'ittōr ōnā pēndā-nagā
One village-in old-man old-woman were. Old-man his penda-field-in

kōhᵃlā biti-mattōq. Kōhᵃlā pāṅdᵃtā. Pāṅdᵃtā kōhᵃlātun mal tinjōr-
kuṭki sown-had. Kutki ripened. Ripened kutki peacocks eating-

mattā. Tān huṛsī mu'ittōr rākhā mayᵃdē dināl pēndā-tagā
kept. Them seeing old-man watching-for daily penda-field-in

mantoq. Und diya mu'ittor-tun ḍanḍ pōrᵃtā; ōghu lōn handā parō-
was-staying. One day old-man-to fever arose; he home go could-

wātō. Askē ōnā mutī ittā, 'Nēnḍ mu'ittōr pēndā-tāhī bāhu wāyōq?'
not. Then his wife said, 'To-day old-man penda from why not-come?'

Onā huṛᵃlāsī mu'ittā pēndā-tēkē hattā. Aṛkā hanj huṛtā mal
His seeing-for old-woman penda-towards went. There having-come saw pea-

kōhᵃlā tinjōr-mandē arā mu'ittōr kētul-nagā huñjas-mattōq. Askē
cocks kutki eating-were and old-man field-house-in sleeping-was. Then

ḍōkrī mu'ittōr-tun huṛsī kiltā. Askē mal mu'itta-ḍōkrī-
old-woman old-man seeing wept. Then peacocks old-woman

nagā wās vēhāktōq bārā kētōq. 'Nimā bāhā-kiyā kilintā?' Ḍōkrī
near coming spoke and said, 'You what-for weep?' Old-woman

ittā, 'Ayō, māwā mu'ittōr-tun ḍānḍ partā; handā parōr. Nimā mēnd
said, 'No, my old-man-to fever has-come; walk cannot. You also

aṛkā hanj huṛā.' Mal kētu-dē-lōpā huṛᵃlāsī hattōq. Askē
there going see.' Peacocks field-house-inside to-see went. Then

ḍōkrā ittōq, 'Kētu-dā tāt kēh-sim.' Mal ittōq,
old-man said, 'Field-house-of mat-door shut.' Peacocks said,

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'Ḍōkrī, id . mu'ittōr bātā intōq ?' Ḍōkrī ittā, 'Āyō, idēn
'Old-woman, this old-man what says ?' Old-woman said, 'No, him-to

nēhᵉnā ḍanḍ yē'itā, aur bāyᵉ ātōq.' Ḍōkrī kētu-nā tāt
severe fever has-come and alarm came.' Old-woman field-house-of mat-door

kēh-sitā. Payā ḍōkrā tēdsā sabē mal-dun hawaq-tōq. Payā mu'ittā
shut. Then old-man arose all peacocks killed. Then old-woman

mu'ittōr mal-dun pa'le lōn wātōq tittōq.
old-man peacocks taking home came ate.

Free Translation

An old couple lived in a certain village. The kutki which the old man had sown in his *penda* plot had ripened, and as he had seen peacocks eating the ripe crop he was living in his field to guard the crop. One day he was attacked by fever and could not go home. His wife, wondering why he had not come, went towards the *penda* plot to look for him. When she reached the field she saw peacocks eating the crop and her husband lying in his field-house, and she wept at the sight. The peacocks came up and asked the old woman why she was weeping. She answered, 'Alas, my old man has fever and cannot walk; just go there and look at him.' So the peacocks went inside the field-house to see. Then the old man cried, 'Shut the mat-door of the field-house!' The peacocks asked the old woman what he had said, and she answered that he was in delirium from his fever. So saying, she shut the door of the field-house, and the old man sprang from his bed and killed all the peacocks. Then the old woman and he carried the peacocks home and ate them.

THREE SONGS FROM ORCHA

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(*These are sung at weddings or at the Koqsar festival.*)

I

Refrain : Alēyᵃ rēlōyᵃ rē rēlōyᵃ rēlo,
ālēyᵃ rēlōyᵃ rē rēlōyᵃ rēlō !

Chorus : Pānḍōāā kusiñtā, dādā-lē, pānḍōāā kusiñtā !
(The racquet-tailed drongo is calling, my brothers !)

1. Bātāyᵃ pāṭā ōmtarā, layōrē, bātāyᵃ pāṭā-yē !
(Some-kind-of song sing, lads, some-kind-of song !)
Chorus.

2. Pūnōm, layōr, pūnōm-rā, layōrē, pūnōm, layōrē, pūnōm-ē !
(We-know-not, lads, know not, lads, know not, lads, know not !)
Chorus.

3. Adrām āyō, badrām, layōrē, adrām āyō, badrām ?
((If) thus not, how, lads, (if) thus not, how ?)
Chorus.

4. Jāwā lēwā āyō-rā, layōr-ē, jāwā lēwā āyō-yō !
(Gruel without not, lads, gruel without not !)
Chorus.

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5. Bōtēl dāṛᵉngō jakmā-rā, layōr-ē, bōtēl dāṛᵉngō jakmā-yē !
(Bottle (of) wine intoxication, lads, etc.)
Chorus.

6. Māwāṅg huṛa-lē āyō-rā, layōr-ē, māwāṅg huṛa-lē āyō-rē !
(At-us look not, lads, etc.)
Chorus.

7. Ōmṭarā, layōr, ōmaṭū, layōr-ē, ōmṭarā, layōr, ōmaṭū !
(Sing, lads, sing, etc.)
Chorus.

8. Āyār, dādā, āyōrā, layōr-ē, āyār ō-ō-yē !
(Ayar, brothers, ayora, lads, ayaru o ye !)
Chorus.

Free Translation

Aleya, reloya re reloya relo !
The racquet-tailed drongo is calling, brothers !
Sing us some kind of song, lads !
The racquet-tailed drongo is calling !
We know no songs, lads, we know no songs !
The racquet-tailed drongo is calling !
If we cannot sing thus, lads, how shall we sing ?
The racquet-tailed drongo is calling !
Without food we cannot, lads, we cannot sing !
The racquet-tailed drongo is calling !
If we drink we'll be merry, lads, merry !
The racquet-tailed drongo is calling !
Do not look at us, lads, do not look at us !
The racquet-tailed drongo is calling !
Sing, lads, keep singing, keep singing, lads, sing !
The racquet-tailed drongo is calling !
Ayār, brothers, āyōrā, oh lads eh ! āyār ō-ō-yē !
The racquet-tailed drongo is calling !

II

Kokoreng ko-reng !

Refrain : Alēya rē-lō-ya rē-lō !
Chorus : Kōkōrēng kōrēng ! (meaningless).

1. Bāroq banē māyō !
(What for was-not !)
Kōkōrēng kōrēng !
2. Wāṭarā, lāyōr, wāṭā !
(Come, lads, come !)
Kōkōrēng kōrēng !
3. Idrā pāṭā manō !
(This-kind song is-not !)
Kōkōrēng kōrēng !
4. Dūsar pāṭā ōmū !
(Another song sing !)
Kōkōrēng kōrēng !
5. Pāṭār ōmwāl, ātēkē
(Song-singer is, then.)
Kōkōrēng kōrēng !

6. Wô wô weâtãôke âyô !
(Wo, wo we saying are not !)
Kôkôrẽng kôrẽng !
7. Wâyô-râ, layôr, wâyô !
(Not-come, lads, not-come !)
Kôkôrẽng kôrẽng !
8. Omarâ, dâdâ, ômû.
(Sing, brother, sing.)
Kôkôrẽng kôrẽng !
9. Kaŝtîn duralâ ôratô
(In-eyes dust has-fallen)
Kôkôrẽng kôrẽng !
10. Ôsâr bhûmite âtêkê.
(Another's land, therefore.)
Kôkôrẽng kôrẽng !
11. Bâroq banê mâyô !
(What-for was-not !)
Kôkôrẽng kôrẽng !

Free Translation

Aleya reloya relo
Kokoreng koreng !
Why are we not singing,
Kokoreng koreng !
Come, lads, come !
Kokoreng koreng !
This kind of song is no song.
Kokoreng koreng !
Sing a different song !
Kokoreng koreng !
If singers are here !
Kokoreng koreng.
Song out of time is useless,
Kokoreng koreng !
No one has come, lads,
Kokoreng koreng !
Sing, brothers, keep singing,
Kokoreng koreng !
Dust has fallen in our eyes,
Kokoreng koreng,
From singing in another's land.
Kokoreng koreng !
Why are we not singing ?
Kokoreng koreng !

III

(*Sung by dancers at the Koqsar festival only.*)

Refrain : Sôlây^{a} rê rê lôy^{a} rê rê lôy^{a}, layôr, rê rê lô rê rê lôy^{a} !
Chorus : Kâkâr, dâdâ-lê, kâpêrâ, layôr, kâpêrâ layôr-ê !
(Crow, brethren, night-jar, lads, night-jar, lads !)

Têhan pâgê guranjôrâ, layôr, gûranjôrâ, layôr-ê !
(Above (?) rain is-thundering, lads, thundering, lads !)
Kâkâr, etc.
Âh^{w}êkâ âyô âyô-râ, layôr, âyô-râ, layôr-ê !
(Thee not not, lads, not, lads !)
Kâkâr, etc.

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949

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Hill Maria

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539

3. Adrām āyō, badūrā, layōr, badūrā, layōr-ē ?
((If) thus not, how, lads, how, lads ?)
Kākāṛ, etc.
4. Wō'atl-tagānē mātālarā, layōr, mātālarā, lāyōr-ē !
(Veranda-in Mata-is, lads, Mata-is, lads !)
Kākāṛ, etc.
5. Rāwaṛ-agānē pēn-ōrā, layōr, pēn-ōrā, lāyōr-ē !
(Shrine-in clan-god, lads, clan-god, lads.)
Kākāṛ, etc.
6. Uṭi-tagānē Tallōgāā, layōr, Tallōgāā, layōr-ē !
(Carrying-net-in Village-Mother, lads, Village-Mother, lads !)
Kākāṛ, etc.

Free Translation

Solaya re re loya, re re loya, lads O, re re lo, re re loya !
O the crow, brothers, O the night-jar, lads, O the night-jar !
The rain-clouds are thundering, lads, thundering on high !
O the crow, brothers, O the night-jar, lads, O the night-jar !
Do not sing thus though, nay, lads, no, nay, no, lads, do not sing thus !
O the crow, brothers, O the night-jar, lads, O the night-jar !
If thus we must sing not, lads, then how must we sing, lads ?
O the crow, brothers, O the night-jar, lads, O the night-jar !
In her veranda is Mātā, lads, the Mātā goddess, lads O !
O the crow, brothers, O the night-jar, lads, O the night-jar !
In his shrine is the clan-god, lads, the clan-god, O lads !
O the crow, brothers, O the night-jar, lads, O the night-jar !
In her net the Village Mother, lads, the Village Mother, lads !
O the crow, brothers, O the night-jar, lads, O the night-jar !

FOUR RIDDLES ([illegible]) FROM HIKUL VILLAGE

Q. Ustā-nādē gumchār bōṛē kōrintā ?
(Cow-dung) plastered (place)-on dove what crawls ?
What is the dove that struts on fresh cow-dung plaster ?
A. Ōṛā. (A boat.)

Q. Rēkā- ichōr puñgār, kauṛā- ichōr pēṛēm ?
(Leaf-hat as-big-as flower, cowry-shell as-small-as seed ?)
What is the seed as small as a cowry shell inside a flower as big as a leaf-hat ?
A. Bālō ; wad. (A spider in its web.)

Q. Hudilā pilā mētā-tān tochtōq ?
(Small child mountain wears-as-hat ?)
What is the child that wears a mountain on its head ?
A. Yēṭā. (A crab.)

Q. Ōnāgh nātēnā pōnāgāl mārē-tē mēṭāj ?
(Any village-of green-pigeon feather-on egg ?)
In any village what is like an egg on the feather of a green pigeon ?
A. Nēl-Marrā. ((A fruit of) the *aonla* tree.)

modern Hindu or missionary accretion is to be found in a study of the myths of origin which in many tribes have all the marks of antiquity. In these a Supreme Being is firmly established. He is not omnipotent, he is not omniscient, his character is ambiguous, his morals are uncertain and his language coarse. But he is exalted far above all others and he is the prime mover in the creative process as well as the goal of the human spirit after death. 776

My collection of Maria myths is incomplete, but the Bison-horn Maria story of Creation leaves no room to doubt the tribe's belief in a Supreme Deity. 776 773

> There was a great rain and the world was drowned. But Gajabhimul put a brother and sister—their names were Kawachi and Kuharami—in a gourd. This gourd drifted to and fro until it ran aground on a great rock. Mahapurub sent a crow to search for men. The crow found the gourd, pecked it open and released the boy and girl who began to cry. Mahapurub told the crow to stop the noise, but it wanted the children to die so that it could feed on their bodies and it did nothing. Mahapurub sent an eagle, but it too did nothing. Then he sent a tiger, but it too did nothing. At last he sent a monkey. The monkey sat on a rock and asked the children what was the matter. The rock was so hot that it burnt its buttocks and it jumped on to a tree. 'We have nowhere to go,' said the children, 'and there is no food.' The monkey returned to Mahapurub and told him. 539 ●
>
> Mahapurub now sent a boar. 'Near the rock is a tortoise,' he said. 'It has made itself a home of mud and clay. Take off the mud and spread it on the rock.' 'But how am I to live without food?' asked the boar. 'These children will sow seed,' said Mahapurub. 'There will be a harvest on the rock, and you will be the first to eat it.' That is why the wild boar always ravages the crops before men can reap them.
>
> The boar found the tortoise and rolled itself in the mud. It came to the rock and shook itself violently. The mud flew in all directions and there was the world again.

This story was recorded at Rewali and was repeated with small variants in other villages. But at Killepal, the Marias said that the children were put in the gourd by the gods Andalkosa, Patraj, Pirusi and Tuldokarj. It was Mahapurub who wanted to destroy the children and he himself tried to cut the gourd open and so let them drown. But the gods got hold of the gourd in time and threw it into the water and it drifted away out of Mahapurub's reach. If this is a Supreme Being, it is a singularly imperfect one. And 776 773

THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

A Cultivation Song

241 A song sung to accompany the Korak Dahiya Karsana illustrates the various processes of cultivation and life in the fields.

539

Werpendoy pendoy rāmo rāmo!	In the Wendpendoy jungle is the hill Ramo!
Korak pehchi wāykom sāngo.	We will come to cut the tree branches, *sāngo*.
Miya wāy wāy pehchtorom sāngo	Before you came we had cut the branches.
Korak hāh wāykom sāngo	We will come to spread the branches in the field.
Miya wāy wāy hāhtorom sāngo	Before you came we had spread the branches.
Hurri tāsi wāykom sāngo	We will come to set fire to it with straw.
Miya wāy wāy hurri tāstorom sāngo	Before you came we had set fire to it.
Lāting tata wāykom sāngo	We will come to bring the rake.
Miya wāy wāy lāting tatorom sāngo	Before you came we had brought the rake.
Parka puhi wāykom sāngo	We will come to plough the *parka* clearing.
Miya wāy wāy puhtorom sāngo	Before you came we had ploughed the clearing.
Gorāng witi wāykom sāngo	We will come to sow the mandia seed.
Miya wāy wāy wititom sāngo	Before you came we had brought the seed.
Hāmo witi wāykom sāngo	We will come to sow the *hāmo* seed.
Miya wāy wāy wititom sāngo	Before you came we had brought the seed.
Gorāng kichi wāykom sāngo	We will come to pick the mandia crop.
Miya wāy wāy kichtorom sāngo	Before you came we had picked the crop.
Gorāng jāhi wāykom sāngo	We will come to thrash the grain with a stick.
Miya wāy wāy jāhtorom sāngo	Before you came we had thrashed the grain.
Gorāng hemi wāykom sāngo	We will come to sift the grain in a basket.
Miya wāy wāy hemtom sāngo	Before you came we had sifted the grain.
Gorāng taddi wāykom sāngo	We will come to gather the mandia grain.
Miya wāy wāy taddihtom sāngo	Before you came we had gathered the grain.
Gorāng widing wāykom sāngo	We will come to make a rope-bin for the grain.
Miya wāy wāy widihitom sāngo	Before you came we had stored the grain.

241	*Dhuzir jāhi wāyhom sāngo*	We will come to press the grain into the bin.
539	*Miya wāy wāy jāhtorom sāngo.*	Before you came we had pressed the grain.

III. The Muria's Year

221 196 It is very difficult to give any sort of general time-table, for events vary in their incidence and in their order from place to place and from year to year. Everything depends on the orders of the Gaita and Siraha, and dreams, economic factors and 'inspirations' combine to disturb the course of events. However, the following table may be taken as giving a rough picture of a normal year:

January ..	Bhimul Pandum, the festival of the rain-god. Pupul Korta Tindana and Pen Karsita, the New Eating Festival of pulses, also known as Jata Pandum. Chelik go from village to village dancing the Pus Kolang or Chherta. The people reap the til oil-seed.
February ..	Kare Pandum, after which the people may cut grass, bamboos and may begin felling trees for their *dippa* and *parka* clearings. The chelik begin collecting wood and grass for the ghotul. The Marhai festivals, great semi-religious commercial fairs, begin now and continue in various places until April.
March ..	Irpu Pandum, the festival of the mahua tree, Marka Pandum, the festival of the new mangoes, and Til Khani, the festival of oil-seed, are held about this time. The marriage season begins and continues until May. Boys and girls go out dancing the Chait and Mahua Dandar. The people are busy collecting mahua flowers, tendu leaves and wood.
April ..	Wijja Pandum, the seed festival, preceded by a ceremonial hunt. Ceremonies to purify and protect the villages. People begin breaking myrabolams. Hot weather begins. Many marriages everywhere.
May ..	Timber spread over *parka* clearings. Local ceremonies to ensure a good harvest and rainfall.
June ..	Timber in clearings fired. Rains begin. Ploughing and sowing. Fencing of gardens and repairs to houses, thatching and protection against rain.
July ..	Amawas or Hareli festival. Chelik make stilts.
August ..	Heavy rain during the month. Tur Korta Tindana or Kurum Pandum, when the first millets are eaten.
September	Rains are clearing. At the end of the month is the Korta Pandum, the first eating of the new rice, cucumbers and gourds. On the day after this festival, the chelik break their stilts and pile them on the stone of Dito or Bhimul Pen.
October ..	Cheru or Nuka Nordana Pandum, before which the new rice must not be washed. The Dasera festival attracts thousands to Jagdalpur and Bara Dongar, and is celebrated in a few ghotul. Diwali comes a little later:

252 with wood and fired; pots are placed in rows upon them. The motiari husk and clean the rice, and make the leaf-cups and plates, but the boys do the actual cooking. When the rice is ready it is tipped out in a great pile on bamboo mats. A pig, which is killed by being beaten on the head with a rice husker, is roasted in the fire till its hair is burnt off; it is skinned and cleaned. Flesh, bones and skin are cut up into little squares of equal size—an important matter, for it is essential that everyone should receive exactly the same amount. These pieces are fried in mahua oil, and put into large earthen pots with rice-water, salt, haldi and chilli and boiled till ready. Fish is prepared in much the same way, except that usually something sour is added to flavour it. Fowls are cooked in leaf-cups. The intestines are squeezed out, and the whole chicken with head and feet is roasted with a little salt. Eggs are wrapped in leaves and baked in the fire. Mongoose flesh is roasted and spiced with dried mangoes. Crocodile is boiled.

264 At the ghotul feasts and marriages I have attended everyone sits round in a big circle, and the boys (sometimes assisted by a few motiari) serve the food. The bits of meat are carefully counted out into leaf-cups and distributed. Rice is served from baskets or winnowing-fans direct onto leaf-plates.

At home, the family sits round the pot of jawa, which is taken straight off the fire and placed in the middle of the floor. Each has a little chutney on a leaf in front of him and an empty leaf-cup. The mother dips a gourd into the pot and helps the little children; then each member of the family helps himself. There is no idea that men should eat before women or elders before the children.

262 146 Doctors say that the Muria's food lacks fat and protein and criticize them for not taking more milk, ghee and vegetable. No doubt the Muria, like other people, would eat more of these things if they could get them. But there is no doubt that they do not like milk, and rarely take it themselves or give it to their children.

731 Famine is not common in Bastar, for the people can fall back on the almost limitless products of the forests. But it has been known, and a sombre song preserves its memory.

● 539 *Nimāre wehe dāntona rawnāni*	Vulture, whither away, vulture?
Dori bhumi dāntona dāda le	I am going towards the west, brother,
Bhumi duhār duhār roy dāda le	For the day of want has dawned.
Bhumi le duhār arit roy dāda le	The famine is over all the world
Hikāl huro bhaiso roy dāda le	Black, black are the buffaloes,
Sarpane bhaiso arit roy dāda le	And all of them have died, brother.
Podor pungār doyo roy dāda le	White as cotton flowers are the cows,
Sarpane doyo aritu roy dāda le	And all of them have fallen in summer.
Puhle dhelāl rawnāl roy dāda le	On the broken clod the vulture,
Welle marāte hawrāl roy dāda le	On the withered tree the crow,
Kawar woher inta roy dāda le	The crow is cawing, brother.
Raiyaha reyon hawrāl roy dāda le	It is ready to fly down.

VI. Honey

222 539 Honey was discovered by a Maria named Waddai who also gave his name to the whole succession of Waddai diviners. 'Waddai went one day to a medium, with a gift of char nuts, seeking help for his sick son. On the way he met a monkey which had been outcasted for falling while jumping from a tree and

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539 had to give a penalty feast to its tribe. It had everything ready save char nuts. When it heard where Waddai was going, it promised to cure his son if he would give it the nuts. The monkey went to the house, pretended to fall into a trance, shaking its head and body, and the boy at once recovered. The monkey told Waddai that he should always cure disease in this way.

'The sun had now set and Waddai went half-way with the monkey to see it home. It was very pleased with the nuts and took Waddai to a honeycomb, drove away the bees and gave the sweet juice and wax to him. Since that day, we have eaten honey and as Waddai took the first honey at night, we take it then also.'

222
[325] The Muria distinguish four kinds of bees: the *bāgh ondār*, which live on big trees; the *satāru ondār*; the small *kitha ondār* and the *lokti ondār* or *mas*.[1] It is said that the hives of the *bāgh* and *satāru ondār* are discovered when they go according to their habit to get water from a trickling stream. Men go along the stream until they notice bees coming and going and then try to follow them home. The *lokti* are easier to find because they sit buzzing outside their hole, and the honey-gatherer is attracted to the place by the noise. Muria observation is shown by this account: 'All the swarm seek flowers and suck their sweet juice. As the bees sit on the flowers gum sticks to their feet. With this they build their hive, and put the juice inside. They build so well that not a drop leaks out.'

'Only a brave man will go for honey', say the Muria. When they have located a hive, two or three men go together; for the *bāgh ondār* (which are blind in the dark) they go at night. They tie grass at the end of a pole, light it and smoke out the bees. Then they place a bamboo ladder against the tree and climb up, though sometimes they cut the tree down to save themselves trouble, and collect the honey in hollow bamboo tubes. [417]

[263] The honey is eaten with wheat-cakes or mixed with flour and made into a sweet bread which is greatly liked by children.

Sometimes if the honey-gatherer is unsuccessful in finding a hive, he engages the Siraha or Gunia who searches for it with the help of the winnowing-fan or bits of grass. When he climbs the tree to get the honey, he calls upon the Dead to assist him.

[777] Should a swarm make their hive in or near a house, it is considered very lucky.[2]

524 The Muria's interest in honey-gathering is indicated by the number of riddles about it.[3]

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[1] Compare Thurston on the Kond: 'The Khonds recognise four different kinds of bees, known by the following Oriya names: (*a*) *bhaga mohu*, a large-sized bee (*Apis dorsata*); (*b*) *sattapuri mohu*, building its comb in seven layers (*Apis indica*); (*c*) *binchina mohu*, with a comb like a fan; (*d*) *nikiti mohu*, a very small bee.'—Thurston, op. cit., Vol. III, p. 363. I have found similar classifications among the Juang and Gadaba.

[171] [2] 'It is considered very lucky if bees or white ants take up their abode in an empty house or at the gate of the city.'—*N.I. Notes and Queries*, Vol. V (1895), p. 52. See also ibid., p. 90. Many Naga actually hang the combs of bees or wasps in front of their houses, perhaps to frighten away wild cats: the Sema say they help to hatch hen's eggs; the Thado Kuki say they ward off evil spirits. Hutton recalls similar beliefs in the Andamans and Malaya, and adds 'I am disposed to suspect the survival of a definitely Negrito belief in the practice of hanging the combs of bees or wasps in the entrance of houses'.—J. H. Hutton, *Diaries of Two Tours in the Unadministered Area east of the Naga Hills* (Calcutta, 1920), p. 6.

[3] A Kharia riddle about the honeycomb: 'In a golden box bells are sounding: when you open it, you get sweet bread.'—S. C. Roy, *The Kharias* (Ranchi, 1937), Vol. II, p. 450.

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Wori wori singār,
Bāni bāni pungār.
Rows and rows of decorations,
There are many kinds of flowers.
—A honeycomb.
Tutri bukāte bātri perek.
In a small hole is a small seed.
—*Lokti* bees.
Untie the she-buffalo and milk the peg.
—Getting honey from a hive.
A herd of cattle has one leader.
—The swarm and its queen.
Many flowers grow in the tank.
—A honeycomb.
Flower, flower, how it flowers!
What comes out of the flower?
—Bees.

I have recorded one song about bees, but I was unable to discover any games that illustrated the taking of a hive.

●539

Song

The bees suck the kosra flower,
Search for the bees, Kotwar,
Send out the boys, Kotwar.
The bees suck the paddy flower,
Search for the bees, Kotwar,
Send out the boys, Kotwar.
The Manjhi says he'll give his daughter
To the boy who kills the bees.
An orphan chelik kills the bees,
He brings the hive and shows the Manjhi.
The Manjhi gives the boy his daughter.
The bees suck the mandia flower,
Search for the bees, Kotwar,
Send out the boys, Kotwar.

VII. OIL

Ann kare motai, tel kare chiknai, kapara kare barai. Food fattens, oil adorns, clothes dignify.—Muria saying

252) The Muria make many different kinds of oil; some for use in their carts, some for light, some for medicine, but most, of course, for food. The *gāraneyi* is extracted from mahua seed and is used mainly for cooking. So is the oil gained from the usual oil-seed crops, 'the slender trees that have a hundred babies', which are often raised in the *bāri* gardens. Seeds of the sarai tree are collected and make a useful oil. The fat of lizards and the grubs that live in the date-palm and the fat of cow, buffalo, goat, pig, cock, and several kinds of deer all yield oil which can be used for cooking and to mix with food. For lighting purposes and to oil the wheels of bullock-carts, oil made from the seed of the karanji, bandgul or kosom is used. Oil for anointing the bride and bridegroom in marriage and [373 493]

menstruous women. When the hunters go out into the jungle they must not walk across the footprints of such a woman nor should they see her shadow or cross it. They often suppose, when a hunt is a complete failure, that they must have walked across the footprints of a menstruous woman as they were going out. In Besur, Dansa Muria walked over the shadow of such a woman as he was going to the jungle. Soon afterwards he saw a sambhar, but as he was taking aim his bow broke and he got a swelling on his body. He went home, and when the Siraha had diagnosed the cause of the trouble, he made offerings to Kadrengal and the jungle dogs and so recovered. 224 841

Should a woman enter her period during the absence of her husband on a hunt, he ought to return home, or if he does accompany the party he must not go near any traps or across the tracks of any animal; nor should he carry the animal when it is killed nor, since Kadrengal and the Departed live in them, should he hold a bow and arrow or a gun.

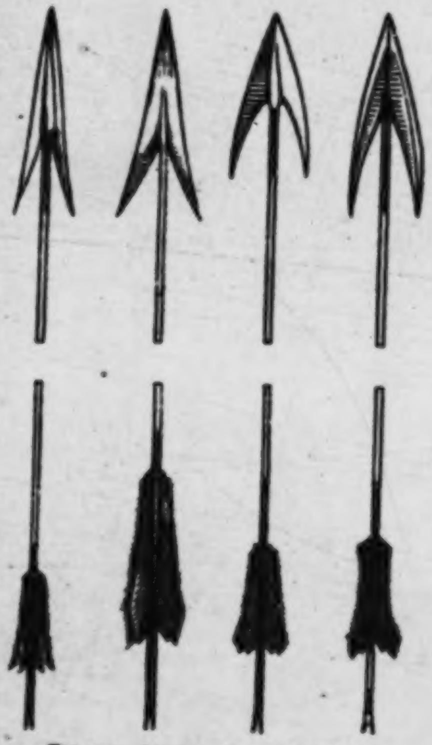

FIG. 10. Arrows and arrow-heads
Length 2′ 5″ 224 837

Adultery on the part of one of the hunters' wives also can ruin a hunt. This has happened in Remawand, in Bandopal, Cheniyagaon and no doubt in other places. The hunter not only loses the game but falls ill, and many kinds of misfortune befall his household; his cattle die and the outraged Dead withdraw their protection.

There are many songs about hunting, sung during the Hulki dances and in the ghotul. 533 224

I

Chikhal mitti kariya mama kiri-
gir kirigir shikari shikari!
Tupak adju kiana mama.
Mali goodi tupak mama.

Gopir kawar sura mama.

O the mud of the salt-lick, uncle
shikari! 539● 224
Make your gun ready, uncle shikari.
The name of the gun is Maligoodi,
uncle shikari.
Make gunpowder with gum from the
mode tree, uncle shikari.

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224

Tumir mara jhāka māma.	The machan is on the ebony tree, uncle shikari.
Jhāka sāje kimu māma.	Make the machan there, uncle shikari.
Ghotiya kāya goli māma.	Make bullets like ghotiya fruit, uncle shikari.
Jhāka udi dāhat māma.	We will go and sit on the machan, uncle shikari.
Nāwa suda waiki bāncha.	You must come with me, nephew shikari.
Wātek icho waiki bāncha.	If you are ready, come with me, nephew shikari.
Māoku wātek pehchkāt bāncha.	When the sambhar comes we will shoot it, nephew shikari.
Hāle mara mūri bāncha.	On the hill of sal trees, nephew shikari.
Ahey khojin oykāt bāncha.	We will go to search there, nephew shikari.

2

Kaināke gulel dai haināke dori wo dai sona haināke gunel?	What is the *gulel* made of, what is the rope, mother?
Bāns ke to gulel bābu san sutri doriya bābu.	The *gulel* is made of bamboo, and the rope of hemp, my son.
Kaināke ghora dai haināke phata wo dai?	What is the horse made of, and what is the bridle, mother?
Bans ke to ghora bābu sut ke to phata bābu.	The horse is made of bamboo, the bridle of thread, my son.
Kaināke dhuti dai haināke ke gulla?	What is the basket made of, and what are the pellets, mother?
Bāns ke to dhuti bābu māti ke gulla.	The basket is made of bamboo, and the pellets of earth, my son.
Koni hāt men gulel dai koni hāt men gulla?	In which hand is the *gulel*, and in which the pellets, mother?
Dori hāt men gulel bābu jewni hāt men gulla.	The *gulel* is in the left hand, the pellets in the right, my son.

3

Taina nāmar nāna re nān nāmar nāsa ho

Māligondi tupak tun bor sāje kindur ho?	Who made the Maligondi gun?
Māligondi tupak tun mistri sāje kindur.	The carpenter made the Maligondi gun.
Teka marra kata tun bor sāje kindur ho?	Who made the stock of teak?
Teka marra kata tun bar-hi sāje kindur.	The carpenter made the stock of teak.
Kakre hāl bakre tun bor sāje kindur ho?	Who made the trigger of the gun?
Kakre hāl bakre tun mistri sāje kindur.	The carpenter made the trigger of the gun.

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Māligondi tupak tun bor payal ändur ho?	Who holds the Maligondi gun?
Māligondi tupak tun singāl payal ändur.	Singal holds the Maligondi gun.
Adu bādu patār tun singāl weli ändur ho.	Singal took the gun to the jungle.
Ikla hur dulki patār singāl weli ändur ho.	Singal went to hunt by a spring.
Ghotiya mara daram te boddl hunjil mālla ho.	He found a bison asleep by a ghotiya tree.
Barbara hursi manji singāl udil ändur ho.	Seeing it Singal prepared to fire.
Jirra barga tiksi tun singāl mānde hindur ho.	Singal placed the support for his aim.
Saw satva hursi manjil singāl ddbe hindur ho	Singal fired the gun with care.
Ting tohli tohli lariyo boddl mutil änd ho.	By that shot was the bison killed.
Ringri bāpa linga laya gorhā-wātil änd ho.	Linga boy stood like a small brinjal ready to kill it.

4

Are tina nāmur nāna re nāna nāmur nāna na ho tina nāmur O nāna nāmur nāho, tina nāmur nānāho tina nāmur na. Hurre, hurre, hurre

Ho bhālu heto dera re ho hakān ohar dera.	Where is the bear's home, where can it be?
Ara bhālu heto dera re ho jhāpi khāle dera.	Under the bushes the bear has its home.
Achchha ohar khāna pina, achchha ohar dera.	It has lots to eat and drink, it has a lovely home.
Are kodri heto dera re ho, hakān ohar dera.	Where is the deer's home, where can it be?
Kodri ke dera re ho gudri upar dera.	On the low hills the deer has its home.
Achchha ohar khāna pina, achchha ohar dera.	It has lots to eat and drink, it has a lovely home.
Hurre, hurre, hurre.	

IX. FALCONRY

223 While cock-fighting is rare in the east and common to the west, hunting with a hawk is known all over eastern Kondagaon, but is rare among the Jhoria Muria and in the west.

Muria boys get the hawks when they are very young and train them carefully. They teach them to catch small chicks, keep mice for them in little bamboo cages and train them by withholding food and then rewarding them with morsels of frog and lizard. They 'hood' them by closing their eyes with feathers thrust through the lids. When mature the birds are able to catch quail, partridge, snipe and sparrows, though it is said that they are not able to kill a wood-pigeon.

A hawk is kept in the verandah of the house perched on a specially made pole round which an old bit of fishing-net is wrapped. It is tied by an ingenious

223 arrangement of strings attached to a wooden rod called the *pawela* which keeps them from tangling. This is illustrated in Fig. 11. When a boy is going to take the hawk to hunt, he wears a goatskin finger-glove to protect his hand from being scratched by the claws. He hangs round his neck a little bamboo fish-basket containing frogs and lizards. This is carefully closed with a cloth tied round the mouth. He goes with the hawk sitting either on his hand or on his head, and with his free hand he holds the bough of a tree to beat the undergrowth for birds. Generally two or three boys go out together and when they have started any game they release the hawk from the slip-knot by which it has been tied and throw it into the air with the right hand from behind the shoulder. The hawk flutters wildly for a moment and then darts for its prey. When it catches anything, it sits down perfectly still on the ground. The boys run after it and recover it without difficulty. On hunting days the hawk is kept hungry and is only rewarded after it has made a kill.

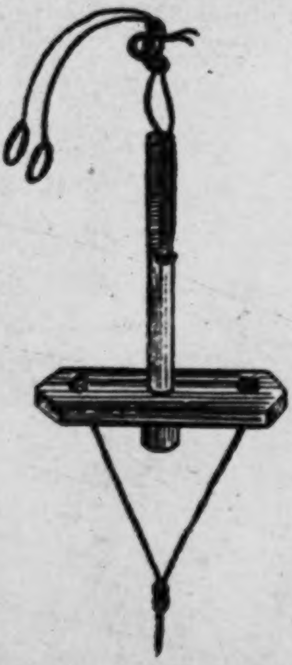

FIG. 11. Elaborate arrangement of strings and a wooden peg attached to the leg of a falcon, intended to prevent the strings from tangling
Length of upright rod 3½"

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A riddle—'He makes a snare for others, but his own feet are caught'—refers to the hovering hawk which appears to have been caught in an invisible snare. There is a saying that an idle man who does no work yet always turns up punctually for food is like 'the vulture who finds it easy enough to eat a dead bullock and the hawk who can always catch a little bird'.

The following Ghotul Pata about Lingo's son, Netturgundi, throws an interesting light on traditional Muria falconry:[1]

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The Song of Netturgundi

Who was that Raja? He was Netturgundi.
He had a hawk. He was wondering what to do.
He took the hawk to hunt; here and there he went.
The hawk sat on his head. He took his gold and silver stick.
He slung the fish-basket behind his back.
So, with his hawk on his head, the Raja went to hunt.

To the Field of the Frogs the Raja took the hawk.
There he hunted, there he got nothing.
He thought 'Now where shall I go?' and went to the Fallow Field.
'I will hunt there; some animals are grazing there.

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[1] A hawk plays an important part in the Pardhan tale of Mara Kshattri. Its body was golden and it was fed on ghee and sweets. *Folk-Tales of Mahakoshal*, pp. 70ff.

There are uncle-nephew sambhar grazing there.' 539 ●
When the Raja saw them the deer ran to the hill. 223
He flew the hawk to catch them.
But the hawk did not catch the sambhar and flew away.
Milo milo called the Raja, but its pubic hairs took no heed.
The Raja went home weeping and told his elder brother's wife
That his hawk had flown away.

'Give me food quickly, I will go to find it.'
The girl gave food, the Raja ate it quickly.
He slung his basket on his back and went to find his hawk.
He went calling *Milo milo*, but he found no trace.
The Raja wandered on from land to land.
He came to the realm of Jihgunji Raja,
And called *Milo milo*, but still there was no sign.

The daughters of Ispural were living there.
In their house they hid the hawk; they said, 'We have no news of it'.
The Raja said, 'Where is my hawk? I will give you a reward'.
'We know nothing of your hawk and we want no reward.
Let us go to play, brother, in the sea of sixteen streams.
Then we will tell you of your hawk, and then you will find it.'

They went to bathe in the sea and having bathed, returned.
'Choose now which of us you will take away.'
'I will take the youngest, Phulsundri Rani.'
Quickly they finished the marriage, and gave him back his hawk.
He took his hawk and Rani and brought them home with him.
His elder brother's wife came to greet him with a pot of water.
She greeted him with Johar, and thus they lived and ate.

X. FISHING

The Muria are not professional fishermen, a duty which normally falls upon the Kuruk or Dhimar, but whenever they live near a river they naturally make every effort to supplement their diet, and everywhere they catch the small fish that live in tanks and flooded fields. 226

They do not know a great deal about fish, and apart from saying generally that lightning is caused by the flashing of the scales of a great fish that leaps into the air and the legends they tell about the bod fish, which is the totem of several clans, they have little folklore about them. They distinguish a dozen types of fish, among them the *bodmin*, *sipa*, *dandai* or *harangra*, *nāri* (or *bāmi*), *bote* (or *bhoksa*), *dandum*, *lawe* (or *turu*) and *bāgum*. 825 821 614

The gall-bladder of the *bāgum* is regarded as an important remedy for snake-bite, a belief which is shared even by educated Hindus and members of the State Medical Service. The Muria extract the gall-bladder and preserve it by filling it with the small kosra grain. They keep this carefully and when it is needed, the grain, which has been thoroughly soaked in the bladder secretions, is removed and put in water. When it is dissolved it is given to the patient to drink. 278

The Muria fishing apparatus is of the usual type. They sometimes use a 227
hook and line suspended from a bamboo rod; the hook is baited with flies and 226

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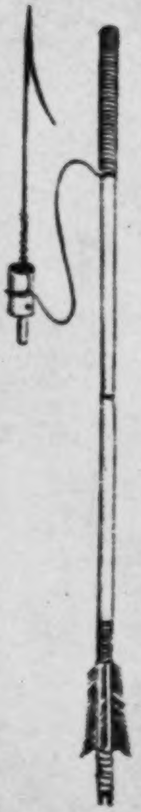
worms and a peacock feather is attached to the line as a float. There are riddles about both hook and float. The hook is 'the bullock with the broken horn that drinks the water of twelve villages'; the float is represented as saying to the fish, 'You are eating secretly, but I'll tell brother what you're up to'.

Nets are also used. The *changori* is a net with a very fine mesh which takes at least a year to make. It is weighted with little balls of baked earth or iron and thrown into the water. Other nets are the *jhorli*, the *tāngra* and the *sarka*. These are pushed or dragged through the water, or stretched across the narrow part of a stream and the fish beaten into them.

The *māndar* is a net of hemp cord attached to a bamboo trap which is set in rapids and narrow streams. The *kurjār* is a rigid net. Ten bamboos joined at one end radiate outwards and a net is spread over their points. The middle of the net is raised by a cord attached to the top of the trap, and it is then thrust down into the water. The *pelna* is the net attached to a triangular bamboo frame which is pushed through the water, the fish being caught in the belly of the net simply by the pressure of the stream. The *chargod* (Plate XIX) is attached to bamboos tied together at the end of a long pole and is dipped into the water.

The *dundka* or *sondri* is a bamboo basket with a wide bottom tapering sharply towards the top with holes in the upper side. It is used (Plate XVIII) in conjunction with the *dandar* (also called *telai* and *bissar*), a long bamboo cylinder measuring about five and a half feet, about two feet wide at the large open end and gradually narrowing: inside is a spiral with bamboo points projecting inwards.[1] The small end is placed in the hole at the side of the *dundka*, and the water drives the fish down the trap and thus into the basket.

The *thāpa* (Halbi) or *utād* (Gondi) is a circular plunge-trap, three feet wide at the bottom. A Chherta song refers to it:



[539] FIG. 12. Arrow with detachable head, used for shooting fish
Length of shaft 22"

Thāpa te thāpa, māchh māriya thāpa,	O trap, trap, fish-killing trap,
Ye gāon cho leka manke, bāte newrun chāpa.	Take the boys of this village and press them down.

The *chodiya* is a bamboo scoop two-and-a-half feet long leading into a pocket extending another one-and-a-half feet. It is placed in a field at some point where the water escapes, and catches crabs, frogs and little fish. 'In the middle of the field Gango's son is weeping *chir chir*.' This scoop may some-

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[1] This trap resembles the Fenland eel-trap used in the Severn near Worcester. It is known as a grig in Fenland, and is made of split osiers. In Worcester the narrow end is called the starling. It has two cones of pointed sticks called inchins in Worcester and chairs in Fenland. Chair is an old word for the narrow part of a river.—See *Man*, 1934, p. 178 and 1936, p. 179.

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Tahsil		Population in 1941	1937	1938	1939	1940	1941	Total
Kondagaon	..	111,428	3	1	1	..	6	11
Narayanpur	..	62,305	13	..	2	..	3	18
Jagdalpur	..	236,931	16	4	14	5	26	65
Dantewara	..	90,345	58	20	35	10	20	143
Bijapur	..	25,587	4	17	29	18	23	91

Such a table does not, of course, mean quite what it says. An increase in the number of cases detected may imply greater zeal on the part of the Excise and Police staff rather than an outbreak of illicit distillation. Moreover, as the Excise Officer writes to me, 'The number of cases detected represents only a small fraction of those actually occurring, especially in the south of the State'.

Yet even so, the contrast between the Muria of the north and the more civilized Muria of Jagdalpur and the Bison-horn Maria of Dantewara and Bijapur is striking. In the ghotul, the peace-loving Muria are taught to observe the laws.

On the other hand, the incidence of the consumption of mahua spirit in 1942 was greater in the Narayanpur Tahsil than anywhere in Bastar. There is only one way of calculating this, and that is on the basis of the licence fees, which are in turn based on the presumed out-turn of the still; such figures cannot be altogether reliable, but they give at least some indication, as the following table will show: 273

Tahsil		Population in 1941	Presumed out-turn in gallons	Consumption per 100 of the population in proof gallons
Kondagaon	..	111,428	36,137	32·43
Narayanpur	..	62,305	36,700	58·90
Jagdalpur	..	236,931	63,581	26·84
Dantewara	..	90,345	42,000	46·48
Bijapur	..	25,587	11,275	44·06
Sukma Zamindari		47,914	24,200	50·51

The Muria recognize the danger of drinking to excess, and indeed they have few drunkards. 'Liquor is dangerous, even a wise woman falls through drinking.' 'An out-still in the village—quarrels in the ghotul.' But it is irresistible. 'At first it tastes nasty, but afterwards you know it for the sweetest thing on earth. You would sell everything to get it.' There is a song about drunkenness;

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Gond bond bhaisa pond
Lai hadri hatin pond,
Kalār kalārin chuniya chor,
Ghar ghar mangai burga jor.

273 This seems to mean, 'When drunk a Gond is like the hind-quarters of a buffalo,
which you can cut with a knife but nothing happens. The Kalar and his
●539 wife are the thieves of the liquor-pots and so they have to beg from door to
door for beef-soup.' The song reveals the usual scorn for and unpopularity
of the Kalar.

276 The Muria do not approve of drugs. 'We will seduce the Kalar's daughter (mahua spirit), but we won't even look at the Raja's sister (opium).' They do not drink *gānja* or *bhāng*—'those are for the Hindus'—though Lingo is said to have distributed *gānja* to chelik and motiari in the ghotul he founded. Kotla, an old Muria of Kuntpadar, recalled what happened to him when he drank *gānja* as a chelik. 'Once as I was ploughing my field, I took off my cloth and put it under a tree, where a cow found and ate it. In the evening I felt cold and took a lot of *gānja* to warm myself. I got very drunk and shouted in the ghotul that I was going to die. That night I took several motiari and they were all angry with me. Next morning I felt very ashamed and have never taken *gānja* or even tobacco since.'

272 The Muria sometimes make what is called *surem*, a concoction of mahua
flowers which have been boiled in water again and again, sometimes with
slices of mango added. They occasionally tap the date palm and drink
its sweet heavy juice. In the east and south of the ghotul country, they
273 occasionally make the landa rice-beer so beloved of the Bison-horn Maria.

Landa, which tastes like an imaginary mixture of dynamite and Sanatogen, is the most potent intoxicant in Bastar. It is also the most deceptive. It does not produce its effect at once. The thick tasty fluid slips down the throat, and the drinker deceives himself into thinking he is having a good meal; before he knows what has happened he is dangerously drunk, and he remains drunk for a long time. Not a few of the homicidal crimes of the Bison-horn Maria are due to or are at least occasioned by the drinking of landa.[1]

To the Hill Maria, landa is *polo*, or taboo, and the Jhoria and northern Muria under Maria influence do not make it. Its use appears to be confined to the Muria of the centre, east and south. It is made by mixing kosra or rice and mandia. The rice or kosra is first soaked in water, then dried and ground in an ordinary hand-mill. The resulting flour is mixed with hot water into a paste. A woman places a large earthenware pot full of boiling water on the fire and fixes an inverted conical basket (called the *jib*) over its mouth. She fills this with the paste and steams it for about a quarter of an hour and then puts it aside.

Previously the mandia grain has been soaked in water, set aside for two or three days till it has sprouted and then dried and ground. The woman pours some of it into a very large pot, puts the rice paste above it, and adds more mandia flour in the proportion of one part of mandia to two of rice or kosra. She then fills the pot up with cold water and puts it aside in a corner of the room. Here it stands for five or six days; when it is seen to be obviously fermenting and there is a bitter smell, they know it is ready.

The Muria do not use landa for ritual purposes; it is made by just those Muria who do not erect memorial menhirs to their dead—which is the time when the Bison-horn Maria chiefly use it ceremonially. The Muria take it at marriages and funerals; they give it to their labourers at seed-time or harvest; it is generally regarded as a sort of supplementary drink to be used when the supply of mahua spirit or salphi juice is insufficient.

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[1] Elwin, *Maria Murder and Suicide*, pp. 135ff.

614 615 There are other clans which I have not been able to fit into the scheme of phratries—the Hurra clan with its clan-god Lingo Mudial at Semurgaon, the Karati with its *bhum* at Phunder, the Vetti which has the lizard as its totem and the Kodovetti which has the mongoose. These, of course, fit into the scheme of *akomāma* and *dādābhai* relationships of their own neighbourhood.

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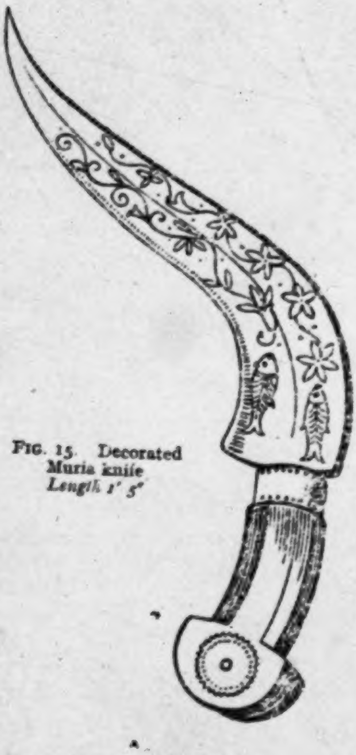

FIG. 15. Decorated Muria knife *Length 1' 5"*

There are not many songs about the clans. I give one Jhoria Pata from Sirpuri.

Those who kindle fire in the field
are boys of the Uika clan.
How strong the Uika boys
are!
Those who make a hearth with
brinjals from the Panara's
house are boys of the Maravi
clan.
Those who sit on a gate and call
it a horse are boys of the
Maravi clan.
How strong the Maravi
boys are!
Those who build a hearth of
pig's droppings are boys of the
Halami clan.
Those who sit to clean their
teeth with a twig are boys
of the Halami clan.
How strong the Halami
boys are!
Those who blow the buffalo horn
are boys of the Halami clan.
Those who throw fine rice on
the road are boys of the
Halami clan.
How strong the Halami
boys are!

II. THE ORIGIN OF THE CLANS

614 Many of the clans derive their origin from some historic journey in the course of which a river had to be crossed. Others have local and special reasons for their origin.

This legend of crossing a river is known throughout central India. Many Gond, Baiga and Agaria trace their clans and the attachment of those clans to certain totems from this.[1] In Muria mythology we are sometimes told that this first great journey was the coming of Lingo with his brothers to the earth. This is the Alor version of the tale. 614

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[1] Compare, for such tales in the Central Provinces alone, Russell and Hiralal, op. cit., Vol. III, pp. 61ff.; Grigson, op. cit., p. 241; C. G. C. Trench, *Grammar of Gondi* (Madras, 1919), Vol. II, pp. 8ff.; Elwin, *The Agaria*, p. 75; M. P. Buradkar, 'Totemism among the Gonds', *Man in India*, Vol. XX (1940), pp. 120 and 277f.; *Census of India, 1931*, Vol. I, Part III B, p. 77 (the Gond emigrating from Phuljhar cross the Gondki river in flood).

> At the beginning of the world, after Lingo and his brothers had put the earth in order, heaping up a mountain here and hollowing out a river there, the earth began to weep crying, 'There is no one to serve or worship me'. But Lingo and his brothers said, 'Do not distress yourself, we will go to find a priest for you'. 614 539 ●
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> Then Lingo took his brothers to Lanjhi and Dhamda. In Lanjhi Raja Naitam was living. He had seven sons and seven daughters. Lingo came to them and said, 'The earth is ready in the Middle World and we have come to take you there'. When they heard that, Raja Naitam and Raja Markam with their sons and daughters and their subjects, Sori, Kawachi, Poyami, Kuhrami and Kaudo, set out with Lingo and his brothers to the Middle World. Raja Naitam and Raja Markam had many possessions and they travelled more slowly, lagging behind the others.
>
> After a time they came to a great river. Lingo and his brothers said to themselves, 'We are gods and can cross without difficulty, but how are these human beings to get over?' On the bank tall grass was growing and Lingo and his brothers made it into a rope and stretched it across the river. The subjects clung to the rope and got across, but they were jealous of the two Rajas who were coming behind and, once they were safely on the far bank, they cut the rope. Then Raja Markam and Raja Naitam not knowing that the grass was cut began to cross, but under their weight the rope went down and they sank up to their necks in the middle of the river and stood there weeping. The *dandai* fish, who is the king of all the creatures that live in water, heard the sound and sent a tortoise to save them, and since then the Markami and Naitami honour the tortoise as their god.
>
> At last the whole party reached the Middle World. Raja Naitam and Raja Markam had brought their cattle with them, and they offered a black calf to Mother Earth and pleased her greatly. These are the old priests of the Earth. All the gods have come from Lanjhi-Dhamda except Danteshwari and Maoli, who came from Warangal.

There are endless versions of this tale. In Lanjora a member of the Naitami clan said that,

> At the beginning of the world a brother and sister on their way to a certain village came to a great river. The sister went ahead and reached the other side. Then a flood came down and the boy was left behind. Each wept on opposite sides of the stream. Then came a tortoise and asked the boy why he was weeping. When he told his story, it took him on its back and began to swim across. Half way across, the tortoise sank, but as the boy was drowning a dog came from the far bank where the sister was standing and swam out to him. He caught the dog's tail and was dragged to safety.

This story obviously attempts to explain how it is that the Naitami clan, which is named after the dog (*nai* is the Gondi word for dog) yet honours the tortoise as its totem. Many Naitami, however, have a special reverence for the dog as well.

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Another very common variation of the legend is that told by the Hirko clan:

> When the first twelve brothers came to Bastar from Warangal, they came to a great river and decided to have their midday meal before crossing. Six of the brothers said, 'The river may flood; let us eat our food quickly' and they mixed their rice with water, ate it and went ahead. The other six mixed ghee in the rice instead of water and it took a long time to cook. As they were waiting for it to be ready the river came down in flood and, unable to cross, they sat on the bank and wept. Then came a tortoise and asked them what was the matter. When they told their story, the tortoise said, 'Will you worship me and never eat my people if I take you over?' They swore to do so and the tortoise carried them across on its back, and ever since these six brothers honour it as Bara Pen. In Dongar, Bara Pen used to go from place to place in the form of a tortoise.

Other clans are connected with the bod fish.[1] Members of the Halami clan at Gorma described how,

> There was a great tank in the jungle and below it was a village. The people of that village thought that if the banks were to break they would all be drowned and they decided to make a channel to carry the water away in another direction. Hearing this Kana Pen came to the place and camped below the tank. 'I will break the bank,' he said to himself. By his magic he put all the Muria to sleep and then broke the banks and the water poured out. Kana Pen saved himself by clinging to the root of a tree, but as the water poured over him the bod fish came, angry and saying, 'I will eat one of the eyes of whoever has dried up my tank'. It caught Kana Pen and ate one of his eyes and since then Kana Pen has been one-eyed. Since that day we worship him and with him we worship the bod fish in order to stop it eating his other eye.

Another clan which in certain places honours the bod fish is the Sori. At Masora members of this clan had a slightly different version of the story. Here they regarded Kana Bod as a man.

> The people of the village went to a nearby river to make a bridge. They had iron spades, but Kana made a wooden one. When the others began to dig out the stones, Kana sat idly on the bank. The others got tired, but the bridge was not yet ready and they shouted to Kana, 'Now come and work yourself'. So he took his wooden spade and began to dig. As they watched him the others said to themselves, 'If we kill this man and throw him in the river, then the bridge will soon be ready'. When he heard them Kana jumped into the river and was carried away by the water. A great fish caught him and ate one eye. After that Kana Bod turned into a fish and we have worshipped him as a god.

The Sori clan is actually the tiger clan (*sori* means tiger in Gondi), but it is connected with bees and buffaloes as well as with tigers and bod fish. In

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[1] The bod fish is regarded as specially sluggish in Chhattisgarh and is often compared to a drunken Kalar. See R. B. Hiralal, 'Why Kewat Women are Black', *The Indian Antiquary*, Vol. LX (1931), p. 35.

ORGANIZATION OF THE TRIBE

Karikhodra, a member of this clan described how his ancestors were born from a tigress: 539

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> Two children were born: one brother was a tiger, one was a human being. When the boy grew up, one day he was going to the fields with eleven other men. A tiger came by and asked each in turn, 'Who are you?' Each of them, knowing that the tiger would not kill its own child, said, 'I am Sori' and it spared them. When it came to the real Sori boy it was angry and said, 'You can't all be Sori' and ate him. Ever since we have been angry with the tiger that betrayed us, and when a tiger is killed we put an egg and a pice in its mouth.

In Sidhawand I recorded yet another story of the origin of the Sori clan.

> The twelve Sori brothers went to get honey in the forest. The tree where bees lived stood beside a stream and the shadow of the hive could be seen in the water. Eleven of the brothers seeing the shadow in the water tried to reach it, but they fell in and were drowned. The twelfth brother looked up and saw the hive; so he climbed the tree and got the honey. In this way the Sori clan came into being.

In Cheribera the Maravi clan trace their origin to an incident in Chingnar.

> In Chingnar a Marar dug a well but could not reach water. Presently a tortoise came out of the well and everyone said, 'It must be a god'. Then the tortoise came to the Marar in a dream saying, 'I am Bara Pen, I will give you water in your well and a son to your wife if you worship me'. The next day the Marar took a goat to offer to the tortoise but it refused the sacrifice saying, 'I must have a cow'. This the Marar refused to give. So the tortoise said, 'I will stay no more with you, I will go to the Muria'. The Muria gave the tortoise a cow and thus became Maravi (for Bara Pen came to them from the house of the Marar), but because the Marar offered a goat, the Maravi do not eat goat.

Other stories throw light on the way in which some clans possibly did originate—through dreams and the divisions of families as well as by migration. In Silati village, the Naitami told us that,

> Long ago an old Muria widow lived with her son. When the boy was old enough he was married, but the next day he died and they broke the girl's bangles. The girl and her mother-in-law were weeping bitterly, but at last the husband came to the girl in a dream saying, 'Worship me as Dulha Deo, and I will go on being your husband'. The next day she made offerings to Dulha Deo and from that time he used to come daily to her by night till a son was conceived and born. The elders of the village came to the girl and asked whose child it was. 'I have been to no one,' said the girl, 'It is the child of Dulha Deo.' They were all laughing at her when the dead boy came out of the house and they realised that it really was Dulha Deo who had given the child. So we Naitami call ourselves *rāndike sewa* (born of a widow) and our women do not wear bangles.

From the same place I recorded a story explaining why the Naitami and the Poyami, though both having the tortoise as their totem and both being descended from the same parents, can yet intermarry in some villages:

> During a great famine, a Poyami was dying of hunger and went to a Naitami's house to beg for food. The Naitami said, 'There is no food

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here, I can give you nothing'. But the Poyami said, 'At least keep my daughter to work in your house and give me a little food'. So the Naitami fed him and kept the daughter in payment. When the time came for redeeming the girl the Poyami had no money, so the Naitami kept the girl and married her. From that girl there was born a daughter who was Naitami and from her brother there was a son who was Poyami. These two married, for the girl was *dudh-bahini* to the boy.

III. Clan Rules

614 Every clan has its own distinctive regulations based often on some incident in the story of its origin, often, too, on something that has happened, probably really happened, to a member of the clan.

The first rule is, of course, the obvious one; that no one may marry within the clan or a member of a clan that is related as *dādābhai*. Marriages can only take place between clans that stand in the *akomāma* relationship to one another.

The second rule is that members of a clan must avoid injury to the totem animal, tree or plant, must not eat it, and must usually give it some special honour or worship. In many clans, when the totem animal dies, the members observe mourning just as they would if a human being of their own clan had died.

Thirdly, there are a number of special rules such as that forbidding the members of the Naitami clan to wear bangles.

Among the food rules, some are clear enough. None of the members of the Bakravans or Goat phratry may eat goat's meat. We have seen that there is an added reason for this among the Maravi because, in the story of their origin, the Marar from whose house the tortoise emigrated offered it a goat. When a goat dies the Maravi perform funerary rites for it; they will not even touch the water from which a goat has drunk. This rule is taken very seriously. Twenty years ago in Palari one Bhaira Maravi ate goat's flesh by mistake and died of it, his throat swelling and choking him. Raghunath Maravi also ate it by accident, but he sacrificed a pig to Mati Pen and a buffalo to Bara Pen and was saved, though his brother died. In Kondagaon a man of the Partabi sept ate a goat and was very ill. He was excommunicated and only readmitted to the tribe after paying a heavy fine.

The members of the Kachhimvans or Tortoise phratry avoid eating the tortoise and worship it. The Naitami clan in addition to honouring the tortoise revere the dog, which they regard as their elder brother. Members of the Sori or Tiger phratry, however, have a buffalo totem, since members of the clan consider that they were betrayed by the tiger who ate the original member of their clan. But they still refuse to kill a tiger, and when one is killed they perform funerary rites for it.

Members of the Nagvans or Serpent phratry are supposed to be immune to the bite of the cobra, but some of the members of this phratry also honour other animals. For example, the Karanga has the wild buffalo as its totem and the Nei Nuroti has the dog.

Members of the Usendi clan which, being a Hill Maria clan, does not fit easily into any of the Muria phratries, do not eat the *usi* bird. The Kaudo sept has to avoid the horse: its members may not ride a horse or touch it. If a horse is tied in front of a Kaudo house, it goes mad or dies. The Komra sept never cut down a *kassi* tree, nor do they eat its leaves as vegetables. They must not cook roti with oil, and at the New Eating ceremonies they

THE COURSE OF MURIA LIFE: CHILDHOOD

304 322 There are not generally any taboos on a girl during the day that she is tattooed, but in Kokori I found that a girl was not allowed to go to the ghotul the following night. This is probably a practical rule made because the girl is likely to be in some pain on that day. But when a girl does return to the ghotul after her tattooing the boys laugh at her and make the old joke about *godan* and *chodan*. 'If you could bear the pricks of *godan* (tattooing) surely you won't be afraid of the pricks of *chodan* (intercourse).' The girl naturally says that she cannot bear either. Then her boy may say, 'Look, there is pain when one is being tattooed, but in intercourse there is nothing but fun', and the girl replies, 'Well, if a mountain were to fall on me I would die, but if you fall on me I suppose I shall go on living, so you had better do what you want'. This conversation was recorded at Padbera.

314 There are a few songs about tattooing. One is in the nature of a prayer to cool the pain of the marks.

● 539

Arji binthi mān hamāra.	Listen to our prayer.
Us dinki bachan tumāra.	Yours is the promise we made that day.
Sujiki jhār uthāra.	Let the burning of the needles cease.

Two other songs are sung during the 'tattooing' of the *kalsa*-pot during a wedding. The first has a refrain continually repeated, *Main wāna godende āya*, 'Mother, I want to be tattooed'.

I

God jāle godende muni.	If you wish, you may be, daughter.
Kon rājcho gogin muni?	What land has the Gogin come from, daughter?
Dongarcho gogin āya.	The Gogin is from Dongar, mother.
Duār barhāle rale āya,	I was sweeping the yard,
Jabre wasala āya	She forced me to sit down.
Main nahin bol le āya.	I said I wouldn't, mother.
Kitro kitro mole re muni?	How much did you pay her, daughter?
Nito āgar dugūni wo āya.	Double the usual sum, mother.

2

Aga bagādāng dumki dai?	Where do the tattooers come from?
Raigarh da dumking dai.	From Raigarh they come.
Aga baga wālāng dai?	Why have they come here?
Singār koti wālāng dai.	They have come to tattoo you.
Singār koti punong dai.	They don't know how to tattoo.
Danda mola kintāng dai?	What is their charge for tattooing the arm?
Huj tāsi punong dai.	They don't know how to use the needles.
Māt mola kewom dai.	We won't pay their wages.
Māt koti kewdh dai,	If they would let us do it,
Māt singār koterom dai.	We would tattoo ourselves.[1]

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[1] The Bison-horn Maria regard tattooing as a comparatively modern innovation, intended mainly as a means of attraction. The work is still done chiefly by the Maria themselves: they make needles of thorns and the colour is made by mixing the ash of pethar bark, date palm or myrabolams with mahua oil. Lamp-black is also used.

841 [628] In Chandabera the Muria described how once when a man had touched a menstruating woman the Gaita heated gold and touched his forehead, tongue and shoulders, sprinkled him with rice-water and water in which gold had been dipped, made him drink it in the name of the Earth Mother who had been insulted, and imposed upon him a heavy fine.

This is the same penalty as that extracted from a murderer on return from jail. It does not necessarily mean that the Muria regard the two offences as morally equal, but it does suggest that they regard them as equally dangerous in the supernatural field.

A woman's husband also is subject to the strictest rules. During his wife's period, he must not dig the ground, visit his fields, either to sow or reap, thatch the roof, go to the thrashing floor, touch the grain-bins in the house, or visit the village shrines. If he visits his thrashing floor the quantity of his grain is reduced by half. But he may go to the ghotul and sleep there, though no one will take tobacco from his hands. He is allowed to fetch water and cook; [522] indeed he generally has to do this work when his wife is barred from it, and many are the ribald jests that greet a young husband caught carrying pots from the well.

841 539 If he is a priest, he cannot conduct any religious ceremony during his wife's period, and festivals often have to be postponed on this account. A curious story from Korenda illustrates the special difficulties that may trouble a polygamous Gaita.

> At the beginning of the world, there was no god of the Wadder clansmen, though they were numerous enough, while on the other hand there was a god of the Partabi though there was only one solitary male member of the clan. He was the Gaita and he had seven wives. Since one or other of his wives was in her period all the month round, he was never able to perform his priestly duties properly. They were due to eat the new rice on Monday: on Sunday night his eldest wife began her period. They postponed the festival till Friday: but no sooner had the eldest wife bathed on Wednesday than the youngest began on Thursday. And so on, he could never keep the festival, till Dokara Deo began to trouble the Gaita and he gave both his gods, Budha Deo and Dokara Deo, to the Wadder clan.

841 How do these taboos affect the ghotul? The great majority of Muria girls experience the crisis of the menarche while they are still motiari. Only in a few villages like Malakot do the people try to get girls married before maturity. Even where they are married, the little wives may sleep in the ghotul till they are mature. At her first period, a girl-wife gives *jori-darango* or a gift of liquor to the boys and girls 'to show her companionship with them is ended'.

841 522 The ghotul members take a great interest in the menarche. Everybody knows all about it at once and there is a lot of joking and laughter. 'Our new pot is broken, where can we go and clean it?' 'She has trodden on dirty leaves.' 'The embankment of the field is leaking.' When the chelik see the girl sitting plaintive and embarrassed behind her house or in the segregated hut they call to her, 'Have you got a baby, or what is the matter with you? Which is it, a girl or a boy?'

841 I describe elsewhere the special precautions that are taken at the menarche to ensure freedom from conception. A girl must be careful not to throw away her cups and plates for if a witch can get hold of them, she can cause her a great deal of trouble. She should, on this occasion, take these vessels and the ash in which she has cleaned her pots to the river for the Yer Kanyang or

Nikon lendi uditor nanni.	We have come to take you, girl.	584
Halay dahi jhulay da!	Let us shake her, let us swing her!	
Jora jāngh la nichat lamay da.	Extend both your legs.	539
Chilbila re ban ke bendra.	The forest monkey bites.	
Kohom da re ghar ke bilai	The household cat scratches.	
Mahāra dhare jora bichchu.	In the Mahara's house, there is a pair of scorpions.	
Re re loyo rela re re la!	*Re re loyo re re la!*	

II. The Evidence of the Songs

The importance of the betrothal ceremony is shown by the place it holds in the long narrative songs sung in the ghotul or at a funeral. These songs are valuable as revealing in the most authentic manner what the Muria themselves regard as important; they are in fact documentaries in verse. 584 533

I quote here two of these songs, both of which give an interesting account of the course of Muria life. The first is a song used when a menhir is erected. It was sung by Dorga Muria of Dugabangal, a village at the foot of the Abujhmar Hills. In the second song, a Ghotul Pata from Nayanar, is another vivid description of the betrothal. Both in these songs and similar narrative poems given elsewhere in this book, the importance of the ceremony is clearly emphasized.

The Fate of Nirabosi Usendi

In this island of the world lived Kamragatti of the Dhurwa clan. 584
He had a daughter.
There was a boy, too, son of Nirabosi of the Usendi clan. 539
Nirabosi Usendi went to Kamragatti Dhurwa to betroth his son.
He himself went ahead and the brother-clansmen behind.
The Dhurwa asked them, 'Why have you come?'
'You have a daughter, we have come for her.'
'I have a daughter, I have not given her to anyone.'
Thus spoke Kamragatti to Nirabosi of the Usendi clan.
Seeing the bottle of liquor, Kamragatti desired it.
'You are related to me of old, I will give you my daughter.'

The daughter was inside and heard their talk.
She said, 'Many men came for my betrothal, but he did not give me to them.
Today they came and he has given me.'
Thinking thus she was very pleased.
The men drank the liquor and so made an end.
Old man Kamragatti was thinking; he thought, 'I too will give them liquor'.
Amasetiya Kalar and Hiramoti Kalarin had a still.
He went there to fetch liquor.
His daughter came out of the house.
The Usendi asked her, 'Where are you going?'
'I am not going anywhere, I am only coming out of the house.'
'O daughter-in-law, you are so big—why are you not going to someone?
O daughter-in-law, we have come today for your betrothal and you are going out.'
'Men came before for my betrothal, but my father refused to give me.
That is why I am living here and do not go to anyone.'

584 'Hear my word, O daughter-in-law, I have a son, come for him.
Come to the Saturday bazaar, I will send my son there.'
539 The Usendi said thus and the daughter-in-law was ready to go to the bazaar.

The old man Kamragatti brought liquor.
'I have already taken your liquor, now take mine',
So saying they sat and drank together.
They finished the liquor and were ready for food.
They made chicken curry and prepared fine rice.
They finished the food and got up to go.
Usendi said, 'O samdhi, now we must go'.
'It is no use coming once, you must come again;
'My daughter is young; we will drink a lot of liquor.'
Doing Johar to his samdhi Usendi said, 'I will come again'.

Usendi went to his house and told his son, the Garhbangal boy,
'We went for your betrothal and everything is well arranged,
O son, go to the Saturday bazaar and there the girl will come to meet you.'
When his father said this, the boy was silent from shyness.
This Garhbangal boy prepared to go to the bazaar.

Kamragatti's daughter was called Nerum Taro.
As she went round the bazaar, she met the boy.
They were of one face, like brother and sister.
She asked him, 'Where are you living?'
And he replied, 'Where are you living?
I am living in such and such a village, and I am a Usendi boy'.
Hearing this, she told him,
'We have already talked with your father and it is of you we talked'.
'Yes, I am that boy; come girl, come home with me.'
When the Garhbangal boy said this, the girl was ready to go.
The boy went ahead and the girl followed him.
As they went they passed a jungle on the way.
They went into the thicket beneath the shade of a mango tree.
As they rested, the boy said, 'Don't go back to your father's house'.
'I won't go, brother, how can I leave you?'
The Garhbangal boy was very pleased.
He held her arm as though it were a sweet root;
Her bosom was a banyan leaf on which lay two fruits;
He held the breasts and she remained quiet.
Her thighs were stalks of a plantain tree.
He spread them out and did as he desired.

They got up from there and went to the house;
The path was a jackal's bush, the road was a rat's tail.
Talking to one another, they reached the house.
As they came along the road, the sun set.
Garhbangal had a separate house to sleep in;
They reached the house in the dark and lit a lamp;
There was a cot there and they sat upon it.
They were young, they slept together.
As they lay and sat, they did as they desired.

The mother was looking out to see why her son did not return,
She went to ask the folk in the bazaar;
The bazaar-folk said that he had been talking to a girl.
She came home and told her husband saying, 'He has been talking to a girl'.
'I had already told him, that's why I sent him there,'
The Usendi told his wife and she was content.
There was a separate sleeping-place for the Garhbangal boy;
She went there and saw them talking to one another.
Seeing this, she returned and told her husband.
The wife of Nirabosi Usendi said,
'There are two there and they are talking to each other'.
Then they both went there to look.
As he went, the Usendi called, 'Have you come back, O boy?'
When they knew someone was coming, they sat separately.
'O daughter-in-law, you also have come home.'

They took them both into the house.
The old woman lit a lamp to put the tika;
She put tika on the girl and kissed her.
Nirabosi Usendi, holding his stick, went to call the villagers,
'Come brothers, my son has brought a girl;
Let us discuss her, whether she will remain or no.'
So saying the old man brought them all.
'She has come as a *haiwark* girl;
Let us marry her at once.'
All night the marriage ceremony continued until dawn.
The boys gathered holding their drums,
And the girls with their cymbals in their hands.
At dawn they finished the marriage and performed the Lagir,
And the boys danced the Lagir dance.

The old man Kamragatti heard the noise of the dance.
He said to himself, 'Where is my daughter? I must have a marriage for her like that'.
They finished the marriage and finished the tika also.
All day they ate and drank till evening, and the boys were thinking,
'Let us take the bride and bridegroom and put them in their house'.
They took the bride and bridegroom and shut the door;
They took a bottle of liquor and stole a cock;
Boys and girls ate it together.

Old man Kamragatti said, 'Who has carried off my daughter?'
He was grinding his teeth as though his mouth was full of pulse.
When he learnt that Nirabosi Usendi had taken his daughter,
He sent an arrow saying, 'Let Nirabosi Usendi die'.
He sent an arrow of fire and snapped his fingers.

Nirabosi Usendi and his wife died;
Garhbangal, the boy, was weeping *sirk, sirk*.
The whole village gathered there;
The boy went for the samdhi and they all came;
The brother-clans and samdhi-clans gathered.
The samdhi laughing beat the drum;
They buried them both and made a tomb.

584 All the clansmen went away.
The Garhbangal boy told them,
539 'Come on Wednesday, and on that day we will do the *gatgang* ceremony.
On that day we will put a stone or pole'.
So they did Johar and went away.

The cock-people gave cocks and the goat-people gave goats;
And the clansmen made ready goat and pig.
On that day all the samdhi came.
The dead man's soul was living in a saja leaf,
The samdhi cooked the food to give to the dead man.
After cooking it they carried some of the food to the cross-roads,
They called the soul to eat it;
They offered the *jāwa* and *gāto* in the name of the dead man;
The boys and girls danced with the dhol drums.
They cut a saja tree as a post and placed it in the ground.
The soul came there and that is the house of the dead.

The samdhi went to bring a stone;
They went to the Hill of Panthers for a stone;
Some took a cot and some took poles to carry it.
The samdhi brought the stone;
They brought it to the place where they had put the pillar,
The samdhi saw the place and said, 'This is a good spot'.
So thinking they dug a hole;
They dug two holes with the digging-stick;
There they put the stone of the dead.
From the saja tree the dead man came to the stone;
They put haldi and oil on the stone; they put tika on it.

Those who had cowries gave cowries; those who had money gave money;
Those who had rupees gave rupees; those who had dishes gave dishes;
Those who had pots gave pots; those who had cloth gave cloth.
All these things the samdhi took away.
There they finished the work of the stone of death.
'Go, samdhi, go, let us eat in the house.'
Then came from the dead man's house
All old men and women and chelik and motiari also,
They gave their wages to the chelik of several villages.
The boys went away and they fed the samdhi with beef and rice.
For putting a stone for a dead man, this much only.
The dead man's bazaar is not a small bazaar;
On a Saturday, on that day was the bazaar.
There was a king of the dead, he was a great man;
That Raja made ready to go to the bazaar;
His Rani also was ready to go to the bazaar.

Ghotul Pata: The Marriage of Phulsundor Raja

There were seven wealthy brothers,
They had aged parents.
Six of the brothers went to plough,
The youngest stayed at home doing nothing.
He said to his brothers, 'Go and find wives'.
'How shall we go without knowing where to go?'

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'Take a bottle of liquor and go for the betrothal anywhere.'
They reached a girl's house.
They gave Johar to the father-in-law,
They gave Johar also to the mother-in-law.
Father-in-law asked, 'Why have you come?'
'There is a flower; for that we have brought liquor.'
'We have a flower, but we have already drunk liquor for another.
Take away your liquor, for we will not drink it.'

For their betrothal they had to go elsewhere.
They saw a girl, they gave Johar to her father.
They gave Johar to her mother.
'Where are you going with that bottle of liquor?'
'We have come for the betrothal of your daughter.'
'I have no daughter; take away your liquor.'

As they searched for girls on their way they reached a house.
They came to a widow's house.
There was a girl there.
'Why have you come with a bottle of liquor?'
'You have a daughter; we have come for her.'
'She is my only child; I will not give her to you.
She is to me both daughter and son.'

Leaving that house, the boys went on their way.
They said, 'How are we to find girls for wives?'
There were daughters of Bhagavan;
There were seven sisters and none were betrothed.
The boys went to Bhagavan and gave him Johar.
Bhagavan asked them, 'Why have you come?'
'You have a daughter; we have come for her betrothal.'
'It is true I have a daughter, but we have already drunk liquor for her.'
So said Bhagavan and the boys made ready to depart.

But as they were going, the youngest daughter said,
'O sisters, hear my word.
A year has passed, but my father has not drunk liquor for me.'
The small girl said to her father,
'We are all mature; why don't you accept the liquor?'
Her father said, 'There is no one who has come for your betrothal; how
then can I give you?'
The small girl went to the house where the young men were,
And said, 'Come to my house for my betrothal'.

Father-in-law said, 'There is no mate; why have you come?'
Bhagavan said, 'There is no mate, O daughters'.
The small girl told her sisters, 'There is no mate for us.
What shall we do. There is the Baidar.
Let us ask him about our mates.
Birds and ants combine in pairs, and why not we?
Let us go to the Baidar, for he keeps the accounts of all'.

They then asked the Baidar, 'Are there mates for us or no?'
Bringing his books the Baidar came out.
He brought a book large as a village boundary.

584 He read his book about birth and mating.
He sat and looked at his books.
● 539 Then said he, 'It is written here.
Reading my books I forgot.
Morning and evening I have read my books
For twelve years and thirteen ages,
All read but none can understand.
Sitting, sitting, I have become hunchbacked'.

At that time the small girl saw the book and laughed.
She tied up that book in her waist-cloth,
She told her sisters, 'Let us go.
Let the papers be; but let us go to the house'.
The small girl took Baidar's papers in her cloth.
Her elder sisters asked her, 'What are you taking in your cloth?
O sister, let us know what it is'.

They gathered round and read the paper.
'It is for our mating and says what should be done.
We cannot win mates unless we go to the Middle World.'
Down to the Middle World they climbed by a silken thread and went towards the east.
They came to a village. 'Where are you, brothers? See, we have come.'
'I am the watcher of my house, I always live at home.'
'O brother, hear my word.'
'What is it? Let me know.'
'Keep us with you, so we will remain.'
'I do not know what to answer; my elder brothers know.
Wait a little till they return home.'

Soon the brothers came and the girls said, 'Brothers, brothers!'
'What is the matter? Let us know.'
'No, it is nothing. Only keep us with you, brothers.'
'All of you may live here if you like.'
The small girl said, 'Let us be divided pair by pair.
The eldest sister for the eldest brother,
The middle sisters for the middle brothers.
And I will live with the youngest brother'.

All then were paired with each other.
They gave a granary-full of rice to be husked;
Somi and Dami husked the rice.
The villagers were called to fetch the liquor.
Twelve outstills of *phuli* and thirteen outstills of *rasi*.
They went to a Chitkul Mitkul Kalarin, beautiful and sweet.
They asked for liquor from that Kalarin,
Twelve outstills of *phuli* and thirteen outstills of *rasi*.
The Chitkul Mitkul Kalarin measured out the liquor.
The liquor was brought and the marriage was performed.
The marriage was finished and they were yoked together.

Living, living, the eldest brother's wife conceived.
Day by day the belly grew; it was made by Bhagavan.
She gave birth to a boy and the Chhati ceremony was performed.
For that ceremony they husked a granary-full of rice.
'Go and bring leaves and fuel for the Chhati ceremony.'

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584 Five went to the hill for leaves and fuel.
The small girl was lazy, she was sleeping on the road.
539 'O girl, pick the leaves and take them home.'
At that she went away and slept on the rock.
'I am not feeling well, sister, I feel very bad.'
'Why are you feeling ill? What disease have you got?'
'Come here, girl, and lie down and listen:
Whether it be true or false, there is the beating of a drum.'
'No, let us go home, it is for our father's funeral.'
So they went home and told the eldest sister,
'You remain here, we will go for our father's funeral'.

'I too will come with you, O sisters.'
'No, do not come, see how small[1] is your baby.'
'No, I must come, or they'll say, Look the eldest daughter hasn't come.'
She took the baby and went along with them.
'Let us not take the child, let us leave him with the cattle.'
So thinking, they left him with the cattle.

They went on to the funeral.
The baby got up and followed them.
They turned round and said, 'O girl, your baby is coming'.
So they took him with them.
They reached the house and did Johar to everyone.
All wept and they finished the rites of the dead.

The daughter of Gharabundi was Phulsundri Rani.
'O mother, betroth this girl for me.'
'No, son, her betrothal has already been arranged.
They have betrothed her to Oriyal Jhoriyal.'
So he went to his little mother and asked her to arrange his engagement with this girl.
She winked at the boy to come to her.
'Put on some bangles and wear a cloth.'
She has married Raja Phulsundor.
The marriage is done, the liquor is drunk.
They did a Raja-subject marriage[2] hastily.
The Raja caught the Rani's finger and made her sleep inside the house.
He stayed seven days in that village.
The village potter brought his pot to boil the clothes.
In that pot they boiled the clothes and took them to the river.
They threw away the haldi-stained clothes.
But they washed the new clothes and took them out and went.
After bathing they returned to the house.

Both went riding on a horse.
So Phulsundor Raja brought her home.
Reaching home they lived and ate.
Gharabundi went to Oriyal Jhoriyal.
'Phulsundor Raja stole my daughter.'
They searched for them and held a panch.
The panch decided and took the bride-price.

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[1] Yetna, the word means to hold a little baby with the arm against the breast. The whole line runs in the original—'Niya wāyma bel bāba to yetna āyora gil gile āter'.

[2] A Raja-praja marriage is one performed hurriedly, within the limits of a single night and day.

585 of his daughter to a Poyami boy from Kitkonar. On 3 March 1941, therefore, I made my camp in the village, and was greeted with great affection.

Preparations for the Marriage

585 533 For a whole week before the marriage, there had been energetic preparations both in the ghotul and the home. In the ghotul the chelik and motiari gathered round the bride and sang songs about her future joys and sorrows. So important is this training of the bride that even where the girls do not normally sleep in the ghotul, the rule is relaxed for these few days.

The songs describe the joys of ghotul life and the girl's stern and sorrowful experiences under a stepmother's rule. Here is a fairly lengthy song on this familiar theme. After each line the refrain *Rerela rerela rela rerela* is repeated several times. Each line ends with the exclamation *Roy helo, O sister!* and is itself repeated twice.

Song

Rerela rerela rela rerela

585 539

Niya ra mandāna loni roy helo,	This used to be your home,
Loni gājur hindu roy helo,	How clamorous your talk here,
Loni re hinja podār roy helo.	But now the house is silent.
Niya re nāru gali roy helo,	Yours was the village path,
Koliyāl tokār harri helo,	The path was like a fox's tail,
Bera re arrān gāti roy helo,	You used to go at sunset,
Dāwāng kaide heti roy helo,	In your left hand a winnowing-fan,
Tināng kaide hesur roy helo,	In your right hand a broom,
Ghotu de heya handi roy helo,	You went to clean the ghotul,
Jaliyāl mal lehha roy helo.	Like a peacock strutting.
Amha na miyār indur roy helo.	We said, 'There goes so-and-so's daughter'.
Ghotu de gājur hindu roy helo,	In the ghotul was a lot of noise,
Kile re koru racha roy helo,	The court was long and broad,
Niya ra jor tor layor roy helo,	You had a boy lover,
Jodire ondoy kiti roy helo,	But you are leaving him lonely,
Sangi re jor tor layor roy helo,	You had a boy lover,
Sangi re tasi dāki roy helo,	You are going away leaving him behind,
Dinda re rāj le mandi roy helo,	You were living in the kingdom of the unmarried,
Adere rājo puto roy helo,	You will never enter it again,
Bulo re habār punwin roy helo,	You don't know what toil there is ahead,
Sagāre sidun punwin roy helo,	You don't know what relatives can be like,
Haton ne wāton ne punwin roy helo,	You don't know what visitors will come,
Kosure hoytuna punwin roy helo,	You don't know what officials will come,
Idake sudi udyar roy helo,	But soon you will know it all,
Idake bara pundaki roy helo.	Soon you will discover what married life is like.

2: Elwin E-5 (1935-1942) 1947 AW32 Gond AW32
Muria

THE COURSE OF MURIA LIFE: YOUTH

Rerela rerela rela rerela

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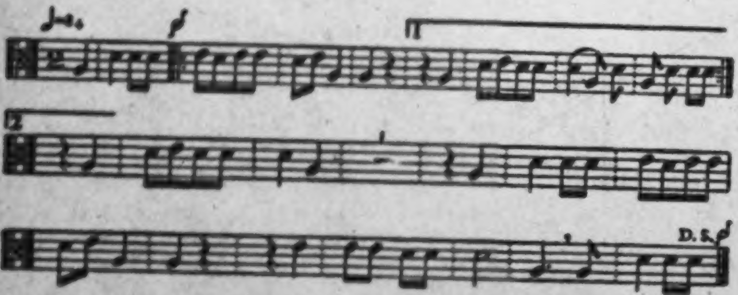
They remind the motiari of her former lovers:

Niya jorta layor helo adere,	He was your yoke-fellow,
Kotal jori layor helo adere,	He was your lover,
Ore layor humjdi helo adere,	You used to sleep with him,
Narka dhuinga talkindi helo adere,	At night he craved tobacco,[1]
Dhuinga hile indur helo adere.	You said you had none.
Adere dhuinga āyo helo adere.	But that was not his real desire.
Hewon injor witindi helo adere.	You denied him and tried to run away.
Layon tasi dāki helo adere.	But now forever you are leaving him.

They also remind the bridegroom (if he is in the same ghotul) of what he too is going to lose.

How good it would have been had the Raja stayed; O Rani!
He would have been lord of this kingdom;
We would have served him as his servants;
We would have brought our ploughs for his field;
We would have carried his loads without charge.
We would have been given rice as our wages.
We would have carried home his bundles of rice.
We would have brought them from the fields, lifting up our loads.
We would have taken them to the Raja, and he would have paid us our wages, O Rani!

This song is specially appropriate to one of the leaders of the ghotul: other songs have a more general application.



[533]

Dindorājo jorājo nona.	The kingdom of the free, lad.
Ide rājo pato nona.	You'll never see it more, lad.
Niya udyna ghotul nona.	You came to the ghotul, lad.
Puradhore ghotul nona.	Fair as bison-horns, lad.
Ide ghotul de mandir nona.	You used to come here always, lad.
Dāna haide gibi nona.	A sleeping-mat in the left hand, lad.
Tina haide barga nona.	In the right hand a stick, lad.

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[1] To ask for tobacco is the conventional way of inviting a girl to sexual congress.

[833]

THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

585 During the day, material preparations keep the family busy and excited.
539 Rice must be husked and cleaned, pulses prepared; the men must arrange for liquor, the women for oil and haldi. As they grind the haldi the women sing:

Māyo balum jamudi.	O Jamidarin mother, we call on you.
Kākor ghare niy utra,.	Don't go elsewhere, O mother,
Maniya daniya ghare je.	But come to Maniya Daniya's house.
Tuke neuta pārila,	We invite you here,
Dandik bale yiha se,	Come for a little while,
Haldi pura dihāse.	Let there be full measure of haldi and flour.
Asa māyo asa je.	Do not betray our faith in you.
Māyo balum bangārām.	O mother Bangaram!
Tuke neuta pārila.	We invite you also.
Kākor ghare neuta je?	Whose is this invitation?
Maniya daniya ghare je.	It is to Maniya Daniya's house.
Haldi pura dihāse.	May there be full measure of haldi and flour.

And so on, endlessly, through a score of deities. Maniya Daniya simply means 'so-and-so' and is altered to the actual name of the householder in each case.

The Bridegroom's Farewell Dance

585 Shortly after my arrival, a roll of drums heralded the approach of the bridegroom, attended by a party of chelik and motiari, who made a temporary camp under a mango tree outside the boundary of the village. This night they cooked for themselves, but three of them came on deputation to the headman to ask for assistants to help with water and cooking. Later, the bridegroom's party began to dance, led by the boy himself; it was his farewell and final dance as an unmarried man.

The Preparation of the Bride

At about nine in the evening, the elders of the village assembled outside the headman's house for a preliminary drink, and two hours later the chelik and motiari gathered in the same place. The elders had now gone away, and the boys made a big fire, and brought out the bride. The girl, who had been Belosa, was covered with a cloth and made to sit in the lap of the Tiloka, her own sister, and was supported on either side by the Sirdar and Kandki. [152] She began to weep loudly and mournfully: she was in good voice, for she had been practising in the ghotul every day for the past week. Today she must continue to cry all night. The boys and girls sang to drown the painful noise, to instruct her in her new duties and themselves to mourn the loss of their Belosa. All night they continued weeping, singing, sometimes dancing, though unlike the bridegroom the bride had no heart for this. From time to time they took a little liquor. It was a moving sight, for the girl's sorrow was genuine, as well it might be—she was leaving a world of freedom and romance for the unfamiliarity of a strange house. The ghotul children also felt the departure of one of their number very deeply; they had lived with her for years; as Belosa she had been the lover of the boys and controlled the destiny of the girls.

585 The sequence of the songs was fascinating; with Pilsai's help I was able
533 to get a lot of it down. It was sung in a mixture of Gondi, Halbi and Chhattisgarhi.

THE COURSE OF MURIA LIFE: YOUTH

The Bride's Song

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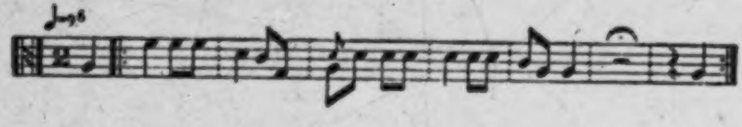

585 The bride wept:

534 Father, my own father, come to me,
For I am going away to a stranger's house.
Had I been a boy you would have brought a daughter
To your own house.
But as I am a girl you send me away.
Had I been a boy, my wife and I would have stayed with you and made you happy.
But I must go away, and we both are sad.

Mother, my own mother, come to me.
Yesterday I was husking rice in your house;
I was sweeping the floor, fetching water from the well,
Cooking food for you, plucking leaves for cups and plates.
But now I go away to a stranger's house, and who will care for you?
How lovingly you looked after me!
But in this new house shall I find joy or sorrow?
When you come to see me shall I be able to give you so much as a cup of gruel?
From today my games, my fun, my seeing you will end.

Now the bride addressed the head of the ghotul.

O Sirdar, when you came to the ghotul and found it dirty
With ashes and dust and no one had swept it,
You called for me and asked me whose fault it was.
The Kotwar and Kandki defended me,
But you said, We are not Maria that we should sleep in dirt,
And so you fined us.
Now I am going away and whom will you have to fine?
Daily I cleaned the ghotul,
But now who will clean it?
With you I used to play and dance,
But now my feet are bound, and I shall not meet you even in my dreams.
Who knows whether I shall find joy or sorrow in this stranger's house.
Sometimes I combed your hair and laughing rubbed your arms,
But sometimes I was tired and slept.
Then you all said, Why don't you comb our hair,
And massage our limbs today?
You must have been to someone, why don't you come to us today?
For this you punished us, turning us out, and saying,
Never come more to the ghotul.
But I brought you liquor and with folded hands
Begged you to let us in again.
Now even in my dreams I may not massage you,
And who will there be to comfort you?

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Then she addressed every girl in turn, repeating the same formula to their different ghotul titles.

O Dulosa, Tiloka, Alosa, Jhankai!
I used to bid you sweep and clean, go here and there,
Comb this boy's hair, rub that boy's limbs.
Sometimes you forgot your duty and I abused you.
I went with you for the Diwali and the Hulki dance.
With you I played all kinds of games.
Now who will go to dance or play with you?
Who will teach you our ghotul ways?
While I was with you I taught you everything,
But now I go to a strange house,
And I cannot teach you even in my dreams.

Then the chelik replied,

Only yesterday you came to our ghotul to press our hands and arms,
But now who will comfort us?
Only yesterday you made us happy with your talk and laughter,
But now who will comfort us?
We used to trouble you in every way,
Yet you always gave us comfort.
If you didn't come to the ghotul for two days, we used to ask in the village where you were.
Sometimes they said you had gone away or had fallen ill.
Then when you came at last and we asked you what you had been doing,
You replied 'I went to such and such a village' or 'I was ill and so I couldn't come'.
But when we knew that you had not gone anywhere,
When we heard that you were not ill, but had been to sleep in some rascal's house,
When we knew that you had deserted us for that worthless fellow,
We had to punish you.
But now you will never be punished again,
For you are going away to a husband's house.
Never in your life will you be punished again like that.

Only yesterday we told you to fill our leaf-pipes, to fetch us leaves, to sweep the ghotul rooms,
But now you will never do that again.
We shall look at you from far away and whisper, There goes Belosabai.
No more can you go with us or sit with us.

But live happily there as you lived with us.
Love your husband and comfort him as you loved and comforted us.
Roll his leaf-pipe for him, fetch him leaves and water,
Clean his house, comb his hair, massage his arms and back.
But leave your games and loves and laughter.
Your games and loves and laughter now are for your husband.

And the motiari sang weeping:

Give food and water to your husband's parents.
Don't quarrel with them, don't annoy them, hark to what they say
So you will be happy; if not, your life is ruined.
Live happily with your husband's younger brothers and sisters.

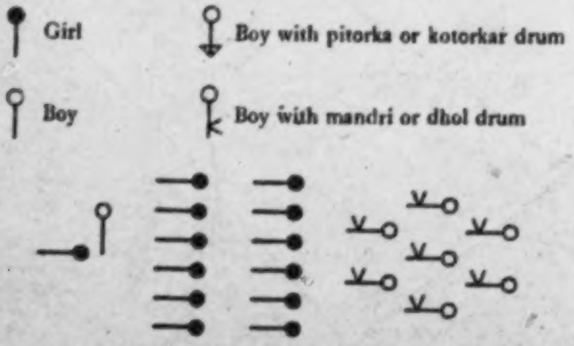
Pick leaves for them, fetch water, bring them wood, and clean their house. 585
Yesterday you laughed and played with us; tomorrow laugh and play with them. 539
Yesterday you went with us for water to the well; tomorrow go with them.
If a stranger comes to your new house, content him with water for his feet and a cup of gruel.
When we come, show that you remember us, and give us what we need.
You used to teach us everything, how to make necklaces with beads,
How to massage and how to please the chelik;
But who will teach us now?
When you troubled us, you were our defence;
But who will defend us now?
We will never forget you, without you our ghotul is empty and deserted.

In this wonderful exchange of tenderness and remembrance the whole of ghotul life becomes real and vivid. Almost every line might have a footnote referring to some chapter of this book. 585

After a long night of this, everyone was a little subdued, and nothing happened next day till about 3 p.m. when the bride's party of chelik and motiari went out with their drums to meet the bridegroom.

The Welcome of the Bridegroom

The boys led the way with their drums, followed by a double line of girls, clashing their cymbals, singing loudly. They advanced three paces, halted, retired two paces, and then advanced again. At the same time the bridegroom's party advanced from their camp in similar formation, bringing the boy with them. As they went along, the girls sang a Gondi song with the refrain *Riri loyo ririla riri loyo ririla rila.*


Girl
Boy with pitorka or kotorkar drum
Boy
Boy with mandri or dhol drum

Sindi ihi mowuri buba,	There's a crown of palm leaves, father,	585
Nana mowur herka buba,	I will wear that crown, father,	539
Bubān lār ne herka.	Wear it to please my father.	
Sātu jōr dādālor buba,	I have seven brothers, father,	
Dādān lār ne herka buba.	For love of them I'll wear it, father.	

THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

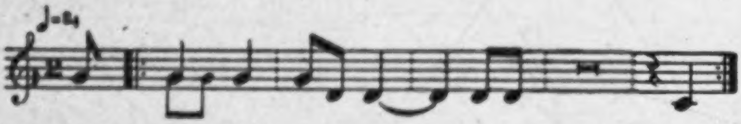
The Meeting of the Parents

585 Just inside the village the parties met—the girls greeted each other, and the elders sat down on the ground for *părin-bhet* or *samdhi-bhet*, an important little rite which emphasizes that marriage is more than a union of two individuals; it is an alliance of families. A cloth was spread on the ground, and the father of the bride and the father of the bridegroom—the two samdhi—sat down together to talk for a few minutes. The Gaita drew lines of rice-flour and turmeric on the ground, and exclaimed, 'Let tomorrow's work be rooted deep and the tree grow large!' When they got up someone threw a pot of haldi-water over them and there was a lot of ribald laughter.

In Esalnar, the samdhi sat down with a pot of water and cleaned their teeth, exchanging the twigs and saying, 'Let there be no quarrels, let all be well, let there be many children. As the root is below and branches above, so may we be united'.

During this little ceremony the motiari sing various songs, of which the following (in Chhattisgarhi) is an example:

[533]



● [539]

Milo milo milo samdhi kukur pila sang milo!	Meet, meet, meet, samdhi, meet with a puppy!
Kukur pila la kăy harbo? Lejo tumor pila.	What should I do with a puppy? Take away your baby.
Milo milo milo samdhi hăthi pila sang milo!	Meet, meet, meet, samdhi, meet with a baby elephant!
Hăthi pila la kăy harbo? Lejo tumor pila.	What should I do with a baby elephant? Take away your baby.
Milo milo milo samdhi burkăl pila sang milo!	Meet, meet, meet, samdhi, meet with a tiger cub!
Burkăl pila la kăy harbo? Lejo tumor pila.	What should I do with a tiger cub? Take away your baby.
Milo milo milo samdhi gini pila sang milo!	Meet, meet, meet, samdhi, meet with a sucking pig!
Gini pila la kăy harbo? Lejo tumor pila.	What should I do with a sucking pig? Take away your baby.

The bride's motiari went forward; one of them picked up the boy on her back, and they led him in this formation to his camp on one side of the headman's field.

Here was a small leaf-hut under a shady tree. Men and women of both parties greeted the bridegroom. They washed his feet and put a rice-mark on his forehead. Then they led him into the hut and made him sit on a new mat.

The Giving of the Ring

The scene now shifts to the bride's house. Presents of cloth were given to the bride's mother. As it had not been done at the engagement-time, the ring-cowrie, in its modern form of four annas, was given to the bride's father and put in the Pot of the Departed to compensate the ancestors for

585 the loss of the girl from their clan. This is a very important and significant ceremony. It represents the passage of the girl from her original clan into that of her husband, and indicates that she will henceforth be numbered with his ancestors.

The bridegroom was carried over from his camp. A new mat was spread, and the samdhi sat down. A little rice was put on their knees. The bride sat in the lap of her father-in-law, the bridegroom in the lap of his. Motiari covered the girl's hand with oil. The Gaita put a ring on the boy's little finger. The boy then seized his bride and tried to transfer the ring to her. But her hand was oily and slippery, and there was a long struggle—which caused great amusement—before he was victorious. Then the girl hit him with her clenched fist and jumped up. He tried to hit her back, but a group of her chelik dashed forward and covered her escape.

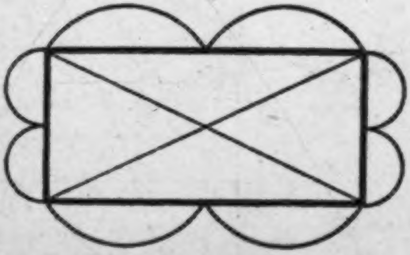
All the time the motiari stood by singing loudly:

[539]

Muda muda intoni dāda!	He is saying ring, ring, brother!
Sonār pekoh dyerom dāda,	Were I a goldsmith's daughter, brother,
Son muda hewerom dāda,	He would give me a golden ring, brother,
Dinda layorātek roy dāda,	Were he an unmarried boy, brother,
Kuddum dāka wāteni dāda.	He would come running to me, brother.
Kaide muda niya ro dāda.	The ring is in your hand, brother.
Pila hāra āteke roy dāda,	Were he a man with children, brother,
Pila odeh kemu roy dāda.	He would bring them to stay with me, brother.

The Crowning of the Bridegroom

The bridegroom was now carried back to his camp, where the Gaita made a *ghari*-pattern[1] on the ground like this. The boy sat in the lap of his elder brother's wife. Old women, mother's and father's sisters, covered his head with the ends of their saris. The Gaita came with an elaborate crown made by Pannara from date-palm leaves. The leaves in the crowns are carefully counted: if the number in each is uneven, all will be well, but if the bride's number is even it means that the marriage will be a failure. This is the Neyi Maur or Oil Crown which will be worn throughout the preliminaries of the marriage, and then exchanged for the Lagir Maur at its crisis. The Gaita and the boy handed it to and fro seven times. The Gaita held it up, exhibited it left and right and with a sudden movement pushed it over the boy's face, while the whole party shouted in



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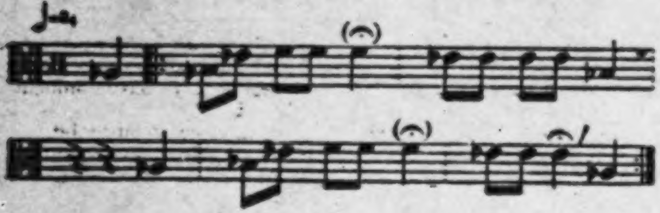
[1] These patterns, which are also made in the marriage booth, are akin to the 'threshold designs' common throughout India. Their purpose is, I think, definitely 'witch-baffling' Cf. *Folk-Lore*, Vol. XLVIII, p. 268 and XLIX, p. 181.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Chhind pān ke maur dai,	Of palm leaves is the crown, mother.
Main maur bāndho dai?	May I wear the crown, mother?
Kāy mola dobe bābu?	What will you give me, son?
Gathri ke rupiya dai,	I'll give you a bundle of money, mother,
Kotha ke baila dai,	I'll give you a bullock in the stall, mother,
Wahi baila dobe bābu.	Give me that bullock, son.

Here is a rather charming little song, which was recorded at Palari. 585 539

Bāri kata chhind bula rati rati hande	The palm grows near the fence and cries all night.
Na kānd re chhind bula bābu maur pinde,	Don't cry, O palm, my son will wear you as a crown,
Bāndo le bāndo pujāri chutuk maur bāndo.	Tie O tie it, priest, carefully tie the crown.

Bringing in the Manda Wood

Now the chelik of Sidhawand, assisted by visiting chelik from other villages, 585
went out with the Gaita to fetch wood for the marriage-booth. The Gaita cut a small mahua tree with a single blow of his axe, and the boys cut the other poles and leafy branches of sarai wood. Presently the party returned, drumming, dancing and singing, with loud shouts of *Pude* (vagina).[1] It was now nearly sunset. The boys piled the wood in the place where they were going to build the booth, and danced round it holding each other's hands. The motiari came and picked up the mahua tree. They stood in a bunch very close together, everyone held the tree and banged it up and down, singing vigorously.

While the wood was being brought in the girls sang taunt-songs at the boys, 585
most of them obscene. The first, for example, has the refrain *Korad kāyāng* 533
barka waliing perbatak chato mor layor, 'The chelik's testicles are like the fruit 831
of a dried-up tree and the root of a gourd; his penis is like a snake'.

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[1] Risley describes a festival of Dharti Mai among the Mal Paharia. 'The dancing party shout continually *bur, bur* (*pudendum muliebre*), a mode of invocation believed to be especially acceptable to the goddess. In this somewhat indelicate cry we may perhaps see a barbarous and undraped reference to the *vis genetrix* [illegible] so prominent in many early forms of belief.'—H. H. Risley, *The Tribes and Castes of Bengal* (Calcutta, 1891), Vol. II, p. 71.

Songs

585
● 539

Layor taile manda ri sango;	The boys are bringing the boughs on their heads;
Maksi manda taior ri sango.	Secretly they have brought the wood,
Buching poynāh kāhtor ri sango.	They have cut it bit by bit.
Māhe marsi hewer ri sango,	If they would give us axes,
Chhak ne manda haderāl sango.	We'd cut the wood with a single blow,
Mamāt manda tawerāt sango.	And we would bring the wood in.

In the next song, the boys sing the first three lines and the girls answer.

Mando deri kokoti wākoti soy bai.	The pole of the booth is crooked, girl.
Tumcho rati chepoti roy soy bai.	Your vagina is like a chapati, girl.
Jhelun dānka netu roy soy bai.	We will dance jumping up and down, girl.
Tumcho asan ratu roy soy dāda.	If we were to do it instead of you, brother.
Jhelun dānka netu roy soy dāda.	We would dance jumping up and down, brother.
Gāra phāndun netu roy soy dāda.	We would yoke the cart and take it away, brother,
Kukra bāsti netu roy soy dāda.	At cock-crow we would take it away, brother.
Kānde tangia dhartu roy soy dāda.	We'd put axes on your shoulders, brother.
Bāchum deri mārtun roy soy dāda.	We'd bring a straight pole, brother.
Kokta bākta deri roy soy dāda.	We'd never cut a crooked pole, brother.

585 [831] There are other songs which I need not quote, in which there is much play about crooked wood and the crooked penis, and the penis which can dig well in intercourse but cannot dig a hole for the pillar of the booth.

The boys had hidden a pice somewhere in the wood, and the girls spent a long time looking for it. Finally, about 7-30 p.m., the Gaita put some rice on the spot where the motiari had danced with the mahua tree, and dug a hole with his iron digging-stick. If white-ants or stones are found there, they move to another spot, offering an egg and chicken to whatever god the Siraha decides was responsible for the ill omen. But all was well today. The Gaita broke a coconut on his digging-stick, and the chelik planted the centre-pole of the booth and the mahua tree in the hole that the Gaita had made. After drinking a little liquor, the chelik then proceeded to make the booth (*manda*).

This was a very simple affair. Nine sarai poles were placed in a rough square, in the middle of which was the centre-pole and the mahua tree.[1] On the centre-pole a small representation of the vagina is often carved. A roof was made by tying poles round the square and criss-cross over it. This was again covered with leafy branches. Round the poles was tied a haldi coloured string, or sometimes simply a rope of paddy-chaff, and a string of mango leaves. This string is called *toran* (Halbi) and is mentioned in another *manda* song. This has the refrain *Riri loyo ririlo ririlo riri loyo ririlo*, and is addressed apparently to the village mother. 585

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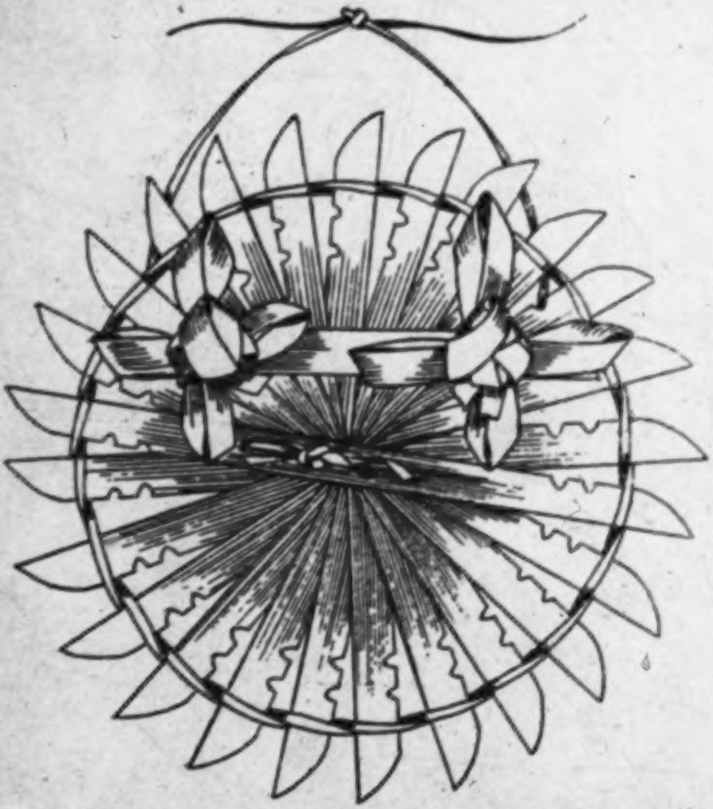
[1] A number of tribes put the mahua in the marriage-booth. The Omanaito do (Thurston, op. cit., Vol. V, p. 444), so do the Birjhia (Russell and Hiralal, op. cit., Vol. II, p. 332), the Scakar of Chhattisgarh (ibid., Vol. III, p. 316), and the Bhuiya or Bhinya (Dalton, op. cit., p. 148). Mock marriages to the tree are performed by the Bagdi, the Kurmi, the Mahili and no doubt others (*Census of India, 1911. Report for Bengal, Bihar and Orissa*, pp. 302ff). The Gond of Mandla put a mango tree in the centre of the booth, but elsewhere use a post made of mahua wood (Ward, op. cit., p. 138).



[292]

FIG. 19. Marriage crown for bride
Breadth 6"

Bālo kowwār pekkina dai,	O Mother of this young boy, 585
Sukkhum dukkhum leha wo dai.	Reveal his happiness and sorrow.
Guchar mechar āyma roy dai?	Why do you stay silent, Mother? 539 ●
Kānjla toole āyo wo dai?	Because nothing has been promised you?
Haryar mannis yetkuo dai.	Take our offerings willingly.
Tārāl tamur lenor wo dai.	He has no brothers, Mother.

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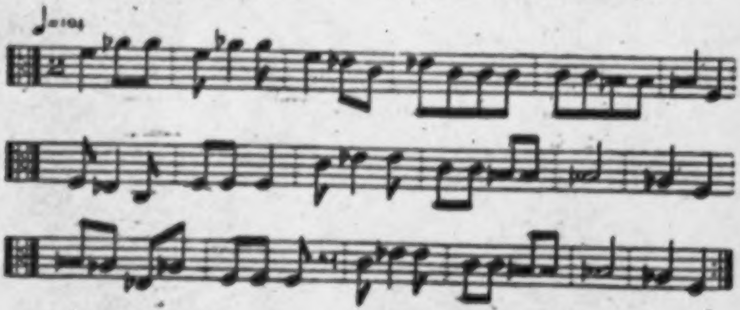
● 539

Awa bābo lewor wo dai.	He has no father or mother,
Wenayise torun wo dai.	But here is a goat for the *torun.*
Mardi marra manda wo dai ;	The pole is from the saja tree ;
Laydn parle bona wo dai.	Young girls made the platform.
Marka āki torun wo dai.	Of mango leaves is the *torun.*
Bākiya nima behwi wo dai ?	Why do you not answer, Mother ?
Bābuna jiwa werriyta wo dai.	The boy's soul is frightened, Mother.

Tying of the Beni-plaits

685 533 539 After this, the motiari carried the bride back to her house and her motiari and others anointed her with haldi. Then in both camps motiari busied themselves with tying the hair of their charges into two long and five little plaits. Other motiari stood round singing a song with the refrain,

Riri loyo. Ririlo rilo riri loyo ririlo riri loyo ririlo rilo rilo riri loyo ririlo.



Sura beri sahāli bābu.	The plait is a sevenfold chain, boy.
Baden suda pāiki bābu ?	Whose plait will you tie, boy?
Atin miyār mania roy dai.	I'll tie the plait of my *māma's* daughter, mother.
Tāna suda pāiha dai,	For her I will tie the plait, mother,
Niya jor tā ayo roy bābu,	She's no fit mate for you, boy,
Halār bhāi biti roy bābu,	She has sisters and brothers, boy,
Saga saina biti roy bābu,	She has relations, boy,
Awa bābo biti roy bābu.	She has father and mother, boy.
Awa bābona lewon roy bābu.	You have no father or mother, boy.
Tārāl tamor lewon roy bābu.	You have no brothers, boy.

This is a very common sentiment in the marriage songs. The bridegroom is an orphan, alone in the world, useless, ugly, unfit to mate with a bride so richly dowered with wealth and relatives. I add two other very short songs:

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I

Sur beni beni roy dya,	O the links of the plait, mother,
Main beni pārunde dya,	I want to tie the plait, mother,
Pārete pāro bay pāro mona	If you wish, boy, you may tie it.

2: Elwin E-5 (1935-1942) 1947 AW32 Gond AW32
Muria

3

Sāt bahin kanya baba!	O the seven Kanya sisters!
Kanya dhari baséle baba.	Holding your waist they sit.
Sāt bhātti phuli nā baba	O the seven-times distilled liquor
Baba indāna baba na	Father, say, father.

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THE THIRD DAY

Bathing Bride and Bridegroom

Shortly after dawn the bride's motiari brought out the bridegroom and danced with him. Then they bathed him in front of his camp, making him sit on a wooden seat, while two chelik fanned him vigorously with large baskets. When this was finished he jumped from his seat into one of these baskets and the bride's motiari picked him up and carried him, swinging him vigorously, back to his camp. They left him with loud cries of *Sole* (penis). Then the bridegroom's motiari bathed the bride. 585

Songs

1

Riri loyo rilo rilo riri loyo ri ri lo rilo ri riloyo ri ri lo

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539

Māwa hīkna na yeru ra sangori;	The water's for our boy;
Sono jhar jhar yeru ra.	Like a stream of gold is the water.
Niya manin yeru ra;	The water's for your girl;
Koda urkal yeru ra.	Like horse-stale is the water.
Niya hīkna yeru ra;	The water's for your boy;
Neyu urkal yeru ra.	Like a dog's urine is the water.
Māwa manina yeru ra;	The water's for our girl;
Sono jhar jhar yeru ra sangori.	Like a stream of gold is the water.

2

Dulhi na āng dhoila chelik sundar pāni,	Bathing the bride's body with chelik-beautiful water,
Pasiya pasiya bolis ra nona.	You were begging for a comb, a comb.
Abe pasiya pāwalis ra nona.	Now you have got your comb.
Sai shanichr sālum roy nona.	It's the Saturday bazaar today.
Sālum dawre hindi roy nona.	You were going to the bazaar.
Dulhi na āng dhoila chelik sundar pāni.	But you are bathing the bride's body with chelik-beautiful water.

Digging the Manda Earth

I missed seeing this at Sidhawand, but witnessed it at Malakot. Some elder women, carrying baskets covered with cloth, led a small procession of singing and dancing motiari and drummers to the house of the village cowherd (Kopa or Rawat). They danced for a time before the house, asking the Kopa's wife to come out.

Song

Kopa le kopa le pasia kopa pasia roy.	Kopa girl, Kopa girl, come outside.
Kopa le kopa le tuka toriy toriy roy?	Kopa girl, Kopa girl, have you some earth?

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Kope le kope le udah toriy hima roy.	Kopa girl, Kopa girl, give us a little.
Kope le kope le sikde toriy hima roy.	Kopa girl, Kopa girl, give the earth quickly.
Kope le kope le biti jora kiti roy?	Kopa girl, Kopa girl, what are you doing?
Kope le kope le teda kope teda roy.	Kopa girl, Kopa girl, quickly get up.
Kope le kope le kopili ondah kitor roy?	Kopa girl, Kopa girl, is the cowherd enjoying you?
Kope le kope le girda mate mayroy roy?	Kopa girl, Kopa girl, haven't you finished?
Kope le kope le girda tiye kuskar roy?	Kopa girl, Kopa girl, are you still sleeping?

585 Presently the woman appeared carrying a digging-stick and was greeted with derisive shouts. She led them to the spot where the cattle rested at midday. There she sprinkled water and cow-dung and prepared a little patch of ground. The Gaita offered rice, egg-shell and haldi, and took the digging-stick in his hand. This was also held by the Kopa's wife and the bridegroom's mother. All three together dug up a little earth, put it into a basket and covered it with cloth. Suddenly one of the motiari picked up the basket and ran as hard as she could towards the *manda*. The chelik chased her; they had to catch her before she reached it. They were just in time; they took one of her rings, and then allowed her to put the earth by the mahua tree under the booth.

Plastering the Manda Platform

585 Then some old women, singing very fast, began to plaster with this special
539 mud a little platform in the middle of the booth. They made patterns of rice-flour, plastered them in, and finally smoothed it all over.

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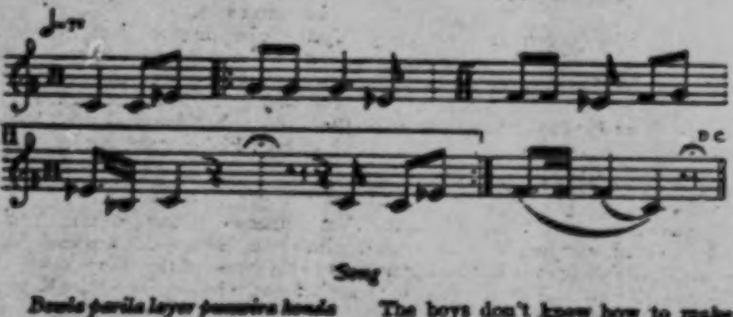

Song

Bonda parila layor pomaira konda buhong.	The boys don't know how to make the platform.
Nāgal chotong tallenjo.	The penis is like a ploughshare.
Mike bonda parri kowon va.	The boys won't let us make the platform.
Sir karna layor parri vaon.	If they did, how beautifully we'd make it.

Some of the mud was left and the old women smeared it on any man they could find. I saw one of them creep up behind the Gaita and blindfold him with her muddy hands, shouting *Pude adrango* or Vagina liquor! At that they all sat down and had a drink. Refreshed by this, the Gaita and an assistant drew an elaborate pattern on the freshly-plastered platform, and put earthen lamps at its four corners. The rice-flour and haldi for this was ground by the Gaita with his own hands. 585

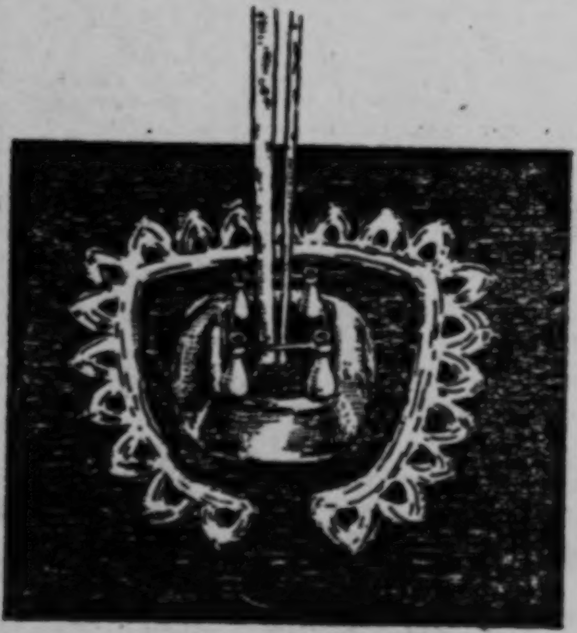

Fig. 20. Manda platform with typical decoration, from Telenga

Songs

1

Alor alor singāri dosi,	Make varied patterns, Dosi,	585
Nelna singār keraiye dosi.	The best patterns you know.	
Kiko mina Kānkera dosi,	The fish has come from Kanker,	539 ●
Kānker tike hāngita dosi.	The pattern faces Kanker.	
Kotumj nemu hisna ye dosi,	Make the corners square,	
Korri koji singāri dosi.	Make a cock's-foot pattern, Dosi.	

2

Hardi pakhlen hardi pakhlen dosi.	Apply the haldi, Dosi.
Khālo haniye khālo haniyalla dosi.	Below for the Kanyang, Dosi.
Upar haniye upar haniyalla dosi.	Above for the Kanyang, Dosi.
Jan bisarbo jan bisarbo dosi.	Do not forget, Dosi.

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Hãna duma la hãna duma la dosi.	Put it for the Departed, Dosi.
Māta mãoli la mãta maoli la dosi.	For Mata Maoli, Dosi.
Jan bisarhe jan bisarhe dosi.	Do not forget, Dosi.
Tore dharam jo tore dharam jo dosi.	It is your duty, Dosi.

Further Anointing of the Bridegroom

585 Now his own motiari carried the bridegroom out again and brought him to the *manda*. They danced round the booth, one of them carrying him on her back, till they were tired. Then they made him sit on a motiari's lap on a bamboo fan to the west of the booth and outside it, and put a fan between his hands which he held folded before his face. Again they put haldi, making it 'climb' up his body. The bride's brother's wife came and wept loudly, saying, 'Never forget us and the love we've had for you. Come and see us often. Don't trouble our poor girl. She is ignorant and foolish, but you will be able to teach her. Let her come and see us often'.

This tedious and exasperating ritual continues during the whole ceremony. Every relative in turn must perform it over and over again.

Songs

585
539

1

Dãda indãn he dãda!	Cry brother, brother!
Dharam telu chaga wo dãda.	Anoint with holy oil, brother.
Tuhe dharam lãge de dãda.	This is your gift, brother.
Bai indãn he bai!	Cry sister, sister!
Dharam telu chaga wo bai.	Anoint with holy oil, sister.
Tuhe dharam lãge de bai.	This is your gift, sister.

And so on, interminably, through the entire table of affinity.

2

Tiloke telo telo wo dai!	O the oil of til, mother!
Mola ve telu chada wo dai.	Let me rub the oil, mother.
Tola ve telu chardãn wo bena,	I would rub you with oil, son,
More ve buta hamey jo beta.	But I have work to do, son.
Sagore din ke buta wo dai,	You can work every day, mother,
Yeke ve din ke telo wo dai.	But this oil is just for today, mother.
Tore ve buta raho wo dai.	Leave your work, mother.
Mola ve telu chada wo dai.	And rub me with oil, mother.

3

[831]

Kis house howe layon oh he.	The chelik is a little monkey.
Kena porro targa howe oh he!	Climb up, O little monkey!
Gohãlc dudo howe oh he!	Her breasts will fill your fists!
Kena dor vaiya howe oh he!	Come down again, O little monkey!
Rãpãlc pudo howe oh he.	Her vagina is big as a spade, O little monkey!

4

This song is from Bayanar village, a Pashana Pata for the anointing. The refrain imitates the noise of a goat in heat.

Sai le le bo bo bo! Sai le le bo bo bo! 585

O young darling, whence have you come, 539 ●
Have you come for the play of love,
With an ox-goad under the mango tree?
Why have you come, big-breasted love?
I will catch you and enjoy you.
Sailobai, why have you come?
Your pubic hairs are like a shrub in Amgaon.
We were yoked together in the ghotul.
Now you are going, and I bid you farewell.
Now you are leaving the ever-thrilling ghotul.
I took you under the pipal tree and shook you to and fro.
By the ant-hill I tumbled you.
Your ghotul lover has come for you,
But no longer are you there to welcome him.

Taking the Omens

Now the final omens must be taken. The Gaita placed an earthen pot full of water on the verandah of the headman's house, and dropped grains of rice two by two into it. For a successful marriage the grains must meet tip to tip. If they meet crosswise, there will be quarrels; if they both sink, the married pair will die together in a year; if they do not meet at all, the girl will elope with someone else. On this occasion, the two grains sank to the bottom, and the headman sent round an inquiry whether any of the near relatives of the bride had just begun to menstruate—a calamity which had previously been known to disturb the omens. At about the same time the bridegroom fell into a trance, twitching, shivering, stretching himself and then falling inert to the ground. Apparently none of the women were in the tabooed condition and the bridegroom's mother—a managing woman with an enormous bun of hair on the top of her head which caused some to regard her as an incarnation of the Hindu god Mahadeo—thought quite obviously that it was I with my camera who was causing all the trouble, but did not like to say so. After a time, however, when the Gaita had made some extravagant promises to the gods, the boy recovered and the rice grains floated round and hit each other most properly tip to tip. 585 787

Filling the Kalsa

The little kalsa-pitcher, which is to be placed by the mahua tree in the marriage-booth, must be filled with rice. The motiari put a basket before the bride. They place the pot inside and fill the bride's hands with rice, covering them with a cloth. Several of them catch hold of her hands and move them up and down above the kalsa, singing *Relo*, until all the rice has fallen into the pot. When the pot is full the motiari stand up with a loud cry of *Sata!* (penis). 585 831

Songs

1

Nendi kata dokda barka bidde lotde.	The reeds grow by the river, where the old bear lies.	585
Kiko jitte lotde dolki le lotde.	With whom is he lying? He's lying with the bride.	539 831

585
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831

Kai pila koli bhālu pila kole.	Whose was the child? It was a bear's child.
Kāhe buba balede dulha ke buba balede.	Whom will he call father? The bridegroom.
Kāhe āya balede dulhi ke āya balede.	Whom will he call mother? The bride.
Kai rāg men gāge de hur hur balede.	To what tune will she weep? *Hur hur.*
Ama pān chiro chāro.	The mango leaf sounds *chiro charo.*
Dulha cholli kira paro ach.	There are maggots in the bridegroom's penis
Mande pude kurri.	Loudly cry 'Vagina'.

2

Gati roy dodon banjāra aya!	O the Banjara's bullock, mother!
Noni bona roy sudha dāki noni?	With whom will you go, girl?
Māma na marri mantor go āya.	There is my *māma's* son, mother.
Noni miya jori pobe roy noni.	He's not fit to be your mate, girl.
Ona roy sudha hanma roy noni.	Do not go with him, girl.
Gare mara jori roy ade jori pibo.	He is as bad as a pair of gere trees.
Ona re suda hanon roya āya.	I will not go with him, mother.
Aich mande pude haudi bandhla.	Under the booth is a vagina tied with a cowrie.
Dudhe handi bhursa.	And breasts like a brown pot.
Leka cho cholli bhursa!	O the penis of the brown boy!
Ama pān siro sāro.	The mango leaves sound *siro sāro.*
Laki cho pudi kira paro kurri.	The girl's vagina is full of maggots.

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[531]
Before the kalsa-pitcher is put in its place by the central pillar of the booth, it is decorated, sometimes beautifully and with great elaboration. Red, yellow and black grain is stuck with cow-dung in varied patterns, or stars and lines of dots are made in white and black. While two of the older women are doing this, the motiari stand by and sing.

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Song

Riri loyo ri ri lo rilo ri ri loyo ri ri lo ri ri lo ri ri loyo ri ri lo

Uras wenjing karsa wo dai.	The pot is decorated with rice, mother.
Nana karsa kotihān dai.	I place a mark on the pot, mother.
Bāti wenjing kotihin bābu?	With what kind of rice will you decorate it, boy?
Hinga wenji kotihān dai.	I will use *hinga* rice, mother.
Bona suda kotihin bābu?	With whom will you decorate it, boy?
Atin miyār mania roy dai.	With my *māmi's* daughter, mother.
Tāna suda kotihān dai.	I will decorate the pot for her, mother.
Tāna suda parwin roy bābu.	You won't be able to do it for her, boy.
Tāna jorti āyms roy bābu.	She is no fit mate for you, boy.
Tāral tamor biti roy bābu.	She has brothers, boy.
Hadār bhai biti roy bābu.	She has sisters and brothers, boy.
Ama bābo biti roy bābu.	She has a mother and father, boy.
Nākum arik walia wo dai.	But I am willing, mother.

THE COURSE OF MURIA LIFE: YOUTH

When the kalsa-pitcher is ready, decorated and filled with grain, it is taken out to the booth and placed by the central pillar.

Song

Hi dewani ri ri loyo ri ri lo ri ri loyo ri ri lo ri ri lo

Ona ri bona ri karsa dai?	Whose is this pitcher, mother?
Jāti poyami pekāna jāti nani.	It's for a Poyami boy, daughter.
Ondyise karsa nani.	This pitcher is for him, daughter.
Karsa malke mōta dai!	How the pitcher glitters, mother!
Karsa kuri dāke dai.	I am going to look at it, mother.
Niya bīrong sāde nani?	Why does it please you, daughter?
Yerri miyle tāndi nani.	It is a pot for bathing, daughter.
Tāndi gala oroy nani.	The pot is not broken, daughter.
Modi askle kīri nani.	The cord has been cut with this arrow, daughter.
Kīri gala mīyoye nani.	The arrow is not lost, daughter.
Loni kīre manar dai.	The Lambada boy is in the house, mother.
Turre khoda hanar dai.	He has gone to hunt wild animals, mother.
Molol khoda hanar dai.	He has gone to hunt the hare, mother.
Mīko khoda hanar dai.	He has gone to hunt the sambhar, mother.
Aske kīri mīywōr dai.	Then the arrow will be lost, mother.
Barsa pare mīlona dai.	I am grown up now, mother.
Nāhon arik mōta dai.	I am very happy, mother.
Hanona lona tākon dai.	I cannot rest till I go away with him, mother.

In this song, mother and daughter look ahead beyond the marriage to the girl's first child. The kalsa-pitcher becomes the pot of warm water heated daily by the husband for the young mother's bath; the arrow down which the anointing oil is poured becomes the arrow by which the child's umbilical cord is cut. The young husband has gone on a ceremonial hunt—and by his success or failure they will know the number of their children.

From time to time a couple of girls came to clean the *mande*: as they did so, the others stood round singing, *Re re loyo re re la rela rela re re loyo re rela.*

Dulha kahan gele belosa?	Where has the bridegroom gone, Belosa?
Wahin bahīr galose belosa.	He has carried off his sister.
Kai dāra aasise belosa?	What branches has he spread?
Pharsa dāra aasise belosa.	He has made a bed of pharsa branches.
Kai pila hoke re belosa?	What child has she borne?
Bhālu pila hoke re belosa;	It is a bear cub;
Hor hor hare re belosa;	It cries *hor hor*;
Chābuh hale khodo ss re belosa.	It runs to bite you, Belosa.

THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

The Midday Dance

585 ●539 Then the chelik gathered round the booth and began to dance, holding each other's hands swinging backwards and forwards to a rather dismal tune, as they circled slowly round.

Songs

1

Tīra wo dai nāwa sono pungāri.	Give me my golden flower, mother.
Nāwa iga to hile nani niya babān nigādu.	I haven't got it, your father has it, son.
Tīra wo baba nāwa sono pungāri.	Give me my golden flower, father.
Nāwa iga to hile nani niya dādān igādu.	I haven't got it, your brother has it, son.
Tīra wo dāda nāwa sono pungāri.	Give me my golden flower, brother.

—and so on, taking the names of every relative present.

2

Walāldāti koliyāl walālita?	Where are you going, fox, where are you going?
Chitkodāl waydl kilu jo tāna toka tun koper pandhal.	Make a broom of a squirrel's tail.
Walāldāti nirāl walālita?	Where are you going, leopard, where are you going?
Chitkodāl waydl tāna tālla tun kudwo pandurār.	Make a measure of the head of a rat.

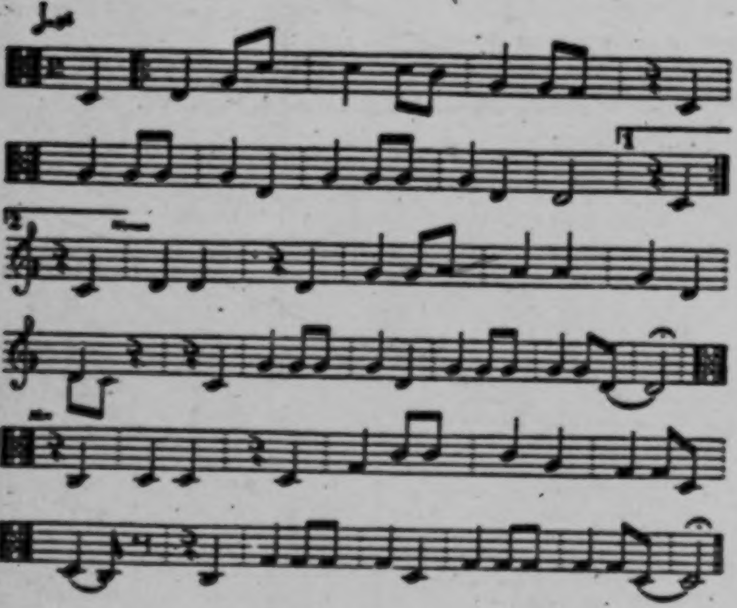
585 It was now midday and the visiting motiari brought food to the booth as reward for the boys who had gone to fetch the wood the previous day. The boys sat down in a wide circle round the booth and the girls served them with rice and vegetables on leaf-plates. When they had finished the chelik got up and down three times shouting 'Penis!', and so dispersed.

When darkness fell everyone went home for the evening meal. The headman provided pork for his visitors: the pig was knocked over the head with a rice-pounder and the Gaita offered the carcass mahua-spirit saying, 'Let there be enough flesh for us all and some left over'.

Throughout the night there was singing and dancing; every now and then the weary bride and groom were brought out to be anointed, from the feet upwards to the head.

[533 831] The company drank, and made merry with fescennine songs, for 'there is no purdah in a house of marriage'. Much of the dancing during the night and a large part of the day was done without drums in almost Hill Maria style. Boys, or boys and girls, held hands and moved slowly round the marriage-booth in a wide circle. The singing was monotonous, but the songs themselves are often more interesting than those concerned merely with details of the ritual.

THE COURSE OF MURIA LIFE: YOUTH



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Songs

1

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Aliyāro maliyāro hanki maha joji!	The gruel is made of bits of rice, Aliyaro Maliyaro!
Aliyāro maliyāro sānde joji hīmu!	Give us the gruel quickly, Aliyaro Maliyaro!
Aliyārsingh maliyārsingh nimdir maha dākit?	Where are you going, Aliyarsingh Maliyarsingh?
Aliyāro maliyāro pārewān pila jori!	We are like a pair of pigeons, Aliyaro Maliyaro!
Aliyāro maliyāro jori parki dāka!	We are off to search for wives, Aliyaro Maliyaro!
Aliyārsingh maliyārsingh wātir bhumi dāka?	What country are you going to, Aliyarsingh Maliyarsingh?
Aliyāro maliyāro lānjir bhumi dāka!	We are going to Lanji Land, Aliyaro Maliyaro!

2

Charota mara baba charota mara dormi roy!	O the shade of the charota tree, father!
Wārkna darbār baba darbār uchi roy?	What is this darbar, O father?

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●539

Kosa re kokhana nuni kosa re kokhana doyon roy!	O the silken horns of the bullock, daughter!
Tāne re mola nuni tāne re mola kindan roy!	I have named a price for this bullock, daughter!
Nākune nāreh buba nākune nāreh kema roy.	Do not deceive me, father.
Nākune mola buba nākune mola kindan roy.	You are selling me, father.
Kile re khapra buba kile re khapra rupia roy,	A rupee is worthless as a broken bit of earthenware,
Rupia re jiwa buba rupia re jiwa kiti roy.	Yet you love rupees, father.
Koda re urkul buba koda re urkul dārango roy,	Liquor is worthless as a horse's stale.
Dārango re jiwa buba dārango re jiwa kiti roy,	Yet you love liquor, father,
Miyāne jiwa buba miyāne jiwa kewi roy.	And you do not care for me.

3

Nikum lewāl nuni wātor roy guguti guguti.	They have come to take you away, my girl.
Wātir bhum lor dai wātor roy?	Where have they come from, mother?
Chhattisgarh lor nuni wātor roy.	They have come from Chhattisgarh, my girl.
Wātir wātir dai kamidl roy?	What work do they do there, mother?
Jāti kawdo nuni kamidl roy.	They are of the Kawdo clan, daughter.
One ise dai hemāl roy;	Don't give me to them, mother;
Kodo usi dai paron roy;	I cannot husk the kodon, mother;
Karwul māti dai danda roy;	My arms are like tundri roots, mother;
Danda gala dai nindo roy!	My arms are not yet grown, mother!
One ise dai hemāl roy.	Don't give me to them, mother.

4

Koh bodāl bodāl kopa le;	I have a horned bison, Kopa;
Nāwa bodāl mai: kopa le.	My bison is lost, Kopa.
Hāle māri māri gaita le,	On the hill of sal trees, Gaita,
Ahey toru osi gaita le.	I had taken it to graze there, Gaita.
Sono tāye guta kopa le.	I had a golden tethering peg, Kopa.
Guta inja poitu kopa le.	Now the peg stands solitary, Kopa.
Hira tāye dāmir kopa le.	The tethering-cord was made of diamonds, Kopa.
Dāmir kimju poitu kopa le.	Now the cord is lonely, Kopa.
Dāmir kimu poitu kopa le.	Now the cord is lonely, Kopa.

5

Bharewān bharewān kaida nana pairi karena;	I will wear the Bharewa's anklets;
Kālu re kālu re rumjum rumjum pairi karena.	The anklets tinkle *rumjum rumjum*.
Kochiyāna kochiyāna kaida nana churi karena;	I will wear the Kochiya's bangles;
Kaida re kaida re rumjum rumjum churi karena.	The bangles tinkle *rumjum rumjum*.

THE COURSE OF MURIA LIFE: YOUTH

Setina setina haida nana getil kuhena;	I will wear cloth from a merchant's shop;
Nani re nani re rumjum rumjum getil kuhena.	When I wear that cloth, my waist goes *rumjum rumjum*.
Sonārān sonārān haida nana suta karena;	I will wear a goldsmith's neck-band;
Todara re todara re rumjum rumjum suta karena.	The neck-band sounds *rumjum rumjum*.
Sonārān sonārān haida nana dāru karena,	I will wear a goldsmith's ear-ring,
Kaiwa re kaiwa re rumjum rumjum dāru karena.	The ear-rings sound *rumjum rumjum*.
Kaserān kaserān haida nana chura karena,	I will wear the Kaser's bangles,
Kālu re kālu re rumjum rumjum chura karena.	The bangles tinkle *rumjum rumjum*.

6

Nāma tehendar turit roy ange,	My *tehendar*[1] is lost,
Baga ise turit roy bābu?	Where was it lost?
Jamka jumar manda roy ange,	It was lost among the crowds beneath the booth,
Agdy ise turit roy ange.	It is lost there.
Niya sang nor layor roy bābu,	Your friend the chelik
Niya layor hara oyor roy bābu,	Has taken everything,
Or ise oyor roy ange,	But he did not take that away,
Niya sang nāng laydīk roy bābu!	O your friend the motiari
Ore hāra oyong roy bābu.	Must have taken it away.

7

Bera lopa bārang halo le nani?	O what is in the field, girl?
Jhumjhum āyana nani hanki talawa.	The girl is cleaning pieces of rice, *jhumjhum*.
Bera lopa tarāy halo le?	What is in the field, sister?
Tarai lopa wārang halo le.	The tank is in the field, sister.
Tarai lopa durpa halo le?	What is in the tank, sister?
Durpa morada wārang halo le.	The lotus-root is in the tank, sister.
Durpa morada kanjal halo le?	What is under the lotus-root, sister?
Kanjal rauala wāyena halo le.	Under the lotus-root there is a mouse, sister.
Wāyem ayo wāyena dāda le?	Will you come to catch the mouse, sister?
Nāke dai rāngār dāda le.	I would love to come but I cannot, brother:
Niya dai matoh halo le.	Mother would be angry with me, brother.
Jhāpit sandra hitona halo le.	I have given cloth from the basket, sister.
Hitoh icho waiha dāda le.	If you have given it, brother, then I will come.

---

[1] Iron Jew's-harp.

8

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● 539

Hare nāru arsima hese maryum parcha bili nāru heso maryum!	Don't build your house near the road, cousin!
Mardumshumāri nāru roy maryum!	There will be nothing but receipt-books and Census forms, cousin!
Kosur koytor wāynur heso maryum.	There the peons and their porters will come.
Khatiya lāwo indānur heso maryum.	They will say, 'Bring us a bed'.
Khatiya inda punwi keso.	We don't know what a bed is.
Katul inda puton heso.	All we know is a cot.
Chānwal lāwo indānur heso;	They will say, 'Bring us rice';
Chānwal inda punwi keso;.	We don't know what rice is;
Nukāng inda puton keso.	We only know paddy.
Dāl lāwo indānur keso;	They will say, 'Bring us lentils';
Dāl inda punwi heso.	We don't know what lentils are.
Dāring inda puton keso.	We only know pulse.
Namak lāwo indānur keso;	They will say, 'Bring us ground salt';
Namak inda punwi keso,	We don't know what ground salt is,
Hawor inda puton keso.	We only know rock salt.
Haldi lāwo indānur heso;	They will say, 'Bring us turmeric';
Haldi inda punwi keso,	We don't know what turmeric is,
Kamka inda puton keso.	We only know haldi.
Ghee lāwo indānur keso;	They will say, 'Bring us ghee';
Ghee inda punwi heso.	We don't know what ghee is,
Neyi inda puton keso.	We only know oil.
Pyāj lāwo indānur keso;	They will say, 'Bring us onions';
Pyāj inda punwi keso,	We don't know what onions are,
Gondri inda puton keso.	We only know garlic.

585 In this song, the words for the different things supposed to be demanded by the visiting officials are given both in the village and the more sophisticated dialects. A *khatiya* is demanded: the villagers only know of a *katul*. The visitor asks, in his own language, for *chanwal*, rice: but the villagers use the Gondi word *nukāng*; and so on.

The Arrow Ceremony

Now came the final anointing with haldi, the 'bringing down' of the oil from head to foot in contrast to the previous 'climbing', when it was applied from foot to head. The bridegroom was brought to the west of the booth and sat on the lap of one of his motiari. He held his hands above his head and an arrow was placed in them. The Gaita first, and then all his relatives, poured oil down it and it spread thence over his body. The same ceremony was performed for the girl, but inside the house.

Songs

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1

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Kudār holāng dākāng māwor.	Our boy's stride is long as the handle of a hoe.
Neka dākāng wātma māwor.	Don't stride along too quickly, boy.
Keri gābo mendul.;	Our boy's body is a plantain fruit;
Mendul gala nindoye.	His body is not yet ripe.
Ali āki moha;	His face is a pipal leaf;
Moha gala nindoye.	His face is not yet ripe.

585 *Berel āki chhāti;*	His chest is a banyan leaf;
Chhāti gala nindoye.	His chest too is not yet ripe.
539 *Kāreka hāya tala;*	His head is a kadam fruit;
Tala gala nindoye.	His head is not yet ripe.
Kārwal māti danda;	His hand too is a tundri root;
Danda gala nindoye.	His hand is not yet ripe.
Neha jhulah hema	O boy, don't shake your hand too much
Danda dole māyār.	Or it will be broken, boy.

2

Huh dusār dusār buba huh dusār roy buba

Neyura dusār reha buba.	The haldi oil has been rubbed down, father.
Kānde hāwar bojha buba.	A heavy load for a small *hāwar*, father.
Reh teke bojha buba,	Its weight is the same though you bring it down,
Teh teke bojha buba.	Its weight is the same though you raise it up.
Nāwa bojha reha buba.	Bring down the weight, father.

585 Then, while a circle of motiari stood singing, others bathed the boy and re-tied his hair in three or four plaits. They decorated him, painting his eyes with black and white powder, and making stars of yellow haldi on his face with a splayed castor-twig. They put a new crown, the Lagir Maur, over his head and face. So attired he went round greeting everyone. A pot of haldi-water was hung from the roof of the booth.

The Lagir

Now the drums began to sound; the chelik moved out in formation from the bridegroom's camp and began to move round the booth. The whole place began to stir. Soon with grand display the bride's drummers came down the road. They were led by two lines of boys waving antlers in the air; [292] one boy was dressed in peacock's feathers, another had a gay cowrie jacket. They advanced, placed the horns on the ground, raised them with loud cries, retired, then came on again. They reached the booth and danced near by.

The bride's elder sister's husband came out of the house with the bride on his shoulders and a group of men held a canopy over them. A man similarly related brought out the bridegroom from his camp. As the two parties approached the booth, the drumming increased in volume, rows of girls singing and clashing their cymbals followed, a 'bison' appeared pursued by hunters, and a dummy giant whirled into the centre of the scene.

The two parties, the boy's party leading, now went round the booth, outside, seven times anti-clockwise. The drummers went ahead, the girls followed, clouds of dust rose in the air. When this was done, bride and bridegroom were made to stand at the west side of the booth, and their clothes were knotted together. The girl's elder brother and four other men climbed the booth, and poured a little liquor and then a whole potful of haldi-water over the pair. In Malakot, where brooms were tied to the tops of the nine poles, the men threw them down and shook the booth violently.

585 This is the supreme moment of the marriage, the ceremony that finally asserts the union of bride and bridegroom,[1] the ultimately binding element in the long-protracted ceremonies. Bride and bridegroom were now man and wife.

Song

[539]

To manda batti dai;	There is the cattle's resting-place;
Aga padda manta dai.	There is a calf there, mother.
Padda dohi dāha dai.	I am going to tie that calf.
Sono ta dāmir dai,	There is a golden rope,
Padda poya hewo dai.	But the calf won't let me catch her.

Carrying off the Bride

Immediately the boy seized the bride, rushed her once round the booth, and carried her off to his camp, followed by a row of motiari singing enthusiastically. The bride's elder sister has the right to try to stop them: she stood in the way and was only appeased by the present of a cloth.

Ceremonial Greeting

In a few minutes the motiari came to bring the newly-married pair back to the booth for tika, the ceremonial greeting by relatives and friends. They sat down on a mat to the west of the booth, each supported by motiari, and everyone in turn put a rice-mark on their foreheads and a small present in the dish before them. As people bent down to do this, old women poured haldi over their backs and often tried to undo their clothes and smear their naked buttocks. There was much ribald laughter and a lot of fun. [522]

The motiari stood round singing as loudly as they could. Each relative was greeted in turn. Here is the song they used when the boy's father came for tika.

[539]

Wilor wālor-manda buba!	The booth is shaking, father!
Mandāl korku wār-tu buba.	The branches of the booth have withered, father.
Sānde tika tāsa buba.	Do the tika, father.
Wale bera koma buba.	Don't be late, father.
Pite harau harau buba.	The birds grow hungry, father.
Karun manda paron buba.	I can't bear to be hungry, father.
Niya marri lāruna buba.	This is your darling son, father.

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[1] The essential and binding part of the marriage ceremony varies in different parts. In the Punjab it consists of the *phera* or circumambulation of the sacrificial fire. In the United Provinces the young couple walk round not a fire but the marriage shed or pole. In the east of these provinces and also in Bengal and Bihar and Orissa, the binding part of the ceremony is generally the *sindurdan* or painting of the bride's forehead with vermilion. Amongst certain castes such as the Hari, the bride and bridegroom smear each other with their blood, which they obtain by pricking their fingers with a thorn. In Bombay the higher castes follow the practice of circumambulation. The lower castes sprinkle rice over the bride and bridegroom, while some pour milk or water over the joined hands of the couple. In Orissa their right hands are tied together with *kusa* grass, or their left hands when the bride is a widow. In Madras there are various ceremonies, such as making them eat from the same dish, or knotting their garments together, or pouring water over them so that it runs from the man to the woman. But the most common is for the bridegroom to tie the *tali* or necklace round the bride's neck. The Brahmin bridegroom places the bride's foot seven times on a mill-stone, a symbol of constancy.—*Census of India, 1911, Report for Bengal, Bihar and Orissa*, p. 312.

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The Marriage Sermon

At this point the Gaita and one or two elders sat down and delivered a sort of sermon. One man spoke, then another took up the tale, and a third continued. 'Now we have linked you two together. May you always have enough to eat and drink. May you live together happily. Bear many sons and daughters. Do not forget your parents. Greet the visitor at your house with food and water.' 585

The Farewell

When the tedious business of the tika was over, the bride and groom were taken back to the groom's camp and their crowns were removed. The boy was taken by his party out of the village to the road which ran near by. After a little while the girl, led by her father and escorted by two motiari (her own sisters) and preceded by drummers from her old ghotul, followed. When they came to the road, the girl bade a last farewell to her chelik and motiari. Accompanied by her two sisters, she went to each in turn and wept before them. She gave a pice to each of the chelik and they 'kissed' her farewell.

The two samdhi again sat down, drank a little and threw haldi-water over each other. 'See, from of old was our relationship ordained. May the Departed guard and continue it!' Then suddenly two chelik picked up the bride and bridegroom and they went off very quickly, a line of motiari walking behind them.

Song

Kāka ghar gayen wo dai,	We went to uncle's house, mother, [539]
Bīrkga mās khain wo dai.	There they eat beef.
Dāda ghar gayen wo dai,	We went to brother's house, mother,
Bokri mās khain wo dai.	There they eat goat.
Dīdī ghar gayen wo dai,	We went to sister's house, mother,
Kukri mās khain wo dai.	There they eat chicken.
Hamla bāsi pej dein wo dai.	But we like to eat stale *pej.*

The New Home

When the party came to the boundary of their own village, the Gaita drew a line of rice-flour across the path and placed seven soura rings upon it. They stepped across this and went home without looking round. When bride and bridegroom reached their house, the boy's mother came out to greet them. She washed their feet and drank a little of the dirty water. She took her daughter-in-law into the house, and presently brought her out again into the court, where those of the villagers who had not been able to go for the wedding came to do tika and gave their presents. Then bride and groom were taken back into the house; offerings were made to the Departed and the ring-cowrie was put into the Pot of the Departed to symbolise the fact that the bride had now joined her husband's clan and after death would henceforth be numbered with the ancestors of her new home. Other offerings were made to the pots hanging from the roof and the grain-bins. 'These are all yours now', exclaimed the mother. 'Live here happily with us.'

The Wedding Crowns

At the end of a marriage the wedding crowns must be properly disposed of, for it would be highly dangerous to throw them away where a witch could get at them. It will be remembered that there are two crowns, the Neyi

585 with the water, caught her and spat again in her mouth. Motiari gave him another gourd of water and he passed it on to his bride; she twice filled her mouth and spat all over him.

Now the motiari gathered round and undid the plaits of hair that had been tied during the wedding.

Song

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Sura leri sahdli sahdli he buba,	There are seven links in my plait,
Nana sahal lehika lehika he buba.	I am going to undo the links.
Bone lārne lehika lehika he buba?	For whose love will you undo it?
Sātu jor dāda lor dāda lor he buba;	I have seven brothers;
Dādān lārne lehika lehika he buba.	For love of my brothers I will undo it.
Bārāng his lehika lehika he buba?	What will you give before you undo it?
Dobir bhainsi hiyāka hiyāka he buba,	I'll give a buffalo from my herd.
Tāne yise hema roy hema roy he buba,	Don't give a buffalo,
Dobir hinja poyor roy poyor roy he buba.	Or the herd will be desolate.

585 When the hair was undone, the motiari combed it, and then bride and groom threw water and rubbish over each other. They needed a bath and the motiari poured water over them.

Then two motiari sat down presenting little laps for ritual occupation. The boy sat down, and the bride came to sit in his lap. She stayed there a moment, then jumped up and hit him on the back. Then she sat down, and he prepared to sit in her lap. But at the right moment she wriggled aside and he tumbled to the ground amid roars of laughter. But he jumped up and hit her two or three times with his clenched fist.

The fun now became general. Chelik filled their mouths with water and blew it over the motiari. The girls filled leaf-cups with cow-dung and spilled it over the chelik. Meanwhile the Gaita's wife collected the haldi-stained clothes of bride and groom; someone brought out a pot and went round begging for fire. He pushed handfuls of rubbish against private parts saying, 'Set them on fire!' At last they put the pot on the fire and boiled the clothes. But they were soon brought out and tied in a bundle. The Gaita poured a little liquor on the four corners and they lifted up the bundle seven times. Bride and groom undid the wet clothes and threw them over each other.
831] Someone pretended to be a Ganda with a large imitation penis and went round trying to sell the clothes.

At last the Gaita caught hold of the married pair and dragged them into the house for a well-earned meal, which they took together in ceremonial state.

The Last Rites

The marriage is over but a curious and interesting rite remains. Bride and bridegroom go for one last visit to the ghotul. The bride first massages her husband and then every boy in turn. The chelik send the husband off to his house, and a little later tell the girl to follow him. When she refuses three or four of them take her by force, push her into the room with her husband and shut them in. I have seen this done at Malakot and Nayanar. I will describe the Malakot incident here.

case was not stolen, but was given by the husband in compensation for taking a girl away from the ghotul. 585

As they escort the newly married pair to bed the boys and girls sing a characteristic song.

Dulha cho māndo dulha cho māndo,	In the bridegroom's booth,
Parewān jhulese.	Swings the pigeon. 585
Dulhi cho māndo dulhi cho māndo,	In the bride's booth, 539 ●
Tendka lotese lot baba lot.	The lizard copulates and copulates. 831
Pālak bhāji mane re leka bhāji kumlāy jai se leka.	Spinach is drying on a leaf.
Jora jora tenda bane se re leka tenda pāni nāhin tire re leka.	There is a pair of weighted balances (of a well), but he won't use them.
Palārigaon cho jaliya gānja,	The long-tailed cock of Palari,
Dongrigura cho hāri komi,	The black hen of Dongrigura,
Dandik chatki abhich dehi.	Every moment they want to copulate.

When everything was over, at Sidhawand the headman and the village elders purified the village from any possible evil introduced by the many visitors. They sprinkled liquor round the houses and offered a chick to the Village Mother. 585 783

V. The Nayanar Marriages: a Different Procedure

Such was the marriage ritual at Sidhawand and Malakot. I believe that a very similar procedure is followed all over eastern Bastar. We must now take a brief glance at the other type of marriage, where the main ceremony takes place at the bridegroom's house and where a number of minor details differ. 585

The marriage I am now to describe was celebrated at Amasara and Nayanar on 15 April 1941 and the following days. On the first evening the bride was prepared as at Sidhawand. Her motiari sat round her all night, weeping and consoling her. The next morning the bridegroom, escorted by his chelik and motiari, came to Amasara to fetch her. On the way, at the village boundary, the Gaita made the usual line of ash and offered liquor in three saja leaves, saying, 'Let there be no trouble and no quarrels. Let us return in safety'. They stepped over the line and went on their way, none looking back.

The Farewell Ceremonies

Both parties cooked separately out-of-doors in the fields. During the day there was the usual application of haldi, weeping, exchange of presents and some heavy drinking. When I reached Amasara on the afternoon of this second day, I found a scene of great animation. Several groups of boys were dancing with mandri drums; in another part of the field rows of girls were dancing and singing Relo. Another group of motiari in boy's clothes, with waistcoats and turbans, were preparing for the Jhoria Endanna when the bridegroom has to recognize his bride amidst a group of dancing motiari disguised as boys, an incident which I study fully in Chapter XVI. In the middle sat a row of old women, samdhi to each other, their bodies covered with haldi-water and singing drunkenly.

It was getting late and presently the bride's parents went to the boy's people and said, 'Now you are our daughter's mother and father; we are giving her

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In some villages the Gaita takes the marriage pair to the shrine of the Village Mother to offer sacrifice and ask if all will be well. 585

Rites of Anointing

On the Lagir day, the groom was first taken round the pole inside the booth five times; this corresponds to the *khari bānwar* of the Gond of the Central Provinces. The girl was taken round later and carried swinging to and fro into the house.

In this type of marriage, bride and groom are again and again carried out of the house by their attendants to be anointed. After fifteen or twenty minutes they are taken back; then after a rest, brought out again. They are made to sit on a wooden *pidha* seat under the booth.

Songs

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The seat is made of sandalwood, O sister.
Come out girl and sit upon the seat.
It is in the raj of your mother and father.
It is in the raj of your brothers and relatives.
There is no kind of trick about it.

From Naria village, I have a few of the songs sung by the bride herself when her different relatives come to anoint her.

When her brother comes, she sings:

Give the oil lovingly;
Give the ghee costly as gold, brother;
Make the good oil climb my body.

When different *akomāma* relatives come, she sings:

Put a mark on my forehead, friends;
Put much haldi on my body.
You are the daughters of a great house,
I am your little sister.
How happy I was in my own home!
Now I go to a stranger's house.
Who can tell if I will live,
Who can tell if I will die there?

When her brother's wife comes, she sings:

I used to be in your house, bhauji,
Now you are giving me to a stranger.
You used to give me good food to eat,
But now you are sending me away.
When you come to visit me
Who knows if they will let me give you food or no?

At the end of the anointing ceremony, girls lifted the bride up and swung her vigorously to and fro as they carried her into the house.

Song

We will hold you fast,
We will not let you fall.
Swing, bride, swing.
We hold you safely in our hands

head. Weeping bitterly, she cried, 'All these days you were with me. Now you have left your wife and gone away. So take your bangles, I don't want them any more'. She broke the bangles and threw them on the grave. 764

In Amgaon the rite of the dead fish was omitted, probably because no fish were available. But in Gorma, when oil was given to the guests for their purification, they were also offered a small dead dry fish floating in oil. They had to touch this and make a mark on the Gaita's forehead with a drop of oil; he did the same for each of the guests.

Ceremonies vary considerably according to the age and status of the deceased. Thus when a young bride died at Temrugaon on 22 March 1941, it was the chelik who took a leading part in the ceremonies and some of them made a pathetic reference to her youth of happiness in the ghotul. Here it was three women, the girl's mother and two sisters, who poured liquor, not onto the ground, but into the corpse's mouth. Three chelik broke the bangles: each placed one hand on a stone and their leader smashed the bangles. Most of the other ornaments were removed and distributed as gifts to the motiari. But the wooden square, round which a Muria girl's hair is tied, was placed in the grave above her head along with the broken bangles and one necklace. After the earth had been filled in, the women poured a little oil and some gruel from a gourd onto the head of the grave.

The sense of outrage, the feeling that something has gone wrong, that the magicians have failed and the gods have 'let them down' is almost as marked as the deep and genuine grief of the mourners. We have already noticed how they said at Amgaon, 'God to whom we vowed gifts has failed us'. At Gorma the family had promised a goat to Gondin Pen, a pig to Tallur Muttai, another pig to the Rau and a chicken and coconut to the Departed. At the funeral, just before the grave was filled in, the dead man's son stood by the head of the grave and broke a small stick into five pieces. He threw one piece into the grave and said, 'I promised Gondin Pen a goat if you lived. But you died and this is all she'll get'. He threw the second piece and said, 'I promised Tallur Muttai a pig if you lived. But you died and this is all she'll get'. And so on. At Temrugaon the husband and father of the dead girl stood at the head of the grave holding seven saja twigs. The others present said to the husband, 'If she were alive, what would you give?' He replied, 'A goat, a pig, a hen' and so on, and at each answer threw one of the twigs into the grave.

When an old and distinguished Muria dies the ceremonies are more elaborate. The body is carried out to burial with singing and dancing. An *akomāma* relative beats the *kātur-dhol* (death-drum) to summon the relatives and then goes dancing and beating his drum before the bier, singing, 'O dead man, now you are sleeping with your feet turned up, and your penis is pointing to the sky'. It is one of the social duties of the chelik and motiari to attend such funerals and escort the bier. I have recorded one of the Gondi songs that are sung on such occasions.

Chale dāda ro ro le.	Come, brothers, come.
Ai ai ai ai!	Ai ai ai ai!
Ora bora rājāl ra?	Who is this Raja?
Māma yisa rājāl ra.	It is our Raja.
Dori dipta dānior ra.	The Raja passes through the Under World.
Dori dipta gajur ra.	There is a great noise in the Under World.

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Manjhipur te chima ra.	In the Middle World is silence.
Porro dipta chima ra.	In the Upper World is silence.
Rājām vaso ot muit ra.	Let us take the Raja home.
Bāra dindona arta ra.	Twelve times have the folk been called.

Warill dādi warill ra.	Come, brothers, come.
Hajār mali gurh lo ra.	A thousand men have gathered.
Adu bādu koda ra?	What horse is this?
Bagri māro koda ra.	It is the horse Bagri Maro.
Tānāng kālku itek ra?	What should we say of its legs?
At kālku na koda ra.	This horse has eight legs.
Tāna talla itek ra?	What should we say of its heads?
Nālung talla na koda ra.	This horse has four heads.
Sono tāye khāram ra.	It has golden shoes.
Khāram yine hartor ra.	It has to wear these shoes.
Hira tāye lagām ra.	It has a diamond bridle.
Lagām poyni uditor ra.	Catch the bridle and mount the horse.

Porke munney mārey ra.	There are men before and behind.
Odāng odāng pulur ra.	There are police on either side.
Koda chhuta valta ra.	The horse begins to run.
Adu bādu māhāl ra?	What is this palace?
Māhāl porro bairag ra.	Above the palace flies a flag.
Chāron kotonj te bairag ra.	On its four sides are flags.
Nao khand ta māhāl ra.	There are nine quarters of the palace.

Māhāl lopa jhulna ra;	Inside there is a swing;
Sono tāye jhulna ra.	The swing is made of gold.
Hira tāye gāddi ra.	The throne is made of diamonds.
Gāddi sope kewil ra.	Give him the throne.
Māhāl sope kewil ra.	Give him the palace.
Johār bhatu kewil ra.	Greet him with Johar.
Dāt ra dādi dātu ra.	Come away, brothers, come away.
Ai ai ai ai!	Ai ai ai ai!

In this very interesting song, the horse Bagri Maro is, of course, the bier and its four bearers. The men and police on every side are the escorting chelik. The palace is the grave and the tomb that is usually built above it for an important man. The flags are the bits of cloth tied to overhanging trees or attached to the tomb itself. The throne is made of sticks and leaves on which the corpse is laid.

I also have a lengthy and very coarse song sung by the mourners as they go down to the stream to bathe after disposing of the corpse. I will give the first fifteen lines.

Chale dāda ro ro le.	Come, brothers, come.
Ai ai ai ai!	Ai ai ai ai!
Dātu ra dādi dātu ra,	Let us now go hence,
Yeru miyāla dātu ra,	Let us go to bathe in the stream,
Ghātum take vayit ra,	Let us go to the bathing-place,
Samund take yer miyit ra.	Let us bathe in the ocean.
Adu bādu rāni ra?	What Rani is this?
Ade rājona rāni were ra.	This is the Rani of that Raja.

Angār mute rāni ra.	Angar Mute is the Rani.
Yer miyo[illegible] kilandu ra.	Weeping, she is bathing in the water. 764
Jhāro jhāro kilandu ra.	As she weeps the tears fall. 539
Pātāmaro dhoti ra!	O her silken cloth!
Dhoti turur harandu ra.	She looks at her cloth.
Tōnia dudong ditke ra?	How can we describe her breasts?
Mākhe hāyāng dudo ra.	Her breasts are as the bel fruit.
Ghātum tūkeda wāndung ra.	From the bathing-place she is coming home.
Lone tike handung ra	In the house
Mul gatke mdia ra	There are so many relatives
Saju baju kilo ra.	That we cannot count them.

The rest of the song describes Angar Mute's court, to which comes the Pargana Manjhi with small legs, his spear over his shoulder, a big-bellied Kotwar and many other officials. The Manjhi delivers judgement, giving a hundred rupees to the Raja and only a pair of bullocks for the Muria. 'One of the bullocks had no tail, the other had no horns.' Then the chelik and motiari who have escorted the corpse to the burial ground are described. There are sixty boys led by Kosi Leyur and sixty girls led by Gara Karre Mode, the Belosa of the ghotul, whose vagina is sixteen cubits long and whose pubic hairs are five cubits long. 'A jungle boar could roll in her vagina.' [831] The boys break her bangles and push the pieces into her navel with a *jharar jharar* noise.

All this, which seems merely coarse to us, is exceedingly amusing to the Muria; the song is really a comic effort intended to relieve the tension of the funeral now that the main rites are done. [522]

VI. Divining the Cause of Death

It is always important at a funeral to discover the cause of so monstrous and unnatural a thing as death. At Binjhli, when magic is suspected, they 761 halt the bier before it reaches the burial ground and the Siraha medium recites 787 a string of names of suspected persons. When the name of the guilty man is mentioned, the bier moves forward violently of its own accord. This method, which resembles the use of an Anga clan-god for divination, is common throughout the State, and Grigson has recorded a similar, though more elaborate, rite in use among the Hill Maria.[1]

At Kehalakot, the Muria remove some locks of the dead man's hair and a little earth from beneath his head. They make a small flag-pole with the hair and the earth and a saja leaf stuck on an ebony stick. They take this to the jungle and a boy holds it while the Siraha recites the names of any suspected causes or people. When the right word is uttered, the flag is said to quiver. At Kohori the villagers go to the boundary and put five heaps of rice in a row, one for Mahapurub, one for witchcraft, one for Mother Earth, one for the ancestors of the house, and one for any local godling who may have been troublesome. The people sit some distance away, and spend the time having their hair done by their relatives-in-law. Presently a crow flies down and pecks at one or other of the piles of rice, thus revealing the cause of death.

The *Semlahri* divination is done with chickens on the second or third day after death. One chicken is taken from the house of the dead and one from

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[1] Grigson, op. cit., p. 292.

769 535 front of him one samdhi carries water and another a stick. As they go along they beat the path and throw water on it saying, 'We are making a road before you, come slowly leaning on your stick; we are making a road for you, come samdhi to your house, don't stay outside'.

The bearded man, who is supposed to represent the soul of the dead, weary, hungry and exhausted comes walking slowly, bent like an aged man. Soon he falls to the ground exclaiming, 'I can go no further'. Then the samdhi says, 'You must drink this jawa-gruel' and they give him a drink of liquor and pull him up on his feet. He goes on a little more and falls on his feet again. Other people dance round him beating sticks against each other and all the people sing. He falls down again and again exclaiming that he is too weary and hungry to go further.

When they get near the house the bearded man and his two attendants roll on the ground and the family has to come out and beg them to bring the soul in. 'We will pay you your wages' they say, meaning that they will give them plenty of liquor. The daughter or sister of the deceased comes out with haldi, rice and water in a dish and washes the feet of the man who represents the soul.[1]

769 Inside the house they place a small stump, eight inches high, in the ground in the name of Bara Pen. There is a nail in the post and they hang the pot containing the fish on this and all relatives put haldi on it and offer pice to it saying, 'We have brought you here for your last marriage'. They sacrifice a cock to Bara Pen saying, 'Now keep this soul with you'.

They pour the water from the pot over the stump of the dead man, who is thus supposed to bathe in it. There is a curious idea that the fish must disappear as otherwise it will mean that the soul has not 'flown out of the pot to mingle with his ancestors'. Once when Lahari Maravi's father died, a witch kept the fish in the pot and would not let it fall out. They had to make special sacrifices before the soul was able to mingle with the Departed.

During the ceremonies of catching the soul and bringing it back to the house a number of songs are sung, of which the following are given as examples.

Song

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Re re nãgo re rela!

Dãt ra dãdi dãtu ra.	Come, brothers, let us go.
Aga baga dãkãt ra?	Where are they going?
Sono rupo bandãng ra,	To the gold and silver tank,
Aga yise dãtu ra.	Let us go there.
Phauj lamre mãnta ra.	The whole company is going.
Agãy yise ye wandur' ra.	They have arrived there.
Sãt kori layor ra,	Seven score chelik,
Sãt kori layah hare ra,	Seven score motiari,
Agãy yise handur ra,	They are going there,
Bandãng jhalke mãndur ra.	Where waves move the water of the tank.
Agãy yise parakandur ra.	They are searching for it.
Jiwa hoji kindur ra,	They are searching for the soul,
Bagãy jiwa polo ra.	But they cannot find it.

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[1] Such dramatic rituals give some point to Ridgeway's suggestion that serious drama originated from the worship of the, often deified, dead. See Sir W. Ridgeway, *Drama and Dramatic Dances of Non-European Races* (London, 1915).

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Dāda hārāl itur ra,	His brother says,
Wāy ra bābu wāyu ra.	Come, father, come.
Idām injor hetur ra	When he said this
Jiwa injor wāndu ra.	The soul came.
Dāda hārāl poyindu ra,	His brother caught it.
Dātu dādi dātu ra.	Come, brothers, let us go.

Re ve nāgo re rela!

This song explains itself so clearly that no commentary is needed. It is sung by chelik and motiari while the elder people are groping about in the water trying to catch some kind of living creature. The next song also gives an exact description of the rites that accompany the return of the soul, after it has been caught, to its home.

Songs

Ange hāri nihandu ra	Daughter-in-law puts it (the soul)
Puhua tānd te irandu.	In a new pot and shuts it up.
Ai ai ai ai!	Ai ai ai ai!
Ange hāri indu ra,	Daughter-in-law says,
Dāyu bābu dāyu ra!	Come, brother, come!
Sāt kori layor ra,	Seven score boys,
Sāt kori layāhke ra,	Seven score girls,
Dand lawre māndur ra,	They go along,
Ange hāri poyse māndur ra	Daughter-in-law carries the pot on her head.

Lone yise yewtor ra,	They reach the house,
Ghāt ghadse māndur ra.	They come outside.
Lone yise yewkun ra	When they reach the house
Agāy yise rehandu ra.	She puts down the pot.
Nātenoru saga ra,	Wife-clansmen of the village,
Bāhar tore saga ra.	Wife-clansmen from outside have come.

Samdhi saga wāsmandur ra,	The wife-clansmen have come,
Helār bhai saga wāsmandur ra.	The brother-clansmen have come.
Ore yise talkikindu ra,	They are asking,
Jiwa muda tun talkikindu ra,	They ask for the ring of the soul.
Jiwa muda tun poyendur ra	The relatives
Saga sena poyendu ra.	All touch the ring.
Saga saina jiwa muda tun ra	The relatives tie the ring
Kasur podiya te dohandur ra;	On a broom;
Lopāra murwis pāt te ra,	Then take the broom inside,
Agāy yise dohandur ra.	And tie it to the cross-beam.
Rend rupaiya na dārango ra:	They give two rupees for liquor:
Dārango yise tach mandur ra.	They give liquor to all.
Saga saina tun hindur ra;	They give to the wife-clans:
Bhai bandun tun hitor ra.	They give to the brother-clans.
Lotor yise māney ra	The people of the house
Johār bhetu hindur ra.	Salute them with Johar.
Johār bhetu hishun ra	After the Johar greeting
Apen āpunlokhe handur ra.	The visitors go home.
Ai ai ai ai!	Ai ai ai ai!

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The next song refers to the erection of the booth in honour of the Water Maiden whence the motiari carry the pot containing the soul up to the house.

Chole dada ro ro le	Come, brothers!
Gari polo hintor ra	The Gaita's son
Gaitana marri hintor ra,	Makes a seat,
Ai ai ai ai!	Ai ai ai ai!
Rāni haniyātun gari ra	In the Rani's name
Hintor nima giria āmu ra.	For you he makes a seat.
Nima rāni dāyu ra!	Come O Rani!
Nima penu atoni ra.	You have become our god.
Garh kusiyār mata ra	The house is ready
Rāni haniyāna āndu ra.	Of the Rani Kaniya.
Garh lopa bāvāng ra?	What is there in the house?
Ghar lopa jhulna ra,	There is a swing in the house,
Sono tāye jhulna ra,	The swing is of gold,
Chāndi tāye sakri ra,	The chains are of silver,
Hira tāye gādi ra	The throne is of diamonds
Gādi poroy udita ra.	On which she sits.
Tāna poroy iteke ra	Above her
Jora chawar artu ra.	Are a pair of fly-whisks.
Dari dipte gajur ata ra;	In this world there is much noise;
Niyu sangnor giria ra	Come, for your friends
Ator nima acho dayu ra.	Are happy.
Manjhpurte chim aria ra	In the Middle World is silence;
Nima acho dayu ra.	Therefore come.
Silāwāri layāk ra	Silawari is a maiden,
Dātu bai dātu ra,	Come, girl, come,
Mawa jiwa oil ra;	Bring our *jiwa* home;
Harik mante dāyu bai	Come willingly
Lone nima mandaki ra.	And live in our house.
Samdhi saga wator bai.	The wife-clan people have come, girl.
Helār bai watong ra,	The sisters have come,
Dand lawre wator ra,	Come by the path,
Lone tike wontor ra.	Come home with the soul.
Ai ai ai ai!	Ai ai ai ai!

Another song, recorded at Kokori, refers to the wild and lonely life of the soul in the jungle before it is brought home to live in the granary.

Bābu bele bābu na!	Brother, O brother!
Tuy bale bābu sunu!	Listen to us, brother!
Jau bābu jau na!	Go, brother, go!
Jau bābu jau!	Go, brother, go!
Kaha bale jawa bābu?	Where should I go, brother?
Kaha bale jau?	Where should I go?
Pāni ghāte jau bābu,	Go to the place of water, brother,
Bāra bali kholi.	Where there are twelve rooms.
Jhar bhitar rahis bābu;	You were living in a tree;
Ban bhitar rahis;	You were living in the forest;
Pāni ghāte jau bābu.	Go to the water-place, brother.
Pāni ghāte jau.	Go to the water-place.
Burjaun rahis bābu.	You were in the dust, brother.
Pāni nahauk haru.	Now go to bathe.

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Pāni nahauk jau bābu,	When you have bathed, brother,
Gadiya baisuk jau.	Go, sit in the granary.
Nāwa luga pidun bābu,	Wearing a new cloth, brother,
Gadiya me baisua.	Sit in the granary.
Chīti cho dhar howun bābu,	Like a line of ants, brother,
Ghare bale jau.	Let us go home.
Age din cho dāda bābu,	The elders of former days,
Ulay miluk jau.	Go to mix with them.

This song, which is in Halbi, refers to the custom of east Kondagaon (and of other parts) of keeping the soul in the granary. The song ensures that the soul will come happily. It is said that the souls of the dead hear all things on earth the wrong way round. Mourning sounds to them like merry-making, and a song sounds like a wail.

VIII. The Bazaar Ceremony

In some villages in the Kondagaon Tahsil the Muria go to the nearest bazaar to buy parched rice, gram and liquor. They walk round the shops scattering the rice and gram and then visit the grave of the dead man. Here they eat and drink a little and then go home saying to the soul of the dead, 'Come home with us'. They go into the Room of the Departed and it is believed that the soul follows them. 769

The mourners go to a bazaar. The women carry rice, bread and sweets in their baskets and sit down near the market-place, but away from it. They pretend to have a bazaar of their own and the men of the party go to them and pretend to buy. The widow or the chief female mourner, if the deceased was a man, comes and sits in the middle of the party; the Gaita offers fire and incense and the rest give her leaves and flowers. In some villages it is supposed that it is at this time that the soul of the dead man mixes with his ancestors. Then the widow leads the party widdershins round the bazaar and comes home. On their arrival at the house the mourners say to her, 'Now let us depart. You have had great sorrow, for your life has left you. You have had great expense, but don't worry. Live happily and eat your fill. God has given you sorrow, but if you brood on this sorrow overmuch who will care for your children?'

In the Mardapal Pargana they performed the same ceremony by walking round the place where the cattle rest at midday. In other villages, specially those at some distance from a bazaar, the people hold a mock bazaar in their own compound putting out for sale old clothes, bits of wood, seeds and beans. Instead of money they use the broken pieces of an earthen pot. This does not seem to take the place of the ordinary ceremony of bringing the soul in a pot from the river but is supplementary to it. If for any reason these ceremonies are not performed, a cock is sacrificed annually at the year's end. A saja 'tooth-twig' is also given so that the dead man can clean his teeth before eating.

The ceremonies are confused and vary from village to village and even from time to time. But the main outlines are clear. The soul of the dead man is supposed to be living outside his home and must be brought back. People go to the nearest stream or tank and catch some living creature which they bring with dance and song, and sometimes with an elaborate ceremonial, to his old home. There they believe the soul will rest for a time. Afterwards they take the ring representing the soul to the central shrine of all the members of the clan. There is thus a double mingling of a man's soul with the Departed,

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From Sonawal village comes a Halbi song used at the time of quarrying the stone.

You were on the ground, O stone!
Come now to our house, and see your children.
Once you were a man,
Now you are a god (*deo*).
You were in the grave, O man!
Today we bring you to your home.
We will all feast and drink
In memory of you.
Ri ri loyo ri ri loyo!

The next step is to bring the stone to the memorial ground. Here is another Halbi song—which can also be used at the time of placing a memorial pillar at the grave.

Hearken, brother, hearken, brother!
You were a tree, brother,
You were a stone, brother,
You were out on the hillside, brother.
Today we remember you.
Come to your house, brother, for you are growing old.
Come to the granary and live with your family.
Limb to limb we will live with you,
We will hold each other's arms.
Come to the house, come to the granary.
We have no knowledge, teach us wisdom.
The clansmen are sitting; go to the house.
The clansmen have come in crowds,
Though the court is small and narrow.
There is not enough rice,
How are we to feed the clansmen?
There is nothing in the house;
Go, brother, and give them something.
There is not enough curry,
Yet thick as sal trees are the clansmen.
There is liquor from twelve stills,
Yet there is not drink for a drink apiece.
There are twelve sacks of rice,
Yet there is not enough to give each visitor a helping.
There are five measures of salt, three measures of chilli,
Two measures of haldi, yet there is not enough.
What can we do? You teach us.
Give us food, brother, and then there'll be enough.

This stress on the practical difficulties of entertainment is typical. As we have seen, many clans have abandoned the practice of erecting menhirs because of the expense. It may be noted that here a situation seems to be visualized in which the *kotokal* stone is erected at the same time that the soul is brought home to the house.

We now come to songs sung at the actual placing of the stone in position. It is probable that many of these songs are interchangeable; we must not think of them as carefully chosen and arranged as in an English hymnal.

Re re loyo re re la! re re loyo re re la!
Re re laita ke ayo ra! Ayo bāba re re la!

Sora bora dhartin ra,	Sixteen-, twelve-storied earth,
Nāwa khandi prithi ra.	Nine-storied world.
Ida dharti le mandaki ra.	Lie down here to rest.
Nike kotum ta otum ra.	We leave you in the forest.
Mamat iga mandakom ra.	We shall not be here.

This song, in sharp distinction from its predecessor, lays all the stress on the fact that the soul is to stay in its stone house in the jungle. I will now give another Gondi song used at the erection of a *kotokal*. At the end of each line there is a refrain almost like a sigh—*Ye budha, O old man!*—addressing the dead.

Yenda budha yenda budha!	Dance, old man, dance!
Nikun kuri wātom ra.	We have come to see you.
Niya kelār miyār rāndom ra,	Your sons and daughters have come,
Niya samdi saga wātorom.	Your relatives have come.
Udah dārango tatorom,	We've brought some liquor,
Niya bīta tatorom.	We've brought it for you.
Niya harsār kuri wātorom,	We've come for your ceremonies,
Hariyer mante yetā ra.	To make you happy.
Kenja budha kenja ra.	Listen, old man, listen.
Keri gābo mendul ra.	Your body is like the pith of a plantain tree.
Ben mundāng kālku ra.	Your legs are like fine pillars (of a house).
Berel āki chhāti ra.	Your chest is like a banyan leaf.
Kurawal pite tala ra.	Your head is like an owl's.
Ali āki moha ra.	Your face is like a pipal leaf.
Usir gatta chundi ra.	Your hair is like the usri grass.
Chundi malkeh komu ra.	Shake your hair.
Tindi kursi wāyom ra.	We haven't come to watch you eat.
Hariyer mante yenda ra,	Dance full of happiness,
Niya Māhāl kiykom ra.	We are making a palace for you.
Aga baga ron penu ra?	Where does your god come from?
Dhamda ton penu ra.	The god is from Dhamda.
Kenja budha kenja ra.	Listen, old man, listen.
Māhāl lopa barang ra?	What is inside the palace?
Sono taye jhulna ra,	If there was a golden swing inside,
Bārāng bāne āywār ra.	How beautiful it would be.
Jhulna jhule mayu ra	Swing to and fro on the swing
Nikun sewa kiykom ra.	And we will serve you.
Nikun puja kiyākom ra,	We will give an offering for you,
Kāla menda kiyākom ra.	We will give a black ram for you.
	[*The dead man speaks*]
Tāne bhojān kewon ra,	I won't eat that,
Pujāri lāme lengra kimu ra.	I must have the long-tailed one.
Tāne bhojān kiyaka ra	I will eat that
Pujāri ahar dupu kimu ra.	If you give some incense.
Achha sewa kimu ra	Serve me well
Girdā wāndh kimu ra.	That I may be well pleased.

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'The long-tailed one' mentioned in the song is, of course, a bull. Lanji-Dhamda is the traditional home of many of the northern Muria whence they migrated into Bastar.

I have already given extracts from the lengthy song recorded at Dugabangal,[1] which is sung during the transport and erection of the stone; it is interesting to note how closely life and love and death are allied in Muria thought, which regards them as a single process. The bulk of this Hanal Pata is indeed about life, and only at the tragic end do the singers discourse of death.

The song begins with some sententious lines about the universality of death.

Sora dhāru dharti roye deva,	Sixteen-storied world,
Nau khandu pirthi ra ale!	Nine-storied earth!
Singār mālor dipu roye deva;	Here is the island of mankind;
Igāy hāywālor ra ale.	Here all die.
Māne manja igāy roye deva,	Men, ants, worms,
Hurr pate igāy ra ale,	Animals are here,
Bhagavān ise pandtu ra deva,	Bhagavan has made them,
Saboy tune pandtu ra ale.	He has made them all.
Kondāng manās hurāna ra,	See with the eyes,
Kālku manās dāyna ra ale,	Walk with the feet,
Kaiku manās kām kiyāna ra,	Work with the hand,
Tori manās barkāna ra ale.	Talk with the mouth.
Idām bhagavān pandtu ra,	So has Bhagavan ordained,
Singār mālor dwīpule ra ale.	So provided in this world.
Bāhchitek ise igāy ra,	Here men quarrel,
Koyma kitek igāy ra ale,	Here men laugh,
Dharmu kitek igāy ra,	Here is virtue,
Pāpu kitek igāy ra ale.	Here is sin.
Ide singāl dwīpne ra	In this world
Rājālor ise mantor ra ale.	Live royally.
Samdhi saga igāy ra,	Here are the samdhi clans,
Bhaiband igāy ra ale.	Here too are the brother-clans.

After this the song continues along the lines which I have already given.

XIV. Substitutes for the Menhir

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The Muria erect memorial poles and pillars as well as stones. At Modenga they described how they made a small bundle of straw with rice inside it called *dhusir* for a man and a small bamboo basket (*gappa*) for a woman. They put marks of haldi and oil as at a marriage on the wooden pillar and some also on both the baskets and give them to the sister or daughter of the dead. The girl has to take these to the house and from that day has to worship Lagar Pen who comes to the house then. Every three years thereafter she must offer a pig to Lagar Pen. If she has given birth to a male child in the interval a male pig will be sacrificed, and if a girl has been born a female pig.

It is generally said that the erection of the wooden pillar and the application of oil and haldi to it represents the second wedding of the dead. Here the pillar is usually made of saja. At Phauda the Muria described how the saja branch must be cut by a member of an *ahomāma* clan after he has offered rice, pulse and liquor to it saying, 'I am going to take you in honour of the

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[1] See pp. 89–92.

766 and make customary offerings in the name of the tiger, the dead man and Bagharam Pat to clear themselves of infection. If this is not done, the tiger haunts their dreams.

After an interval, which varies from a week to three years, the people go to bring the soul of the dead man to the proper place, where it will be mingled with his ancestors. The household prepares a feast and invites all relatives. At the east of the village they build an open shed with two poles in the middle and on the floor trace a square with rice-flour. A small pot is filled with flour and put in the middle of the square, and above it another empty pot closed with a lid. A ring, threaded on a fine cord and tied between the two poles above the pot, is swung to and fro. The elders sit round and sing the Burkal Pata, or Tiger Song, which I will quote presently. As they sing this, the dead man's soul comes, the string breaks and the ring falls on to the lid of the pot.

The Gaita at once removes the upper pot and examines the flour in the lower vessel. If there is a 'tiger's mark' on the flour, they believe that a tiger will again devour the man at his next birth—and since the man will be reborn in his own family this means, of course, that the tiger will again visit and harry the same village. If there is a cow's mark, the more Hinduized Muria say that the dead man will be reborn as a cow and then be eaten by a tiger. But if there is a man's footprint, all will be well. They then take the ring, which is known as *Bāgh-handīl mundi*, to a tree (usually a saja tree) nearby, and hang it up there saying, 'Now this is your home; live here and don't trouble us'.

After this the people feast, but not on meat. When all is over they throw the pots, leaves and leaf-cups into the river, bathe and return home.

A cat's footprint on the floor is considered very ominous. 'When a man is eaten by a tiger', I was told at Remawand, 'his soul dwells in the tiger's tail. On the same day of the week on which he was cremated, a small cat forms itself out of the ashes of the pyre and wanders away into the jungle. If a man sees it and recognizes it, calling it by the name of the dead man, it disappears. If not, and if the cat looks at the man, and he says nothing, another tiger will come to trouble the village.'

If a man is killed by a bear, the same ceremonies are observed.

The Burkal Pata, which is sung while the 'ring of the tiger-ghost' swings to and fro above the earthen pots, is often dragged out to an enormous length. It consists of a formula, which can be repeated as often as necessary, accusing one god after another of having sent the tiger which killed the man.

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Porro sātu dīpu ra.	In the Upper World are seven islands.
Ale ale ale ale!	*Ale ale ale ale!*
Ariy sātu dīpu ra.	In the Lower World are seven islands.
Ide dīpu aroy ra.	Bad is this Middle World.
Nāte nāye talur ra:	There is the Village Mother:
Awe sangu manong ra:	She did not help him:
Awe tinda hitung ra.	She gave him up to be devoured.
Tāna hawār badu ra?	Who follows after her?
Use mudiyāl penu ra.	There is Use Mudial Pen.
Nima bāra tinwi ra?	Was it you who ate him?
Nima baliy hati ra;	You were wandering round about;
Nai pairsi hati ra.	You had a dog with you.
Bāra joring nai ra.	There are twelve pairs of dogs.
Nima chuchoh hiti ra.	You gave orders to the dog.

Guddāng oda bādu ra,	It came hiding in the grass, 766
Hupe lekha poyāndu ra.	It caught him like a rat. 539
Hajār rupiya ta jīwa ra.	The soul is worth a thousand rupees.
Jīwa nuksān kiti ra.	You have destroyed the soul.
Ade jīwa pallo ra.	The soul cannot return again.
Bada diya ta puja ra?	What offering did he fail to give?
Puja bada barah mator ra?	Did he fail to give what he had promised?
Adenk ise titi ra?	Was that why you ate him?
Nima gala tinvi ra.	But it wasn't you who ate him.
Nīkuna ijor itān ra.	I said it was you (but I was wrong).
Hongu dāpu āyma ra:	Don't be angry:
Sāta berāng johār ra.	I give you a sevenfold greeting.

Use Mudial Pen is acquitted, and now Hirto Mudial Pen is accused in exactly the same words. He too is found innocent and the singers, afraid that they may have angered him, beg him not to be offended and greet him seven times with their Johar. Then in the song as I have it recorded, Muyang Waddai is accused—presumably of black magic—then Lingo Mudial Pen, Kara Harra Pen, the Rau of Tipagarh, the Kandra Kaniya, the Rau of Raughat, the Mata of the man's own home, and finally Ispural. Of Ispural, which is a variant on Mahapurub or Bhagavan, the Supreme Being in whose hands are the issues of life and death, it is said,

Nimdy ise titi ra.	It was you who ate him.
Hāyna hago aute ra;	The time of his death had come;
Adenk ise oti ra.	That was why you took him.

But even Ispural is proved innocent, and at last the singers decide that it was the dead man's own ancestors, the Departed of his own house, who desired his company and sent the tiger to bring him.

Lota ise mudiyāler ra,	The ancient of the house,
Abe ise titer ra,	It was he who ate him,
Jori pandile otung ra.	To gain a companion for himself.
Māken jori tāter ra,	He left our companion behind,
Tanke ise otung ra.	That was why he took him.[1]

XVII. The Danger of the Abnormal: The Ondar Muttai

Throughout India the ghost of a woman who has died in pregnancy, in child-birth or immediately after child-birth is feared and dreaded.[2] The 775

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[1] Russell and Hiralal have many accounts of the precautions taken by various tribes after a man has been killed by a tiger, some of which resemble those of the Muria. They describe the rites of the Baiga (Russell and Hiralal, op. cit., Vol. II, p. 84), Bhattra (II, p. 274), Dumal (II, p. 536), Gond (III, p. 81 and III, p. 95), Halba (III, p. 274), Kalanga (III, p. 306), Kawar (III, p. 398), Kurmi (IV, p. 79), Panwar (IV, p. 346), Sansia (IV, p. 490) and Savara (IV, p. 483). There is no particular reason in most cases why the customs recorded should be peculiar to the various tribes, nor why they should be recorded for some tribes and not for others. Probably very similar rites are common throughout the Central Provinces and indeed most of aboriginal India. 171

S. C. Roy has described the rites of the Uraon and I have described a Baiga ceremony that I personally witnessed in the Pandaria Zemindari (*The Baiga*, pp. 298ff.). According to Russell and Hiralal, the Gond and Halba resemble the Muria in suspending a ring over a pot of water, which they watch till it falls. The Bhattra, Kawar, Uraon and others dress a man as a tiger and either tie him up, banish him or force him to release his prey, with the idea that what is done in symbol will be achieved in effect.

[2] The Churelin or Churel, as this ghost is called elsewhere, is a familiar figure in Indian ethnographic literature. One of the earliest accounts is by Crooke, op. cit., Vol. I, 171

113 116 to death.[1] Tallur Muttai asks him to marry her, but he refuses and runs away to Semurgaon, where 'being weary' he turns into a stone, and has ever since been worshipped.

[113] This rather tedious account yet gives an exact picture of the working of the Muria's mind when he turns it to theology. The distribution of the gods probably represents very ancient migrations of the tribe. As the different Muria families moved here and there, it was necessary that their gods also should move and, in order to emphasize the unity of the tribe, should be related to one another. A Pus Kolang chant sung by the chelik of Phulpar gives a good picture of the multiplicity, variety and confusion of the Muria pantheon.

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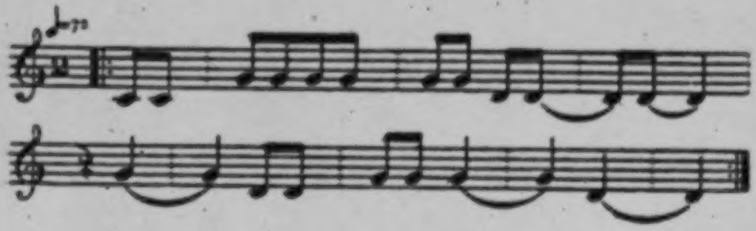

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Aho rereloyo rerela rer loyo rer loyo aha rerela!
O the sixteen divisions of the earth,
The nine divisions of the sky!
Who is lord of the earth?
The lord of the earth is Tallur Rai.
Give him a good Johar.

O the hoar-frost and Pati Pen!
Give him a good Johar.

O the tiger and Kadrengal!
Give him a good Johar.

Oho the red Sun like a blazing log
Oho the haldi-coloured Moon!
Give them a good Johar.

Oho in a corner is the bed,
In the midst is the ocean
Nearby is the Kutala.
Oho the many baby stars!
Give them a good Johar.

Oho in the ghotul Madan Matal Rai!
In the village Jamedarin Mata!
Oho Nelo Maria Rai!
Give him a good Johar.

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[1] For a full account of the Lingo legend, see Chapter VIII.

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In the banyan is the cat,
In the pipal Mirchuk Rai,
In the deep gully Bhutuk Rai,
In the Hutang stream is Kaniyal Rai,
    Give them a good Johar.

Near Raughat is Talachetang Rai,
In Jabkastang stream is Kaniyal Rai,
    Give him a good Johar.

To the Rau of the pass, Johar.
To Tipagardha Rau Rai, Johar.
To Hitagardha Rau Rai, Johar.
To Kodagardha Rau Rai, Johar.

Below the pass is Maoli Rai,
Below the hill is Maoli Rai,
In Dantegarh is Maoli Rai,
In Antagarh is Maoli Rai.
    Give, give a good Johar.

Salute them all with good Johar—

Kana Mudial Penur Rai [Lingo's brother Bechor's son]
Bechor Kodor Penur Rai [Lingo's brother]
Budha Mudial Penur Rai [*Akomāma* to Lingo]
Guta Mudial Penur Rai
Dewan Mudial Penur Rai
Kada Hural Penur Rai
Koker Mudial Penur Rai
Oche Mudial Penur Rai [Lingo's brother]
Kola Koso Penur Rai [Lingo's brother]
Halei Dokari Muttai Penur Rai
Halai Dokari Penur Rai [Lingo's mother's sister]
Hirgiri Penur Rai [son of Halai Dokari]
Son Kumar Penur Rai [son of Kanda Dokara]
Nettrugundi Penur Rai [son of Lingo]
Lingo Mudial Penur Rai.

Oho the eighteen instruments of Lingo Rai!
The hunting horn hanging from his shoulder,
The Madan Parai drum at his loins,
The Paijna Rai (anklets) on his feet,
The Dhusir Rai (fiddle) across his chest,
The Jhikar Rai (Jew's harp) with the wind passing through
  his nose,
The Sulur Rai (flute) played with his mouth.
    Give him a good Johar.

Salute them all with good Johar—

Dandki Dokari Penur Rai,
Sunga Deo Penur Rai [Lingo's brother]

776 Paik Saral Penur Rai [Lingo's father's brother's son]
Aik Saral Penur Rai [Lingo's brother]
539 Togmjdeo Penur Rai [Lingo's brother]
Perma Mudial Penur Rai [Lingo's mother's brother]
Bhumrandari Penur Rai [Lingo's elder brother's wife]
Pordegumal Penur Rai [Lingo's daughter's husband]
Nulemuttai Penur Rai [Lingo's sister]
Poche Dokara Penur Rai [Lingo's brother]
Maria Moghraj Penur Rai [Lingo's brother]
Kokal Bidral Penur Rai [Lingo's brother]
Kurumtala Penur Rai [Lingo's brother [1]]

776 By this time the reader probably feels that he has had enough. But he need not fear that I propose to take him much further into the intricate and often contradictory relationships of the Muria gods. The subject needs a book to itself and an investigator deeply interested in the theology of primitive peoples. All I wish to do here is to impress on the reader the great complexity of the Muria pantheon, and the intimate human way in which its various members are interrelated.

The gods then come into being by migration from outside and by the division of the tribe into various clans. Many of the gods named in the song are clan-gods, and as the clans split up new gods come into being. But this is not the only way that gods are born. We already have a hint of a fundamental Muria belief in the statement that Tallur Muttai sent her servant to trouble men with disease in order to get food-sacrifice to keep her quiet. The gods are troublesome and expensive, and the more troublesome they are the more they are honoured. This is, of course, the normal Gond method of [152 593] attracting attention. A Gond wife, who is devoted to her husband, sulks and makes a nuisance of herself, not because she is in a temper, but simply because she judges that to be the best way of getting herself noticed.

776 Some of the gods, however, have come into being as a result of actual incidents, no doubt greatly magnified by the course of time. I have only room for a few examples of this tendency. In a village near Bisbrampuri there is 773 the shrine of Pendrawandin Pen, a goddess about whom there has been much controversy. Long ago, so runs the local legend, a Muria of the Naitami clan had a daughter called Hidde for whose hand a Poyami boy called Kuria was serving as Lamhada. Hidde's father made a dam across a stream, but the water kept breaking through. Then one day a dream came to him, 'Worship me and I will stop the water'. The Muria thought in his heart 'Whom shall I sacrifice?' He decided to offer the Lamhada boy, Kuria. He took him to the stream, pushed him in and piled earth above his body. At once the dam became firm and strong. But now Hidde began to search for her lover, and when she came to the dam she saw one finger sticking out of the earth. When she saw this she jumped into the stream and was drowned also.[2] After a few days, her ghost began to trouble her father, and when he asked who it was, she replied, 'I am Pendrawandin, your daughter; worship me and I will trouble you no more'. Then began the cult of Pendrawandin and her consort Kuria Pen. Unfortunately, at the time of her death Hidde was in

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[1] The word 'brother' is used in both its actual and classificatory senses: the Muria are very confused over these relationships.

[2] With this story compare the legend of Ganga and Beni, who are associated with the source of the Wainganga river at Mundara.—R. V. Russell, *Seoni District Gazetteer* (Allahabad, 1907), p. 178.

773 of slag on the ground before them, and prayed to Tallur Muttai, 'Look after these children. Keep them safe from other gods'. Lingo gave
883 fire to Mankor Singa, and bade him tend it so that it did not go out till they returned. Then they went to dance in seven villages.

After seven days Godakare Mode and the three score motiari brought a bamboo and decorated its shoots with gold. 'If they have been faithful to us and if all is going well, it will stand up of its own accord and no one will be able to pull it up.' So thinking they welcomed the boys home. The boys hung their sticks on the tree and sat down to smoke. The bamboo stood of its own accord and none could uproot it.

Then came Lingo and was pleased with the stick. He tried to pull it up, but it would not move. Then he cut it down, at the bottom, near the ground. From the stump grew a semur tree; ever since, the semûr tree has had thorns like the small branches of a bamboo.

Then the motiari said, 'We too must go to dance with you'. So Lingo took them for the Chait Dandar and the Hulki dances. At Diwali, the girls said to the boys, 'You go off by yourselves in Pus; we will go to dance by ourselves at Diwali'.

The tradition of Lingo's association with the ghotul is still very much alive. Every year thousands of boys take great pains to perfect a complicated and rather tedious dance and set out on a pilgrimage in his honour, which must be marked by accurate performance and complete chastity. In some ghotul, as at Masora, a dhol drum hangs near the door in honour of Lingo. Lingo in his turn protects the ghotul which he has founded; no evil dream can approach, no sin can be committed, and no girl will become pregnant for three years after puberty.

The chelik remember Lingo, with their ancestors and the Earth, whenever
883 they drink liquor; they offer him a few drops of mahua spirit whenever they
539 play their drums at a marriage; even in eastern Kondagaon, they invite him to weddings saying, 'This is your marriage, your haldi-oil, not ours but
773 yours'; they still sing many songs in his honour. Most of these are inexpressibly boring, consisting as they do of a long and largely inaccurate recital of Lingo's relations. This poetic and romantic figure has not inspired much poetry in his worshippers. The following song is typical.

Lingo Pata

Re re loyo re re la rela
Re re loyo re re la re re la rela

Bāra bhai lingo ra layor,	O twelve Lingo brothers,
Pinding hamkång niya ra layor.	There's haldi and flour for you.
Dāy ra lingo dāyu ra lingo!	Come, Lingo, come!
Pinding hamkång yakti ra lingo.	With haldi and flour we anoint you.
Wāyna pāta mai ra lingo.	May songs unknown come to us.
Wāyna dāka mai ra lingo.	May steps unknown come to us.
Pahili pāta niya ra lingo.	The first song is yours,
Maria pāta mawa ra lingo.	The Maria song is ours.
Pahili dāka niya ra lingo.	The first steps are yours,
Maria pāta layor ra lingo.	The Maria song is the chelik's.
Wāy ra lingo wāyu ra lingo!	Come, Lingo, come!
Nana wāyla parron ra layor.	I can't come, chelik.
Nāna buto manta ra layor.	I've got work to do, chelik.
Kudār holång butong ra layor.	I've got to fix the handle of my hoe.

2: Elwin E-5 (1935-1942) 1947 AW32 Gond AW32
Muria

THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

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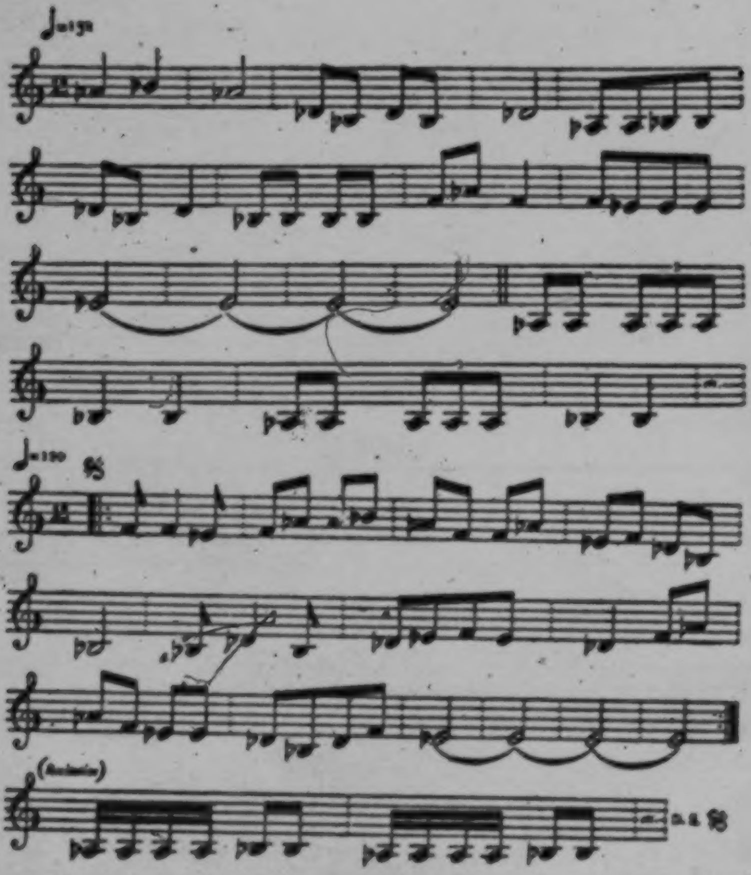
At Masora, the chelik sing in Halbi to Lingo before a wedding.



Lingo, bolun, Lingo!	Lingo, say, Lingo!
Kāy hāie āy chelikman?	Why have you come, chelik?
Bila dhare bila newta parli bila dhare jao.	We've come to invite you to the wedding.
Macho buta āse.	I have work to do.
Tucho kāy buta āse?	What work have you to do?
Macho korki dhota bharto āse.	I must make a handle for my hoe.
Tucho bigur nitoy git gobind tucho.	Without you nothing can be done.
Pahilo tucho sigche mand.	To you liquor must first be given.
Aru sigche hardi.	The haldi must first be put on you.
Tucho āy nibnato git bana āy.	Only with you the song goes well.

X883 with flour. At Karanji the Sirdar and Baidar had to escort the motiari when they went to the forest to gather leaves for plates and cups, and the Jamadar had to arrange for small boys and girls to carry the drums when they went to some other village for a dance. At Baniagaon, the Matatgar had to look after the drums; the Baidarin arranged how the motiari were to comb and massage the boys in the evenings; the Kotwar and Chalan were the lawyers who regularly appeared to defend girls accused of some breach of ghotul discipline.

X883 539 In a song recorded at Gawari, there is a reference to the duty of the Jaramkal and Supedar, who in this ghotul have to escort the girls when they go to fetch leaves. This is the Aking Koyana Karse Pata and, as they sing it, the motiari pretend to be picking leaves.

Sir pula helo dori ned weke dākāt rōy sango ned weke dākāt rōy?	Where are you going today, friends?
Sir pula helo dori marm āking dākāt rōy sango marm āking dākāt rōy.	We are going to pick leaves for the wedding.
Sir pula helo dori won tori oykāt rōy sango won tori oykāt rōy?	Who are you taking with you, friends?
Sir pula helo dori jaramkal supedār sango jaramkal supedār rōy.	We are taking Jaramkal and Supedar.

X883 551 In some ghotul, boys' titles are given to girls. At Taragaon and Atargaon, the two leading girls are called Malik and Chalan; they are the 'ghotul wives' of boy-leaders bearing the same names. At Rengagondi, the three chief girls are called Malik, Kotwar and Chalau for the same reason. In Nariha, the girls' leader is called Chalau. These villages are in the Chota Dongar and Mardapal Parganas, and the custom seems confined to that area. But in ghotul, especially in the neighbourhood of Kondagaon, where the boys and girls 'pair off', it is not uncommon (as we have already seen at Esalnar) for girls to take names which are really equivalent to the English 'Mrs'. Thus, in Pirapal and Haddigaon, girls are called Kotwarin (or Mrs Kotwar, the ghotul-wife of the Kotwar), Supedarin (or Mrs Supedar) and Mukhwanin.

X883 551 177 The ghotul titles are linguistically a very mixed collection. A. N. Mitchell, who has traced the derivation and meanings of a list drawn from over a hundred ghotul in every part of the Muria area, has derived them from Urdu, Hindi, Halbi, Gondi and English. The English titles are generally corruptions of names used by State officials; thus Captan, or Captain, is the name by which the State Superintendent of Police is usually known in the villages; Engineer is the head of the P.W.D.; Dakdar is the local Assistant Surgeon; Orsel is the Overseer of work on the roads. Urdu and Hindi titles for excise, revenue and military officers are common, and so are the Hindi titles for such subordinates as the constable, watchman, headman, or forest-guard. It is curious that the title Kotwar, which in Muria villages is often held by a despised Ganda or Mahara, is in the ghotul usually an indication of importance.

X883 551 Gondi names are more common among girls than boys. Among boys' titles we may notice Belumdar, owner of a *bāri* or garden, Ghotulsai—lord of the ghotul; Neliya—a good fellow, and the very common variants of Laharu which seems to imply in Gondi a 'dandy' or Don Juan, the word being derived from the Hindi *lahariya*, striped cloth, the wearing of which is regarded as very fast and 'advanced'. Some of the Gondi titles seem more like nicknames than anything else—thus Uden or Kude, meaning someone who sits down

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Such privileges are not universal or uncontrolled. In Junganar only very small Ganda girls may massage the boys or sleep in the ghotul; once they are mature, though they may attend the dances, they may not massage and must say Johar at a distance. This rule seems to have been made by the Ganda elders rather than by the Muria. For the Muria are generally more anxious to control the behaviour of the boys of other castes; girls are allowed to do what they like.

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The relations of Muria and Muria-Lohar are discussed in more than one song. Here is a Manda dance song from Tursani village.

Jāging poysi weke dāda roy seng busur bhusbās ?	Where are you going with your bamboo basket, brother?
Nia bāti pāri dāda ?	What is your clan, brother?
Pāri ori hile bai.	I have no clan, girl.
Jāti wāde lyona bai.	I am a Lohar boy, girl.
Nima weke dān ton dāda ?	Where are you going, brother?
Irum mara koyala bai	To get charcoal of mahua wood, girl.
Koyala pandi dān tona bai	I am going to make charcoal, girl.
Nana gala wāyāka dāda.	I will come with you, brother.
Nima icho wāyama bai.	Don't come with me, girl.
Jāti dube māyār bai.	Your caste will be broken, girl.
Sarus pite jori dāda.	Two cranes make a perfect pair, brother.
Jori ise ayakāt dāda.	We will pair off like them, brother.

A Har Pata, sung when the girls of Kehalakot go to dance in other ghotul at Diwali, is on the same theme.

Pāri porro mititon bai le.	On the bank of the field you were standing, girl.
Niya pāri wāti roy bai le ?	What is your clan?
Pāri ori hile roy dāda le.	I have no clan, brother.
Nāwa pāri ātek roy dāda le.	If I had a clan, it would be yours.
Jāti sori layāna dāda le.	I am a girl of the Sori clan, brother.
Niya pāri wāti roy dāda le ?	What is your clan, brother?
Pāri ori hile roy bai le.	I have no clan, girl.
Jāti wade layona bai le	I am a blacksmith boy.
Tīti dāda uiti roy dāda le,	You have eaten and drunk me, brother,
Jāti dube kiti roy dāda le.	And have made my caste sink down.

Naturally such an arrangement sometimes leads to trouble. At Sarandi a Lohar chelik ran off with a Muria motiari, and since then outsiders have not been admitted there. At Gohora, the Saidar—a Rawat boy—eloped with the Pioea who was a Muria girl, and the ghotul was henceforward closed to visitors.

VI. Relations between Different Ghotul

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Members of different ghotul meet at dances, marriages and festivals. They visit each other on dancing expeditions throughout the year. Sometimes they have dancing contests. Neighbouring ghotul send gifts to each other, especially at the time of eating parched rice at Diwali. Thus when I was at Sidhawand, the boys put aside a good portion of their parched rice to send to the Kokameta ghotul with which they had relations of special friendship. At Banjora they sent one measure of rice to Bhopna and one measure to Kokori asking the boys and girls of those ghotul to share their feast. Bhopna and Kokori returned the gifts at the Chherta festival.

GHOTUL MEMBERSHIP AND RULES

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Generally relations between the ghotul are friendly enough, but quarrels do occasionally arise. Once at a dance the boys of Kabonga failed to perform the Johar Par properly and salute the boys of Hatipakna who were dancing with them. The insulted chelik slung their drums over their shoulders and went away, and the Kabonga boys had to give them a rupee's worth of liquor before they would consent to dance with them again.

Formerly the boys and girls of two neighbouring villages, Kanhargaon and More Berma, used to go to the same ghotul which stood on the boundary between them. But the time came when the boys of Kanhargaon complained that they were unfairly treated in the distribution of motiari by the More Berma Kotwar. It was found impossible to adjust the matter and in the end the Kanhargaon boys and girls separated and built another ghotul just within their own village boundary not more than a hundred yards away. The members of the two ghotul meet at marriages and festivals, but they never visit one another nor do the chelik have anything to do with each other's motiari.

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Boy or girl visitors from other ghotul are always warmly welcomed. When a boy's parents move from one village to another the boy automatically becomes a member of the ghotul in his new home and either retains his original title or is given a new one. A boy visitor is often put to the test. The girls push little bits of wood under their rings before they massage him 'to see how much he can stand'. By this means they can hurt a boy considerably, for even without rings the girls' massage is vigorous enough to make the skin smart and sting. If a boy passes his test successfully, the Belosa (with the approval of the Kotwar) may invite him to sleep with her. Generally a Muria boy visitor from another ghotul is given a partner for the night.

When a girl goes visiting another village she has to be more careful. She generally stays in her house and does not go to the ghotul. When the chelik hear of it they send two motiari to fetch her. They go to the house and say, 'Sister, come, do come to our ghotul'. She generally replies, 'No, sisters, no, I must not', to which the girls answer, 'O, just come for a little singing and then we will bring you home'. If she still refuses all the boys and girls go to the house and sing taunt-songs outside until she weakens. If she does go, she must return home for the night. She ought not actually to sleep in another ghotul. In some villages there is a special official whose task it is to escort such visitors home. When a motiari returns to her own village the chelik examine her very carefully and if it is proved that she slept in another ghotul, she is severely punished for what is regarded as treachery to her own boys. But this, like all Muria rules, is neither absolute nor universal. The girls who go on the Diwali dancing tours always sleep in the ghotul of the villages they visit and are entertained by the chelik.

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Unknown girls are sometimes regarded with suspicion. They may not keep the menstruation rules. They may be witches in disguise. A story from Atargaon points the moral.

> There was a mother and her daughter. The daughter says, 'Marry me to someone'. The mother says, 'I know no one, daughter'. 'I will go and find a husband for myself; give me a basket and I will go today.' The girl leaves her home and starts out to search for a husband. On the way a chelik meets her. He catches her by the shoulder. 'Why have you caught me? Let me alone, brother, let me alone.' 'I won't let you go unless I take you to the jungle, then you may go.' Then says that girl, 'Very well, hold this basket for me while I relieve myself'.

x 883 574 539 She goes among the bushes and turns into a tigress. She comes roaring and kills and eats the boy.

Then she becomes a girl again and goes on her journey. She meets a man fetching wood. He speaks to her and she turns into a tigress again and kills him. At last she reaches a Saturday bazaar. The bazaar is finished but she sits down near the carts of the merchants. Four men see her beauty and desire her. She makes them all mad and they run away.

A little boy is going round the bazaar picking up scraps, bits of lac, cigarette ends, grain and other odds and ends. He sees the girl and tells his grandfather about her. That grandfather is a magician. 'Come, daughter, and marry my son.'

That night the chelik hear that a beautiful girl has come to the magician's house. 'Let's bring her to the ghotul.' They go to the house and bring her singing and dancing on the way. They make her sleep with one of the chelik. Presently she says, 'This is too crowded, let's go outside'. They go out and the boy spreads his mat while the girl goes to relieve herself outside the compound. She comes roaring, a tigress, and kills her lover, then returns as a girl to the magician's house. The chelik suspect what has happened and go again and bring her by force to the ghotul. Once again they make her sleep with a boy to discover if it was really she who was the killer. Once again she takes the boy outside and goes to relieve herself, but this time the boys are waiting armed with sticks and when she comes into the compound they fall upon her and kill her.

VII. Leaving the Ghotul

x 883 594 A girl automatically leaves the ghotul when she is married and must never enter it again. In many places she gives a feast to the ghotul members either on the first day of the marriage ceremony or a week or so afterwards. Sometimes it is her duty to massage every chelik for the last time before she finally goes to her husband's house. The bridegroom also may give a present of a basket of mahua oil-seed which is pounded and cleaned, after which the motiari massage the chelik with it, including their legs.

The only exception to the rule that bars a married girl and even a widow from entering the ghotul is when a girl is married very young. She is then permitted to sleep in the dormitory and join in all its activities up to the time of her first menstrual period. In the Jamkot ghotul, for example, Kariya was married to a little girl and she continued to attend. Here they said that so long as the girl had not been sent officially to her husband, whether she had passed the menarche or no, she might continue as a motiari, but I think that this is unusual.

x 883 582 Such child-marriages are comparatively rare. Where children are married, it is generally in villages where there have been scandals in the ghotul and the parents, instead of interfering with the ghotul routine, adopt this means of preventing pre-nuptial pregnancy. At Korenda I was told that 'in the old days, when there were neither roads nor motor-cars, the Muria were honest, truthful and virtuous'. A boy was not considered suitable for marriage 'until he had made two or three long trips with a load', say from Narayanpur to Kondagaon or Kondagaon to Jagdalpur. The girls were not considered ready 'until their breasts were fully grown and even beginning to slope downwards'. But now the situation has changed. *Abika rāj kalau, larka larki malau*—'The kingdom of today is black, the boys and girls are like monkeys'.

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They come one by one, carrying their sleeping-mats and perhaps their drums. The little boys bring their daily 'tribute' of wood, 'clock in' by showing it to the official responsible and throw it in a corner. The elder boys gather round the fire; one takes a half-smoked leaf-pipe from his turban and ignites it by placing a bit of glowing wood in the cup, another plays a few notes on his flute, a third spreads his mat and lies down. The Kotwar inspects the buildings to see if the girls have done their work properly. The Sirdar comes in tired and calls a youngster to massage his legs. Gradually all the boys assemble.

At the same time the motiari are collecting near by, in someone's house, or just round the corner; at Binjhli and other villages where there is a special girls' house they gather there laughing and chatting generally, I was told, about the day's encounters with the chelik. If a group of girls have to come some distance, as from another hamlet, they often sing on the way.

Then at last the girls come in, with a rush, all together and gather round their own fire. After a while they scatter, some sitting with the boys, others singing in a corner, some lying down. Nearly always there are boys and girls who are tired after the long day's work at home, and these lie down at once in a corner or in one of the smaller huts—to lie flat on the face with head buried in the arms is a popular ghotul attitude when one is alone. [516]

The others occupy the time in pleasant harmony; sometimes they dance for an hour or two; the smaller children play rampageous games; sometimes they just sit round the fire and talk; in the hot weather on a moonlit night you will see them scattered all about the compound. Often they sing lying down, two by two, chelik with motiari, or in little groups. A boy tells a story; they ask riddles; they report on the affairs of the day; there may be a ghotul trial; they plan a dancing expedition or allot duties at a wedding. I shall never forget the sight in some of the larger ghotul of 60 or 70 youngsters thus engaged.

[533] Among songs, the most popular are the taunt songs which boys and girls sing against each other, especially those with proper names that can be changed to suit the occasion. Everybody in turn is paired off, often with forbidden relatives; one after another they are caught in compromising situations; they are engaged, married and divorced, re-married.

Songs

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1

Re re la rela re re la rela re re la

Korha ta doyo oiki helo tiloha.	O my little sister Tiloka, take the cow out of the cow-shed.
Tāna osi bāra kiyāhān dāda silledār ?	Why should I take the cow from the shed, O brother Silledar?
Mehwāl kopāl lewa bāra kiyākān ?	There is no grazier, Kope, why should I take it?
Bāra na dāye oiki helo tiloka ?	O little sister Tiloka, what do you want?
Guda ta gino oiki helo tiloka.	Take the pig from its sty, Tiloka.
Tāna bāra kiyāhān dāda silledār ?	Why should I take the pig from its sty, O brother Silledar?
Konār ta kor oiki helo tiloha.	O little sister Tiloka, take the hen from inside the house.

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Tāna bāra kiyāhān dāda silledār ?	Why should I take out the hen, O brother Silledar?
Bāra na dāye oihi helo tiloka ?	O little sister Tiloka, what do you want?
Sanduh te rupiya oihi helo tiloka ?	Will you take the rupee from the box?
Tāna nana bāra kiyāhān dada silledar ?	Why should I take the rupee from the box, O brother Silledar?
Jhāpi te chocho oihi helo tiloka ?	O little sister Tiloka, will you take the cloth hidden in the basket?
Tāna nana oihān dāda silledār !	Yes, brother Silledar, I will take the cloth hidden in the basket, O brother Silledar!

2

This song is from Manegaon and has the refrain *Suy ale helo le.*

Pūt paroda pālor podela.	On the ant-hill grows a *kurai* tree.
Bag ne pungār puyta injore.	The flower has blossomed, sister.
Bor dādān mihchi oye rāt ?	Who are you going to give the flower to, sister?
Laharu dādān mihchi oye rāt.	I will pin the flower on Laharu.
Tirha kāya tāla injore ;	That boy's head is like the *tirka* fruit;
Bese pungār pāga injore ;	His turban is like the *hewu* flower;
Pāgāt pungār mihchi kiyāhāt,	I will pin the flower on his turban,
Udimy mut-ha mamāt kiyāhāt,	I will give him a blow with my fist,
Durro poy-nat mamāt bithat.	And quickly I will run away.

3

Barpela Post Oyna Pata

This song, with its refrain, *He dāda saidar*, addressed to the head of the ghotul, is called 'The Song of Carrying off by Force'.

Barang sarpār te uditon saidar ?	Why are you sitting in the middle of the road, Saidar?
Badenke ine uditon ?	Whom are you waiting for, Saidar?
Alosānk ine uditon.	You are waiting for Alosa, Saidar.
Kaide arha poyni hatke ine kandu.	She went with her pot for water, Saidar.
Talāt kunnār kishun hatke ine kandu.	She had a roll on her head, Saidar.
Sarpār tāke kandu.	She came along the road, Saidar.
Tāne ine poyandi.	You caught hold of her, Saidar.
Aye aye indu.	She said, 'No, no', Saidar.
Tude tāne ondi saidar.	You dragged her to the jungle, Saidar.

After an hour or two of dancing, singing, games or story-telling, certainly not much after ten o'clock, the serious business of the evening begins. The younger boys, those who have not yet been given titles or excused their tribute of wood, go round to every senior boy beginning with the leader (but not afterwards following any special order) saluting each with Johar followed by the ghotul title—'Johar Sirdar', 'Johar Kotwar', 'Johar Silledar'. But for greeting relatives, the term of relationship is used—'Johar *dāda*', 'Johar

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GHOTUL DISCIPLINE

For months everyone must have known all about it. Before the girl's marriage Kule's breach of the clan laws was complete and open; it must constantly have been discussed in the ghotul, and the elders must have known of it. Yet until the day of the 'trial' it had never been openly proclaimed in the village that he had offended against the laws of the tribe. That was too much for him, he saw his girl lost to him, a life-long shame, and heavy penalties. So he killed himself.

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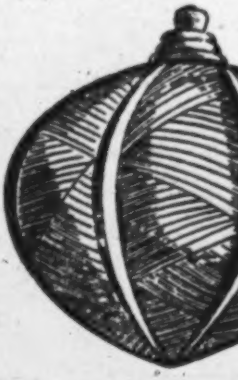

FIG. 114. Carved tobacco-box from Metawand
Height 2½"

There was another case in 1936 in Kerawahi when a chelik and motiari[1] who belonged to the same clan fell in love with one another. They often used to slip outside the ghotul at night and sleep together. After a time the girl found herself pregnant. When the matter became known, there was a great scandal and the elders announced that they would hold a panchayat. The boy was so ashamed and so afraid of paying the fine that was certain to be inflicted, that he hanged himself. The girl was afterwards married to another boy, but was punished—the people said—by excessive menorrhagia. She grew thinner and thinner, and after a year her husband left her and married someone else.

IX

I have heard of very few cases of incest between near relatives. In spite of all the joking, in spite also of the close proximity in which near relatives grow up together in the ghotul, I think that the rules are kept. On the rare occasions that they are broken, the act is regarded with severe censure. At Sahimunda a girl was made pregnant by her own *māma*, her mother's brother. She publicly accused him and he was fined. In Adenga, a Muria kept his own father's junior wife. He was excommunicated and banned from all tribal privileges. He and the woman were not even allowed to get water from the usual place. I am told that he is never to be admitted into the tribe. In the same village the Gaita kept his mother's sister, and was excommunicated.

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A tale of incest from Kapsi is obviously satirical and hardly suggests approval of what was done.

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> Long ago there lived an old man who married his son to a very lovely girl. When she came to his house the father at once fell in love with her. He sent his old wife and son to another village to get rice, and that evening he himself pretended to get high fever and lay groaning on his bed. The poor daughter-in-law came to him and said, 'What can I do for you?' He said, 'Ask the Departed in the granary what they want you to do'. She went to them and asked, 'What can I do for my

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[1] According to the police report, the chelik was Leti, son of Dhanaji, and the motiari was Koli, daughter of Bidjuram. Leti was Koli's paternal uncle. I do not know their ghotul titles.

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father-in-law?' The old man crept out of bed and stood behind the wall. When the girl asked the question, he replied in a loud, strange voice, 'Your father-in-law is going to die; there is only one way to save him; lie with him and his fever will be cured'. At this the girl was frightened and said to the Departed, 'But the marriage haldi is still on my body, how can I do such wickedness? The marriage booth is yet green, how can I betray my husband?' But the old man replied, 'If you want your father-in-law to live, do as we say; the sin will not be yours, but that of the Dead'. Then the poor daughter-in-law went back to the old man and told him what the Departed had said, and he asked her what she thought of it. She said she was willing to do what they ordered and she lay with him. When all was over, she asked whether his fever had left him, and he told her that it had, and praised her devotion to the Departed.

X883 589 538 Atargaon, is about the seven motiari who knew nothing about sex. One day they went to gather leaves with their grandmother. The old lady climbed a tree and the girls looked up and saw her vagina. When she told them what it was for, they were so frightened that they left the ghotul and went to live far away in the jungle. Whenever they saw a man they beat him and drove him away. The story proceeds through various adventures to the inevitable conclusion. Each of the girls is seduced by a sadhu and becomes pregnant.

X883 539 Another story, given me by Sonu, a Muria of Jamkot, is of interest as emphasizing the ghotul doctrine of equality, that everyone in the ghotul fellowship must be loved and happy: if not, disaster may befall.

> There were seven score chelik and seven score motiari. All slept together in the ghotul. One of them was the son of a grazier of goats, and none of the girls would sleep with him. When he came to the ghotul, they would abuse him. 'Get out, you grazier's son, you block of wood.' The boy's name was Lakari; that was why they called him a block of wood. But Lakari was a clever boy and he made a love-charm.
>
> One day the boys and girls decided to go to Kodawata to earn their living. When he heard of this, Lakari decided to have all the girls for himself. He put the boys to sleep by his charms. When the girls were ready for their journey, he went ahead beating his drum. They thought that all the boys had started and set out after them.
>
> Now Lakari was very poor; his bed was the earth, his blanket was the air, his pillow was his own elbow. He was so poor that no girl would let him sleep with her. He went along with an axe over his shoulder, his *dhol* drum slung from his arm and a drumstick in one hand. He led the girls away into the jungle, on and on for a whole month. When he beat the drum they ran after him, but he always kept at a distance so that they wouldn't know who it was.
>
> The jungle stretched for twelve *kos* on every side, there was not even the name of a village. The jungle was called Madhuban, the sweet forest; the trees were so tall that it seemed the moon had stuck to them. When Lakari had led the girls into the very heart of this jungle, he took off his clothes and sat shivering with cold. When the girls saw that the chelik were not there and it was only Lakari who had brought them all that way, they were angry and disappointed.
>
> On a hill-top between two rivers Lakari built a ghotul for himself. On the far side of the river he made another house for the girls. They refused to visit him or even look at him, they were so angry. By the time the rains began they found they had eaten all their provisions for the year. Lakari himself had nothing; he lived on honey.
>
> Now at last one of the girls came to him and said, 'How are we to live here without a village or bazaar? Even you can give us nothing to eat'. Lakari replied, 'I will see to everything; come with me to the bazaar and we will get what we want'. The girls went fishing in the river, and this girl brought fish in a basket and he himself took honey and they went together to the bazaar at Ladri. They sold their things and bought what they wanted. On the way back, Lakari went as slowly as he could so that they would have to spend the night in the jungle and the girl would have to sleep with him. When darkness fell he made her a bed in the sand of a river; there was one bed for him and one for her with a fire between. He had brought food and ornaments to please her.

1

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•539 At midnight the umagaji bird cried *Ha huhu*. The girl shrieked with fright and said, 'O Lakari, let me sleep near you, for I am afraid'. Then the bird cried again and the girl said, 'What is the bird saying?' Lakari replied, 'It says "Drive on, drive on!"'. So now there was no mother, no father, there was no one in the world, and he went to her. From the bird's talk came the boy's copulation. Every time the bird cried, the girl clung again to Lakari.

In this way Lakari took each of the girls in turn, and at last every one was pregnant and he had seven score sons. When the boys were old enough to earn their living, Lakari got bullocks for them. In this way family life began and villages were formed, because a girl was frightened of a bird.

II. The Anatomy and Mythology of Sex

831
192 The Muria seem to have a rather sketchy knowledge of the sexual organs and their functions. They have no idea of the purpose of the testes or of the existence of the hymen. They do, however, recognize the clitoris and understand its function. Their vocabulary is limited, but sufficient to cover the main points of the external genitalia.[1] They have half-a-dozen words for the penis, three or four for the vagina (the most popular simply means 'the lower part of something'), and words for the labia majora (*pude adawing*, vagina flesh), the urethra (*urkul bukha*, urine hole) and the clitoris (*titiguta*, a word which like its Graeco-English equivalent probably has reference to the organ's power of erection and excitement). The Muria word for orgasm is *pusi* or *wijja pesina*, 'the coming out of the seed'.

There is no word for love in Gondi. The Muria use the Chhattisgarhi word *māya* and sometimes *pirit* or *perem*, which are simply corruptions of the ordinary Hindi words. But neither do they have any words for lust or desire, and for erotic excitement use expressions that are only descriptive of the physical sensations of sex—*ponda hohalta* said of a girl means that her 'vagina is itching'; *bonde dokalta* that the 'penis is quivering'. The expression *girda kiyāna* is sometimes used for 'making love'; *girda* means 'pleasure' or 'liking'. *Girda ator* can be used in the sense of 'being in love'. But abstract and emotional terms are rare in Gondi, as in most primitive languages.

831
524 Sexual riddles are interesting as showing how direct and forthright are the Muria's references to the genitals and sexual intercourse.

Chapti pakna gohivailaiseh.
The flat stone itches.
—The vagina.

Sulung dandi bundle burna.
The pole is long, its bottom is black.
—The penis.

Kondāng lewa boteng.
The fish that has no eyes.
—The penis.

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[1] I notice that our authorities often confuse the names of the genitalia, perhaps because the tribes themselves, like the British and French, use a bewildering variety of synonyms for them. Ward gives as Gondi words *prest* or *munchelas* for the 'affections', *wye halatur* for 'beloved', and *nohilla* for 'to kiss'. There are no such words in Trench's vocabulary.

THE MURIA'S ATTITUDE TO SEX

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Itwa lewa patwa tedo.
Touch it and up it goes.
—A mat, or the penis.

Mela aur jela bahir jhule
Mantor hach kutile lopa narey kiyāntor.
Mela and Jela swing to and fro outside;
The iron rice-husker is at work within.
—Sexual congress.

Three are dancing in a thick jungle.
—Sexual congress.

There are two witnesses to this thief's escapades.
—The testes and penis.

But if their anatomical knowledge of the genitalia is slight, the Muria ompensate for it by an extensive mythology of sex, which is, I think, even ore elaborate than that of the Bison-horn Maria and the Orissa tribes. 831

It is remarkable that the Muria seem to regard the sexual organs, whether ale or female, as living things with an independent life of their own.[1] For xample, one of the reasons given for forbidding urination inside the ghotul s that the girls' urine would smell abominably because her labia majora are lways chewing her urine as she walks about—just as a goat chews its food, nd therefore a girl's urine smells as strongly as a goat's.

There are several stories about the vagina, though the Vagina Dentata egend, known throughout the Central Provinces and Orissa, is comparatively are. The following story is from Masora. 831 539

Long ago the vagina had the power of leaving its body at night and going out to feed in the fields. It had teeth with which it could eat; it would stay out all night grazing in the fields and return satisfied in the morning.

By and by the village people began to say, 'What is this thing that comes at night and eats up our crops? Let us set traps and catch it'. So they set traps in their fields, and that night when the vaginae came to feed they were caught and the villagers collected them and took them to the Gaita's house in a big basket. They shut them up in an inner room and went to report the matter to the Raja. The Raja sentenced the vaginae to be hanged.

When they heard this, the villagers were frightened, for they said, 'How are we to live with our wives if their organs are destroyed?' So they went to the Raja asking him to forgive them and promising to repay the owners of the fields for whatever damage had been done.

The Raja said, 'First of all the teeth must be broken and removed from the vaginae. Whoever can do this will be rewarded'. No one knew how to do it until at last a one-eyed policeman, who himself had a knife growing from his penis, declared that he would deal with the matter. With his knife he removed the teeth and then with hammer and nails fixed every vagina back in its place. The nail he used is the clitoris which stands above the vagina to hold it steady. The vaginae then cursed the man who had done them this injury and turned him

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[1] A similar idea is found in the Crow Indian tale *Mentula Loquens*, where a man's penis egins to talk and refuses to stop.—R. H. Lowie, 'Myths and Traditions of the Crow ndians', *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, Vol. XXV 920), p. 225.

> into a pig. Even today the pig's virile member is shaped like a knife.[1]

A rather similar tale from Palari (Kondagaon Tahsil) connects the incident with Bhimul and his wife.

> The vagina used to creep out of the body where it lived and go in search of maize and cucumbers. It would nibble its way through a fence and steal from the field. The farmers made fences of iron and now when the vagina tried to get through, its teeth were knocked out by the iron. A small bit of iron stuck in the vagina's mouth and became the clitoris. When the teeth came out, blood flowed from the mouth and the vagina went to Bhimul for help.
>
> Now the penis of Bhimul was five hands long and he cut it into several pieces, each four fingers long. He put one piece into the vagina's mouth and said, 'Don't eat cucumbers or maize any more: from today this will be your food'. But the bleeding did not stop, and Bhimul said, 'It will stop soon and then after a month it will bleed again'. Such was the beginning of women's menstruation.
>
> There was blood at the end of Bhimul's penis where he had cut it. It went into the belly of the woman to whom the vagina belonged and she conceived. This is how the birth of children began.
>
> In those days men had no genitals. One day they went to Bhimul to complain about this. He fixed a bit of his own penis with wax between the thighs of a man. Such was the beginning. But the penis fell off as the wax melted. They went to Gorondi Dokari (Bhimul's wife) and she put two small chickens under the penis to support it. Such is the origin of the testes.[2]

Another Vagina Dentata story comes from Koelari.[3]

> There was a Rakshasa's daughter with teeth in her vagina. She used to live mostly as a tigress and kept ten or twelve tigers always with her. When she saw a man, she would turn into a pretty girl, seduce him, cut off his penis, eat it herself and give the rest of his body to her tigers.
>
> One day she met seven brothers in the jungle and married the eldest so that she could sleep with them all. After some time she took the eldest boy to where her tigers lived, made him lie with her, cut off his penis, ate it and gave his body to the tigers. In the same way she killed six of the brothers till only the youngest was left.
>
> When his turn came, the god who helped him appeared in a dream saying, 'If you go with this girl, make an iron tube, put it into her vagina and break her teeth'. The boy acted according to his dream, and when the tigers came for his body, he climbed into a mango tree

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[1] Similar stories among the Bison-horn Maria relate how a man once caught a vagina eating his gram and knocked its teeth out with a pestle; in another tale, from Kameli, people used to feed the wandering vagina out of charity. When it was satisfied it would open its mouth and do men no harm. Even now the vagina has not forgotten its old habit of eating *gur* and gram and still tries to 'bite' the male member by its muscular contractions.

[2] Elsewhere the Muria said, 'The testes are the children of the penis and have sapped their father's strength. Only when the children restore the strength can their father work'.

[3] I present a large number of similar legends recorded from the Gond and Pardhan of the Central Provinces, the Bison-horn Maria of Bastar, and the Juang, Gadaba and Savara of Orissa in my forthcoming book *Myths of Middle India*.

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> and made himself very small. The tigers chased him and the girl too became very angry. He cursed her; 'Let nothing but your face remain'. And so it was; she became a bat which eats, excretes, urinates and copulates through one and the same hole. One of the mangoes opened and the boy crept inside. A parrot carried off the mango to the Raja's palace.

The parrot dropped the fruit, it broke open, out came the boy and after various adventures married the Raja's daughter. The hero of an Agaria story was similarly saved by the use of an iron condom.[1]

Sometimes it is said that originally the vagina was situated below the knee of the left leg. One day a chicken pecked at it, and it jumped up to a place of safety between the thighs where it has remained ever since. But it was wounded and blood still flows from it every month. From Bara Dongar comes the tale of the vagina which died.

> One day a vagina died and its companions were wondering what to do with it. 'Shall we cremate it or bury it?' said some, but others said, 'Let us divide it among us'. They cut it up and each stuck a portion on itself. This is the origin of the lips [labia majora]. The woman whose vagina died was the first hermaphrodite.

In the same style is a story from Alor, which has the familiar competition-motif.

> The breasts and the vagina had a quarrel. 'I am the greater,' said the vagina. 'It is for my sake that men go mad and die.'
>
> 'No,' said the breasts. 'We are greater. It is our beauty that men come to see. If there were no breasts, who would come to you?'
>
> 'If there was no vagina, who would bother about you? Do men chase a flower or a lovely stream?'
>
> 'Men see us from afar and excited by our beauty draw near. It is only then that they notice you; first they touch us, then you.'
>
> 'But no one gets pleasure from touching you.'
>
> 'But if they didn't see and touch us, how would they be excited? You would be neglected entirely.'
>
> So quarrelling, the vagina and the breasts parted and went their ways. As they went along, the breasts met a man and he took them aside and began to fondle them. But when he looked down and saw nothing there, he went disappointed away.
>
> Then the breasts went to the vagina and said, 'Come, sister, you have won the battle; you are the greatest of all'.

There are also legends about the penis. Originally it was of gigantic size.

> Once the penis was so long that as a man lay in bed it could get out of the house and penetrate a woman a hundred yards away. When he went abroad, a man would wind it round and round his waist and tuck in the end.
>
> One day a penis broke through the wall of the house, entered a woman, came out of her mouth, dipped its head into a cooking-pot and ate all the supper, and in withdrawing killed the woman. Then all the women

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[1] For a discussion of this legend, see my article 'The Vagina Dentata Legend', *The British Journal of Medical Psychology*, Vol. XIX (1943), pp. 439-53. For accounts of its distribution in North America, see W. Bogoras, *American Anthropologist*, Vol. IV (New Series), p. 667 and R. H. Lowie, 'The Test-Theme in North American Mythology', *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*, Vol. XXI (1908), p. 110.

831 539 came to cut it off. The man grasped his penis with his hand, but that was all he could save. The women cut it off and it is now only a handsbreadth long.[1]

Another version of the tale, however, connects the disappearance of the long penis with the Vagina Dentata legend.

> In the old days there were teeth far back in the vagina. One day when the long penis went in, the teeth cut it and all that remained was a stump of its present length. Angry at this, the man brought a rice-husker and broke off the teeth. In those days the penis itself was covered with thorns; it stood up like a semur tree. But there were no thorns at the root. The thorny part was cut off, and the smooth part remains to this day.[2]

In this mythical past it was man, not woman, who was subject to a menstrual period.

> Formerly men had to live outside their houses every month. They used to tie hollow bamboos over the penis to catch the blood. One day a girl saw this and laughed at the man. He pulled the bamboo off and threw it at her.[3] Since then women have suffered this flowing of the blood instead of men.

III. Erotic Attractiveness

832 I found it very difficult to get the Muria to give any clear account of what they meant by beauty. They are always moved by the loveliness of natural scenery, but they are not very articulate and find it hard to express themselves except when the words of a song or proverb provide them with a ready means of utterance. The following Chitkul Pata from Amakot, for example, reveals not a little aesthetic appreciation.

Jilāng jāpar bandār!	How beautiful the lake!
Bandār soba bārāng?	Why is the lake so beautiful?
Bandār soba pāri,	Lovely are the banks of the lake,
Bandār soba vero.	Lovely the waters of the lake.
Yero soba minur.	Lovely are the fish in the water.
Minur soba bārāng?	To the fish what is lovely?
Minur soba sila.	To the fish the water-reeds are lovely.
Pārar soba bārāng?	On the bank what is lovely?
Pārar soba marka,	On the bank the mango trees,
Kāndi udo marka,	The mango's spreading branches,
Waliya wāto gorga.	And the palm trees everywhere.

In human beings the Muria seem to admire liveliness, animation, vigour more than perfection of colour or feature. They apply their universal test of hard work not only to assess a person's morals, but even his erotic attractiveness. 'However beautiful the face, one's eyes turn aside disgusted from a loafer.'

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[1] The Bison-horn Maria attribute this incident to a man named Baikeea and say that he himself cut off his long penis through shame when it touched a woman not his wife by mistake. He bled to death and was buried in a sitting posture. He is still honoured as Baikeea Pen with a pile of stones in many villages.

[2] But the Bison-horn Maria of Dugeli said that the penis became short because in olden times the Mahara had none at all and went to Gaja Bhimul to beg for one. He cut off the long part from the Maria, but they held the stems in their fists. This is why the Maria have nothing to do with the Mahara for fear they lose the rest of the organ.

[3] For this reason, it is said, the Bison-horn Maria pelt a girl with mud at her first menstruation.

THE MURIA'S ATTITUDE TO SEX

Here's a twig of the ebony tree, 883x
Here's the twig you were telling me of. 833
No one can use it at either end. 539
I have offered water in a brass pot,
I have offered gruel in a leaf-cup,
I have served him rice in a dish,
I have given him curry in a leaf-cup,
But he does not speak to me.
He doesn't know what to do.
I cannot live just looking at his house,
I cannot live just to fill my belly.
I can only live if my heart is filled.
I will go away to my father's house.
How can I live so long without my proper work?

The symbols in this song are sexual. The brass pot, the leaf-cup, the dish offered by the girl to her husband, and his useless toilet-twig are recognized symbols of the female and male genitalia. In the concluding lines the girl declares, as she did at Palli, that life is something more than just looking after a house or filling one's stomach with food. The word in the eighth line which I have translated 'He does not speak to me' also means 'He does not have intercourse with me' and thus gives the key to the whole song.

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An impotent chelik's life in the ghotul is not altogether intolerable, for there are nearly always more boys than girls, and it does not matter very much if one of them has to sleep alone. But once the boy has got married, his position becomes desperate. A former Kotwar of the Kapsi ghotul was impotent. To cover his embarrassment he used to leave his wife at home and go to sleep in the ghotul. Naturally he was not very popular there, and after a time the motiari began to try to turn him out. They escorted him dancing and singing home to his wife, made him take her by the hand and said to her, 'Here's your husband. Sleep with him, beat him, do something with him; we don't want him in our ghotul'. Then they took a chicken from the house and went away, thus suggesting that they had again performed the final marriage rite when bride and bridegroom are put to bed together. After this had happened two or three times, the unfortunate youth gave up going to the ghotul—for he could not afford the continual loss of chickens—and went to sleep in any empty verandah or disused shed.

Boys who are married to older girls are accused by their wives of sexual inadequacy. A boy at Jamkot said, 'My wife was much older; how could my little penis please her? She used to go to her mother's house, and when I went to fetch her back, would say, "Do you think I can be happy sleeping with your pots and dishes? I want a man to live with".' At Karanji, the Mukhwan was also married to an older girl. 'My first wife was always dissatisfied because of my small penis. She used to leave me at home and go to dance the Chait Parab dances, for she came from the lowlands, and loved them. At last she met a man there who could please her, and left me. But my next wife was very happy.'

Such impotence is, of course, merely a symptom of immaturity. So also may be the cases reported of chelik who, though fully potent in the ghotul, find themselves impotent with their wives. This is usually attributed to a jealous motiari who resents her chelik being married to someone else. Ghasia, a very old Muria of Garka, recalls how in his youth the Piosa of the ghotul was in love with him, and when he refused to marry her, made him impotent

838 On the third day of a marriage, the motiari retire to the ghotul or their camp
and dress up as chelik. They put on turbans, waistcoats and loin-cloths.
585 They borrow boys' armlets for their arms, put knives in their waist-bands,
and approach the marriage-booth carrying axes, branches of mango leaves
292 and bunches of *dab* grass. They dance up to the marriage-booth, under which
the bridegroom is seated, and ceremonially sweep it. Among the dancers is
535 the bride disguised as a boy. All the dancers are in fact disguised, for they wind their turbans round and round their faces to make it as difficult as possible to tell them apart. As the girls go round and round the booth, they challenge the bridegroom to pick out his bride. He is supposed to be unable to do this, so at last, as the girls draw closer and closer to him, the bride suddenly darts out from among them and hits him on the back with her clenched fist. He jumps up and attempts to hit her back but she escapes and her fellow motiari do their best to protect her. After this the girls continue dancing for some time, then retire to their homes and remove their male disguise.[1]

This practice is called the Nemuldwar, the 'army of the bride and bridegroom', and the dance is the Choli Endanna or the Jhoria Endanna. The name Choli Endanna simply means 'the waistcoat dance' and refers to the male disguise. The word Jhoria probably means lowlander[2] and has been fully explained in Chapter I. It is now no longer used as the title of the tribe, which has become merged with the Muria. There is, however, a Jhorian Pargana or sub-division and it is said that the dance is so called because it originated here. Although the word Jhoria means 'lowlander' in comparison with the Maria of the Abujhmar Mountains, to the Muria and Gond of eastern Bastar it is the name of an older and more primitive people. The expression Jhoria Endanna, therefore, suggests a dance of old time and ancient tradition. It is the most primitive of all the marriage dances.

838 As the motiari approach and dance round the marriage-booth, which they
do very slowly in a long straight line, each girl clutching her left-hand
585 neighbour round the neck with one arm, while with the other she waves her
bunch of grass and mango leaves to and fro as if she were sweeping a floor,
535 they sing a number of songs. There is a considerable variety of these and I
● 539 will give a few examples of different kinds. The first song refers to the
ceremonial sweeping of the marriage-booth.

Diwān miyār kilinta dewo !	Diwan's daughter is crying, Dewo!
Wāyu dewa wāyu roy dewo !	Come girl, come Dewo!
Wiyār haryu wāyu roy dewo !	Come to sweep, girl, come Dewo!
Naling cao gorāng roy dewo.	The mandia is like aonra fruit.
Gorāng nori ola roy dewoni.	She went to grind the mandia.

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men. The chaunt and dance were as before, except that the pantomime abounded in the most indecent gestures and attitudes, all illustrative of sexual relations. One girl slipped (or pretended to) and fell. Whereupon, one of those playing a man's part fell upon her to ravish her. A rescue ensued amidst roars of merriment, and the would-be ravisher was in process of being stripped when our modesty compelled us to call an interval.'—Thurston, op. cit., Vol. IV, pp. 66ff.

According to Santal tradition, witchcraft began through a transvestite expedition. Marang Buru had decided to teach men witchcraft, but the women made them drunk and then 'put on pagris and dhoties and stuck goats' beards on their faces' and went to learn the magic art instead.—C. H. Bompas, *Folklore of the Santal Parganas* (London, 1909), p. 422.

[1] At Pardhan marriages in Mandla, the bride is sometimes disguised as a boy and her future husband is challenged to find her. I found a similar test among the Binjhwar of Chhattisgarh. The custom is doubtless widely distributed.

[2] See pp. 15–17.

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Diwān miyār kilinta dewo!	Diwan's daughter is crying, Dewo!
Hirpeng ichoh wejing roy dewo.	The rice is like chips of wood.
Wejeng usi ola roy dewo.	She went to husk the rice.
Diwān miyār kilinta dewo!	Diwan's daughter is crying, Dewo!
Perke pila wālerom dewo,	She went with her baby on her back,
Diwān miyār kilinta dewo!	Diwan's daughter is crying, Dewo!

The next song is about the girls' disguise. The bridegroom cannot recognize the bride now, but he will recognize her all too well when the marriage is consummated.

Burga chodi layor.	The boy is getting old.
Bāba kokore kore!	
Nanāy layor intor.	Yet he calls himself a youth.
Layāh ondeh kitor,	He collects the young girls,
Layah tadla hewong.	He won't let them go.
Murha portāna intor.	He calls himself an orphan.
Ona chode māywār	He says he'll see what happens
Māwa here wāyer.	If we come near.
Māhe ise wariyāntor.	He frightens us away.
Dulhin chinhe māyor,	He can't recognize the bride,
Mulnāh chinhe māntor	But he'll know her tonight
Layor ise ātek.	If he really is a youth.
Wāsi muthha hewer.	We are going to hit him.
Nāwāy āri iner.	He says, 'This is my wife'.
Bāba kokore kore!	

The next song explains itself. It must be remembered that each of these songs is being sung by girls led by the bride herself who insists over and over again that she is a boy.

Mutha hilāy wāl tona,	I come to beat him,
Nana jhoriyān layor.	I am the Jhoria boy.
Nāke herse warintu,	Seeing me he is afraid,
Nana jhoriyān layor.	I am the Jhoria boy.
Pichāl tangiya hānj tona,	I have a small axe on my shoulder,
Nana jhoriyān layor.	I am the Jhoria boy.
Kariya koi kartuna,	I am wearing a black coat,
Nana jhoriyān layor.	I am the Jhoria boy.
Manda hoi wāntona,	I have come to clean the marriage-booth,
Nana jhoriyān layor.	I am the Jhoria boy.

Another song seems simply to describe the various clothes and ornaments that the girls are wearing:

Aga baga dāng paraing saiya sona?	Whence is the drum that sounds so bravely?
Arra nātāng paraing saiya sona.	From Arra comes the drum.
Aga baga dāng hundring saiya sona?	Whence is the *hundring* that sounds so well?
Kohka nātāng hundring saiya sona.	From Kohka comes the *hundring*.
Aja baga dāng chitkuring saiya sona?	Whence are the cymbals that clash so loudly?
Garum haiyadāng chitkuring saiya sona.	The blacksmith made the cymbals.

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Aga baga da dhoti roy saiya sona?	Whence came the dhoti that looks so smart?
Gāndon kaiyada dhoti roy saiya sona.	The Ganda made the dhoti.
Aga waga dāng muyāng roy saiya sona?	Whence came the bells that tinkle so merrily?
Kaser kaiyadāng muyāng roy saiya sona.	The Kāser made the bells.
Aga baga dāng paniya saiya sona?	Whence came the comb that looks so fine?
Layon kaiyada paniya roy saiya sona.	The chelik made the comb that looks so fine.

Finally, I will give two examples of the many obscene songs that are sung during this dance, for otherwise it is impossible to get a clear picture of the meaning and atmosphere of the rite.

Nana jhoriyāna waiwoy gāto tinwāna.	I am Jhoria: I will not eat half-cooked rice.
Nana jhoriyāna dais dudo poywāna.	I am Jhoria: jumping up and down I hold her breast.
Nana jhoriyāna podoh monde dehwāna.	I am Jhoria: I break the girdle round her waist.
Nana jhoriyāna hārspoche lendwāna.	I am Jhoria: I quickly pull off her cloth.
Nana jhoriyāna pudete bonde nehyāna.	I am Jhoria: into her I press myself.
Nana jhoriyāna teks bura mihachwāna.	I am Jhoria: I will pluck out my pubic hairs and throw them away.

In the same style is a Halbi Jhoria Git.

Go to sweep the booth, Belosa.
Where has the bridegroom gone?
He is nowhere in the house.
What can he be frightened of?
He is dying for his penis.
He is going to have his sister.
Where has he taken her?
He has taken her to the river bank.
What leaves has he spread for her?
He has made a bed of *jam* leaves.
Jham-jham he swings to and fro.
Bathing, bathing, he inserts it.
Get off, get off, brother, she cries.

These songs are sung by the bride herself and by a party of unmarried girls. They have changed their sex for the occasion and imagine themselves performing the sexual act as men. The significance of this will be seen when we discuss the ultimate basis of the rite.

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Various reasons have been advanced by scholars to explain this custom in different parts of the world. Frazer has emphasized the difficulty of the problem. 'The religious or superstitious interchange of dress between men and women is an obscure and complex problem, and it is unlikely that any

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

DREAMS

OFFICIALLY it is not possible to dream inside the ghotul, for Lingo 883x and the other ghotul gods protect those who sleep there, and indeed I believe that in many places the boys and girls dream very little, 828 enjoying sound and satisfying sleep in the security, warmth and delight of their peculiar realm.

But not all ghotul are equally happy. In Binjhli for example, where there was a strange atmosphere of jealousy and frustration, I heard a great deal about dreams. And in all villages there are official and standardized dreams which are believed to be the normal means of receiving communications from gods or ancestors.

It is not possible, I think, to provide material on this subject which will be of much value to the psycho-analyst. It is very difficult to obtain the Muria's associations to their dreams; their memory is poor and they are so timid that too prolonged an inquiry is likely to make it impossible to obtain any information at all. But it is possible to discover various ideas and attitudes of the Muria through an examination of their dreams, especially since the most important are of the official type.

What is the Muria theory of dreams? Where do they come from and why do we see them? Some say that all sleep is a dream; sleep is the food by 828 which man's life is recreated and 'the dream is the chutney of sleep'. As with other Indian aboriginals the Muria theory of dreams is closely related to the 774 idea of the soul or *jiwa*. The *jiwa* leaves the body in sleep, goes here and there and what it sees during its adventures is the dream.[1] The power of the *jiwa* to leave the body is described in a significant tale from Ulera.

> One day long ago two men went to a blacksmith's shop to rest. One 828 fell asleep, the other sat by his side watching. Presently from the sleeper's mouth there came out his *jiwa* in the form of a lizard and went 539 ● to feed. A dog saw it and chased it into an ant-hill. There it saw a 774 pot full of rupees.
>
> The other man covered the sleeper's face with coal-dust for a joke. When the *jiwa* returned it did not recognize its body with the blackened face, and went away seeking for it elsewhere. By and by the second man noticed a lizard going to and fro, and soon realized what had happened. He quickly cleaned the sleeper's face, and the lizard, recognizing the body, entered it, and became a *jiwa* again.
>
> When the sleeper awoke he told his friend what he had seen in his dreams, and they went to the ant-hill and found the rupees. This is a true tale of what actually occurred.[2]

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[1] Compare *The Baiga*, p. 408.

[2] The literature of the 'separable soul' is considerable. It appears in folk-tales as the useful motif of 'entering another's body' which, as Penzer rightly insists, must not be confused with the quite distinct 'life-index' motif. Crooke observes that 'in Bombay it is considered most reprehensible to play jokes on a sleeping person, such as painting the face in fantastic colours, or giving moustaches to a sleeping woman. The absent soul may not be able to find its own body, the appearance of which has been thus changed, and may depart altogether, leaving the body a corpse'.—*Religion and Folk-Lore*, Vol. I, p. 232. For the subject generally see *The Ocean of Story*, Vol. I, p. 37, n.2; A. E. Crawley, 'Doubles', Hastings' *E.R.E.*, Vol. IV, pp. 853f.; M. Bloomfield, 'On the Art of Entering Another's Body', *Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society*, Vol. LVI, pp. 1ff.;

828 Another tale, from Atargaon, points the same moral.

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> Dream and Wealth were disputing which was the greater. When they could not agree they decided that each should hide in turn and whoever could find the other, yet not be found himself, would win the contest. Wealth hid himself first. He took the shape of a pot of rupees and hid in an ant-hill. Dream went to a very poor boy who was lying asleep and called his soul to come out. When the *jiwa* came Dream sent it to the ant-hill. It returned, and when the boy awoke he went to the ant-hill and dug up Wealth in the shape of the pot. Then Dream hid in the wind, and was blown here and there about the world. Wealth could not find him and when they met again he admitted that Dream was the greater.

In this other world into which the *jiwa* can enter during sleep, the gods and the Departed are familiar figures and the *jiwa* can talk with them and learn their will. Often, however, the Muria speak as though the gods and the dead had come to them in sleep, that the approach was, as it were, from the other side. Obviously the ordinary Muria, any more than the ordinary Englishman, has no consistent theory. One thing which has puzzled him, and which he explains by a fantastic tale, is the 'falsity' or symbolism of dreams. In Berma I was given a story which accounts for this.

> Long ago men could read the future in their dreams. An owl heard of it and said, 'If men can see the future in dreams, they will never die'. The owl waited till the gods were holding a darbar and then fell with a bang into the midst of them. The gods said, 'What is the matter?' The owl replied, 'I have had a dream, and in that dream I was marrying a Raja's daughter. We had done eleven rounds of the Lagir; had it been twelve she had been mine; but I awoke and fell to the ground. Now I must marry this girl. What am I to do?' The gods were concerned and said to one another, 'How can a red-eyed bird marry a Raja's daughter?' The owl replied, 'But all the world gets what it sees in dreams; how can it be that only my dreams are false?' At that the gods cursed men saying, 'From now on, let all dreams be false'.

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Dreams, therefore, are symbolic. They are code messages from the other world and only the wise can decipher them. There is a fairly extensive system of dream-interpretation, on the whole consistently maintained throughout the Muria area, though with a few variations from place to place. I will tabulate these interpretations for the reader's convenience.

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Good Dreams

One's dead parents ..	.. Lucky, for it shows they have retained their affection for one.
Drowning in a river ..	.. Very good. The Yer Kanyang so loves the dreamer that she wants to marry him.

Sir J. G. Frazer, *Taboo and Perils of the Soul*, pp. 37 and 49; *Panjab Notes and Queries*, Vol. III, p. 166 (which gives a tale with a similar motif to that in the text); W. A. Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions* (Edinburgh, 1887), Vol. I, p. 437.

For a Santal story of a soul which slipped out of a man's sleeping body in the form of a lizard and was prevented from returning, see B. Bonnerjea, 'The Social and Ceremonial Life of the Santals', *The Indian Antiquary*, Vol. LIX (1930), p. 100.

taboo. It is very dangerous to make mistakes in the dancing or stick-beating, 883x
and any kind of error is heavily penalized.[1] If one of the boys makes a 484x
mistake the Gaita of the village visited removes the turban of the Gain and
the boys have to pay a fine of two bottles of liquor before he will return it. 796
Should a boy drop his stick or if his dhoti gets loose, he has to pay a similar 784
fine. Anything dropped must be picked up with the teeth.

Special rules control the conduct of the three leading pairs, the Gain and Jokta or Roche-sela and two other couples. They must talk to no one; they must not dance with the motiari of the villages they visit; they may only sing the special Pus Kolang songs.

The dancing party from Phulpar in 1941 visited Sarandi, Kurse, Kutgaon 883x
and Tursani. When they reached Sarandi, they went straight to the Gaita's 484x
house and danced before it. As they entered the village they sang,
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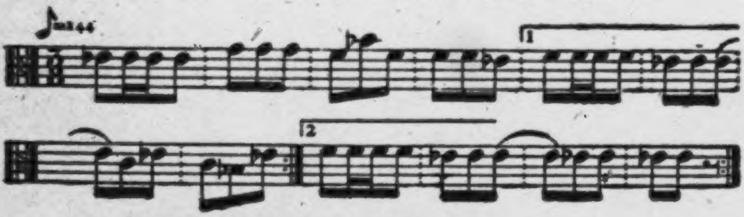

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Re rela rela re rela rela re rela re rela.
Show us the Gaita's house, chelik.
Don't you know the Gaita's house, chelik?
Where have you come from, chelik?
We have come from the land of hills.
If we show you, what will you give us, chelik?
We will give you a cloth for your loins.
It's the house with a cart in the yard, chelik.
There is a pond for the buffaloes in front, chelik.
That's the Gaita's house, chelik.
On a bamboo pole there's a monkey, chelik.
There's an elephant tied to the pillar, chelik.
There's a horse tied in the shed, chelik.
On the roof there sits a peacock, chelik.
There's a gun against the fence, chelik.
A sword against the wall, chelik.
A parrot on its perch, chelik.
A maina in a cage, chelik.
That's the Gaita's house, chelik.

The boys sing this song to a circular stick-dance rather slowly and reverently 883x
as if their words were charged with deep spiritual meaning. Then while two 484x
boys take a basket into the house to beg for rice, pulse and salt, the others 796
begin their programme of dances.
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[1] For similar beliefs in the danger of making a mistake during a ceremonial dance, see J. G. Frazer, *Totemism and Exogamy* (London, 1910), Vol. III, p. 518. Compare also A. B. Ellis, *The Ewe-Speaking Peoples of the Slave Coast* (London, 1890), p. 95.

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There are four of these, quite distinct from those danced at any other time. Indeed it is often considered dangerous to dance the Pus Kolang dances even for show at a visitor's camp.

The first, which is the Pus Kolang dance proper, is a stick-dance. The sacred spear is stuck in the ground and the boys circulate round it rather solemnly, each boy attached to his neighbour by dancing-sticks which both hold.

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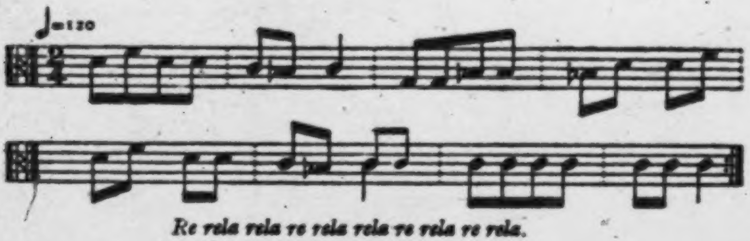


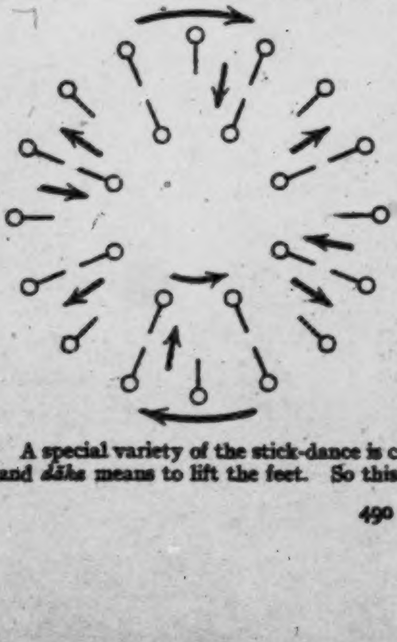
Re rela rela re rela rela re rela re rela.

● [539]

Old man Lingo Pen, Johar to thee,
After Lingo what god was there?
After him was Budha Pen.
Johar to him!
After Budha Pen, who was there?
After him was Mudial Pen.
To him Johar, give him a good Johar!
After him who comes?
After him comes Mudial Use Pen.
To him Johar, give him a good Johar!

And so through a long list of gods, Gundi Pen, Sonkuari Pen, Phulkuari Pen, Kurumtulla Pen, Balkuari Pen, Naturgundi Pen.

To all these gods we fold our hands,
We beg them not to be angry,
Not to forget us.
We will give incense, cock and pig.
To all we give Johar!



Then the dance changes, and improves. The boys form two circles facing each other. These two rings circulate antagonistically and at the same time the boys of the inner circle change places, with a hop and a jump and three taps of the sticks, with those of the outer circle. This goes on continually, so that the two circles are in constant movement against each other and always alternating. The flourishing and beating of the sticks is very pleasing.

A special variety of the stick-dance is called Kappu Daka. *Kāppu* is a bird and *dāka* means to lift the feet. So this dance imitates the rapid movement

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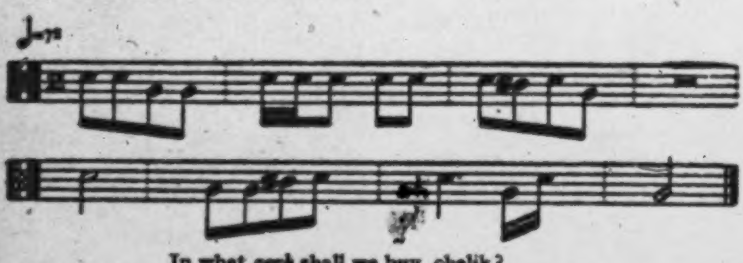
of a bird picking up its feet. The step changes to a much more lively and bouncing movement; the boys swing their buttocks and tinkle their bells with greater vigour; they sing with more zest and clash their sticks merrily. The song is long and tedious.



[533]

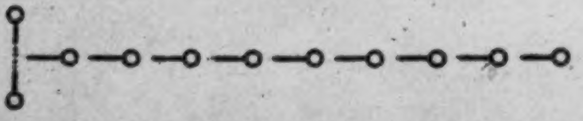
[539]

In what *garh* shall we buy, chelik?
In Raigarh we will buy, chelik.
What shall we buy, chelik?
A cloth for the loins,
To make the loins beautiful, chelik.
In what *garh* shall we buy, chelik?
In Sarangarh we will buy, chelik.
What shall we buy, chelik?
Ornaments for the body,
To make the body beautiful, chelik.
In what *garh* shall we buy, chelik?
In Delhigarh we will buy, chelik.

And so on, until head and ear and waist ornaments have been bought for the adornment of the handsome chelik.

A rather serious dance is the Lingo Endanna, which is also called Pen Endanna. For this the boys form up in two long lines facing inwards. At the head of the line, two boys face each other holding their sticks across the gap. The leader stands behind these sticks and beats them. The boys move slowly forward and back, singing. After a time they sit down and do the same thing, but without moving. Then they rise and the line turns in on itself, the leader going down and stepping over the sticks; then the boys return with the sticks held above their heads. This movement is known as Hichelhar Pata. The songs are conventional, referring to Lingo Pen and his relatives.

There is another movement, which I saw at Pupgaon.



The two leaders face each other holding a stick between them; the line of boys forms up headed by the Ghotul Manjhi. They stand quite still singing slowly and sadly; the Manjhi gently taps the cross-stick in front of him.

Now the dancing-sticks are carefully piled round the sacred spear. For the Monkey dance, three or four small boys mount on the shoulders of a circle of

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x484 their elders and are raised into the air with a whistle and a shout.[1] This pyramid slowly gyrates, and the other boys form a procession and march round
796 and round singing.
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Songs

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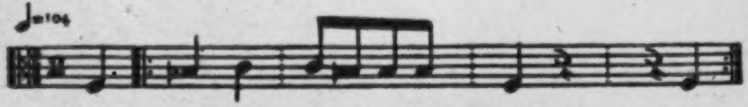

Re reloyo re rela re rela rela re reloyo re rela rela
Sayrela re rela rela.
[539] At the boundary the monkey sits on a pile of stones.
Get up, monkey, get up, monkey.
My horse is speaking to you, monkey.
You are sitting on a long pole, monkey.
You are eating the raw ebony fruit, monkey.

2

Whose is this temple, girl?
It is the shrine of the Kolang boys, girl.
This is their temple, girl.
Come out to see it, girl.
Bring a lamp in the left hand, girl,
Water in the right, girl.
Give them greeting, girl.
Bring rice in the fan, girl,
Rice in the basket, girl,
Rice in the leaf-cup, girl,
Bring salt in the leaf-bundle, girl.
Give us something to drink from your hand, girl.

The last dance is the Kokotar Daka Endanna. The chelik form a line, each boy holding in his right hand the stick of the one in front and in his left the stick of the one behind. They go round in a rambling line, while the boys at the end hop about and waggle like the tail of the *manda-pite* bird. Others say that the head of the line is a dog and the tail a hare; the purpose of the dance then becomes a game in which the head of the line must turn round and catch the tail. In Koilibera, the boys at the tail imitated the copulation of goats.

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[771] [1] Thurston describes a similar dance performed by Koyi women. 'The older ones stood in a circle with their arms intertwined and the younger girls perched aloft, standing astraddle on their shoulders.'—Thurston, op. cit., Vol. IV, p. 72. I have seen similar dances of this kind performed by the Dhurwa-Parja of southern Bastar, the Kond of Koraput District and the Bhil of the Dangs.

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● [539]

GHOTUL EXPEDITIONS

Song

Whose sticks are these, mother-in-law?
The sticks of our clan, mother-in-law.
The sticks shine in the sun, mother-in-law.
Come out to see the sticks, mother-in-law.
In your left hand bring a lamp, mother-in-law.
In your right hand bring water, mother-in-law.
Quickly, quickly give us greeting, mother-in-law.

Probably to the Muria mind the constant repetition of 'mother-in-law' is amusing; a second song is also humorous.

On Kachgudgud Hill is a hare, chelik.
The hare has teeth as big as a chopper, chelik.
Its moustaches are like spear grass, chelik.
Its hairs are like a pile of bamboo shavings, chelik.[1]

From the Gaita's house the chelik move round the village, dancing before each house in turn and collecting a little rice. Meanwhile the motiari are busy collecting rice themselves; they cook this in the ghotul, and later serve it to the boys in their camp. At night boys and girls dance together, but without their sticks.

In the morning, the boys give the girls two or four pice and try to hit them when they accept it. When they reach the village boundary on their way to the next village, the little rite of crossing over a sacred line is repeated. Before reaching the new village, they halt somewhere by a stream and cook the food that they have just collected, lighting the fire from the need-fire on their spear. Then they go on and repeat the same programme.

At last the expedition is over; the days of taboo will soon be at an end; the boys approach once more their own village. News of their coming has preceded them and their motiari have not been idle. In Khutgaon I was told that they went out with the rest of the village to catch hares for the boys' feast. But everywhere the girls take the Gaita out into the jungle and make him cut one or two small semur trees. The semur tree is chosen because it was a semur which grew up out of the stump of the gold-covered bamboo which Lingo himself cut down at the end of the first Pus Kolang expedition. In some villages the boys say that the semur is chosen because Lingo

[293]

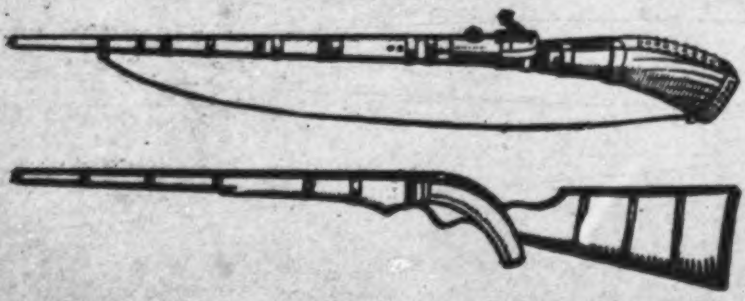

FIG. 118. Dummy guns carried on dancing expeditions

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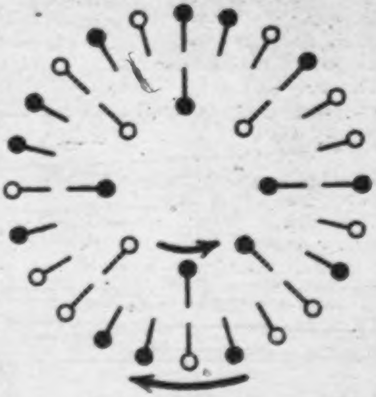
[1] For similar humour, see my *Folk-Songs of Chhattisgarh*, pp. 190ff.

x883
x484
796
535

The dances and songs differ slightly from those of the Pus Kolang. In April 1941, I saw the Chait Dandar dancers of Jungani when they visited Malakot. The girls had no special dress, but the boys wore the dancing skirt, turbans and bells loosely hung above the buttocks. The leader of the party, the Gaita, wore the elaborate comb illustrated in Fig. 121 and a gaily coloured bag round his neck.



The dancing resembled the Pus Kolang dancing, but was much enlivened by the presence of the girls. The sticks used were much longer, about three feet with a notch at one end. In the big stick-dance with which they began the boys and girls mixed freely, forming two antagonistic circles. Each boy and girl held a stick in either hand, the right pointing upwards and the left down. As the circles revolved, they struck each other's sticks and passed on. They danced on their toes, with a light and easy step, right foot to right, left foot to left, the left foot up and down, then across to the right. The circles moved in both directions, reversing with a loud cry of *Ow-ha*. As usual among Muria, the boys shook their buttocks horizontally to ring the bells; this gave a very ragged effect in comparison with the strict timing and unison of the vertical jerk of the Hill Maria.

Songs

1

Hun hun hun hun jãm huy

x883
x484
796
535
●539

The peacock has a long tail.
Where is the long-tailed peacock?
The peacock's in the Gaita's house.
How much does the peacock drink?
The peacock takes five sips.
Come down, O long-tailed peacock!
Where will it come down?
In the Pujari's house,
In *his* house come down.
O long-tailed peacock!

2

Roy wãyo jãm huy

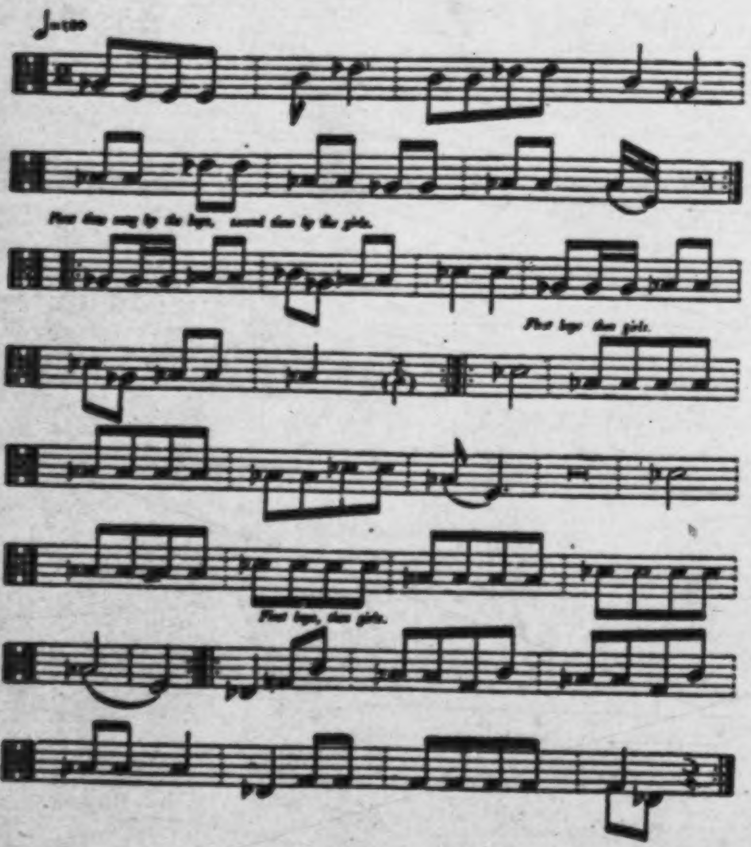
Don't think about your lover, she
  won't come now.
You'll miss your step in the dance
  if you think of her.
You won't sing properly.
Where has the Pujari gone?
He has gone with a knife to
  sacrifice.

2: Elwin E-5 (1935-1942) 1947 AW32 Gond AW32
Muria

GHOTUL EXPEDITIONS

883x
484x
796
535
539●

Ask the Gaita's wife where the Gaita has gone;
He has gone to his village holding an umbrella.
Ask the Manjhi's wife where the Manjhi has gone.
He has gone to give judgement holding his stick.


First time sung by the boys, second time by the girls.
First boys then girls.
First boys, then girls.

883x
484x
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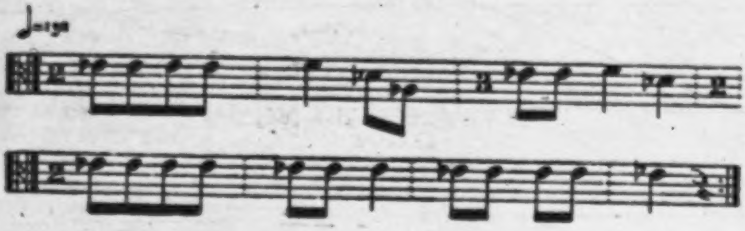
533

The second dance corresponded to the Lingo dance of the Pus Kolang. Boys and girls made two long lines facing each other; each pair held two sticks between them and beat them in unison. After a time the line turned in on itself, the leaders taking it down under a roof of sticks; then they turned round and the sticks were held low down near the ground and the line this time stepped over them.

Song

x883
x484
796
535
[533]

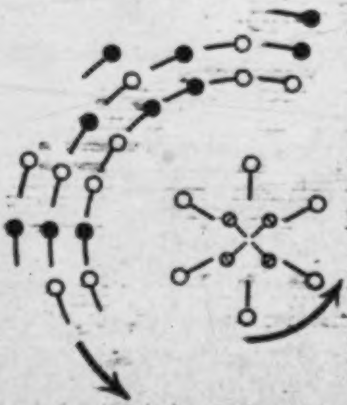


Tari nāna na nāre nāna tari nānāre

[539] *Oho maina ho lālsai baitho danda ho.*	O maina bird, O Lalsai! Sit down with a stick.
Oho kāhen ke danda ho lālsai maina kāhen ke danda ho tari ?	What is the stick made of, O Lalsai maina ?
Ye bāte paltu ho rāja maina ho lālsai ye bāte paltu ho!	Let us turn this side, O Raja maina, O Lalsai!
O ho chait dandar ho rāja maina ho lālsai ho teri.	This is the Chait Dandar.
Uthum dakhu ho rāja maina lālsai ho tari.	Let us stand and watch it.

Lalsai means a prince. The young Maharaja used to be called Lalpila.

The third dance was called the Bendri (or Monkey) Endanna, very like the usual pyramid dance, but with a brighter note in the procession where boys and girls marched round with their arms about each other's necks. Four little boys mounted on the backs of half-a-dozen seniors, who rose up with a loud whistle. The rest of the party formed the procession and went round the pyramid beating their sticks, with quick hopping movements. They advanced three paces, paused, swung back a little and then advanced again. From time to time they made excellent *hoop-hoop* monkey noises. When they descended, the younger boys saluted their elders with Johar, apparently in gratitude for their safe return from so perilous an elevation.



The last dance was performed in a slow and solemn line. Boys and girls, embracing one another about the shoulders, formed a long row, sticks in hand. They advanced two steps, retired two steps and at the same time moved a little to the right. After the line had thus travelled some distance, it moved back to the left. The movement was slow and tedious and the singing rather flat.

GHOTUL EXPEDITIONS

Songs

1

Tare nare nare na nare

X883
X484
796
535

Porre metta dippa tendera lālsai.	Cut the clearing on the top of the hill, Lalsai.
Dippa tendsi bāra kewerār lālsai?	Why is the clearing to be cut?
Dippa tendsi bāra bitirār lālsai?	What will be sown in that clearing?
Dippa tendsi ganga parbat bitirār lālsai.	In that clearing *ganga parbat* seed will be sown.
Ganga bitsi bāra kewerār lālsai?	What shall we do with that seed?
Ganga pungār jhela jewerār lālsai.	We will put its flower in our turbans, Lalsai.

●539 The *ganga parbat* is a specially profitable seed.

2

Tari na hari na morey, nāna hari nāna ho, ye na hari na morey na,
kanhaiya morey ye na, hari na morey na

Bhala kaise rowen more pandki parewān ho?	How does my wood-pigeon cry, and my dove?
Kaise rowen manjur?	And how does my peacock cry?
Bhala ghutru ghutru more pandki parewān ho;	O *ghutru ghutru* cries my wood-pigeon and my dove;
Dhoke dhoke manjur.	O *dhoke dhoke* cries my peacock.
Bhala kay chāra charen more pandki parewān ho?	O what food has my wood-pigeon and my dove?
Kay chāra charen manjur?	What food has my peacock?
Bhala gotin charen more pandki parewān ho;	My wood-pigeon and my dove eat small pieces of stone;
Dhānen charen manjur.	My peacock eats rice.
Bhala kaisen sowen more pandki parewān ho?	And how sleeps my wood-pigeon and my dove?
Kaise sowen manjur?	How sleeps my peacock?
Bhala gura me sowen more pandki parewān ho;	O my wood-pigeon and my dove sleep in their nests;
Jhāre me sowen manjur.	And my peacock sleeps in the tree.
Bhala kahān pāni piwen more pandki parewān ho?	O where do my wood-pigeon and my dove drink water?
Kahān pāni piwen manjur?	And where does my peacock drink?
Bhala ghare pāni piwen more pandki parewān ho;	O my wood-pigeon and my dove drink water in the house;
Bane pāni piwen manjur.	My peacock drinks water in the forest.

X883 X484 796 535 There are evidently no chastity taboos in the Mahua Dandar expeditions. Girls and boys went about with free and natural embraces that were a delight to watch. During the stick-dance, when a boy approached a girl he fancied, he waggled the bells on his buttocks furiously and laughed and flirted with her as she passed. In our camp a party of dancers stood for a long time watching us. Every boy had his arms round a girl, and the Belosa stood with two boys; they were all embracing each other (see Plate XCI). There was no self-consciousness or shyness, no fear either of the stranger or the gods.

x883
x484
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●[539]

In Sidhawand, the girls danced in two lines following each other. Each girl had her left hand on her neighbour's shoulder and her right hand hung straight down. They took two steps to the right, right, left, right, then slid the left foot along the ground.

When they first arrive, the Diwali dancers sing:

1

Thākur ghar kon āy re bhai rām?	Which is the Thakur's house, brothers?
Jora kukur bhuke re bhai rām.	Where a pair of dogs are barking, brothers,
Tehi thākur gharu re bhai rām.	There is the Thakur's house, brothers.
Thākur beta kon āy re bhai rām?	Which is the Thakur's son, brothers?
Jora kardhan pahire re bhai rām.	He has a double silver belt, brothers.
Tehi thākur beta re bhai rām.	That is the Thakur's son, brothers.
Thākur bohāri kon āy re bhai rām?	Which is the Thakur's daughter-in-law, brothers?
Jora suta pahire re bhai rām.	She has two bands round her neck, brothers.
Tehi thākur bohāri re bhai rām.	That is the Thakur's daughter-in-law, brothers.

2

Mulir mulir intoni kāri gurti!	You are crying army, army, O blackbird!
Aga baga da mulir kāri gurti?	Where has the army come from, blackbird?
Rainigarh da mulir dāda.	The army has come from Rainigarh, brother.
Hurrig lehka mulir dāda.	The army comes like a line of black ants, brother.
Dondera kayang talwār dāda.	The sword is long as the dondera fruit, brother.
Tormend tormend puja roy kāri gurti;	They are killing people *tormend tormend*, blackbird;
Mindāk tora reyandu roy kāri gurti;	The blood is flowing up to the knees, blackbird;
Luwur minu kubnāh roy kāri gurti;	*Luwur* fish are swimming in it, blackbird;
Nāri minu targanāh roy kāri gurti.	*Nāri* fish are swimming against the stream, blackbird.

A crowd soon gathers, attracted not so much by the dance as by the desire to see who has come. The local chelik are very excited and bustle to and fro making arrangements. They send their own girls to clean the ghotul, but once that is done forbid them to come near. Their own girls are planning to go out themselves in two days' time, so they do not really mind.

In Remawand, when the girls from Markabera came, the Remawand boys went round the village collecting rice, pulse and salt, and cooked it under a tree near the Gaita's house. When the girls had finished singing they camped in the ghotul, taking complete possession of it, spreading their things everywhere; some of them lay down and slept at once, tired with the journey and

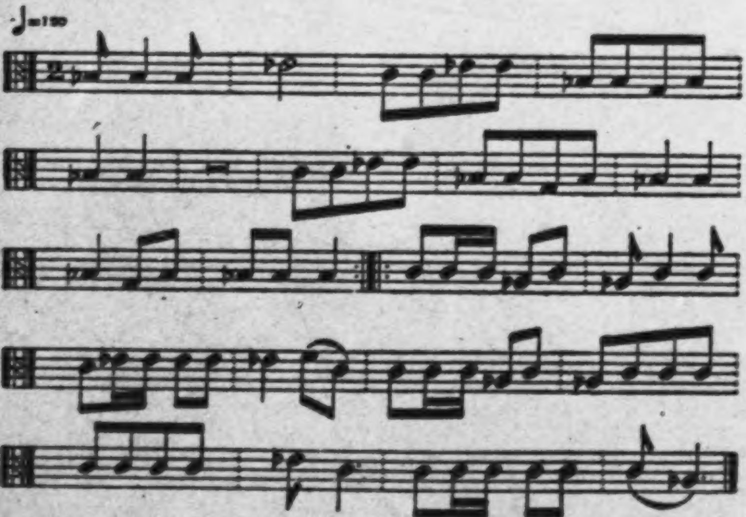
GHOTUL EXPEDITIONS

in preparation for an exhausting night. When the food was ready the boys 883x
brought it to the ghotul and they all ate from leaf-plates, seated on logs of
wood placed in a rough circle. There were about a dozen visiting girls and as 484x
many hosts.

After supper a great fire was lit in the ghotul court and some of the girls 796
began to dance in a small circle with the boys in another group, a slow and
mournful dance, wholly unsuited to the spirit of the moment. None of the 535
older people came near; it was the hour of youth. Presently they wearied of the dance, and sat down round the fire, the girls in a half-circle on one side, the boys facing them. They began to talk very delightfully to each other. I do not think I have ever heard a group of people talk with such gentle and natural charm. The girls began by asking the clan of every boy; the boys asked the same question of the girls. This was significant—a necessary preparation for later assignations and even marriages. Then the two parties exchanged names, ghotul-names, and this caused a lot of merriment, for of course the girls' lovers in Markabera had often the same names as the boys of Remawand. Then the boys began to call themselves by the girls' titles and the girls took the boys' names, causing roars of laughter and some embarrassment. This was probably a form of proposal and assignation. When the Sirdar called himself Malko and she replied by calling herself Kotwar, he knew that her attentions were engaged elsewhere. But if she said 'I am the Sirdar', he knew that his advances at midnight would not be rejected.

Songs

I



[533]

Banda rola pungār wo āya.	In the lake there is a flower.
Pungār mihichāla dāhāgo āya.	I go to put it in my hair.
Nima ícho hanma wo nimi.	Don't go, little daughter.
Bona suda daki wo nuni?	Who will go with you there?

883x
484x
796
535
539●

x883 *Māmān marri manior go āya:*	There is my *māma*'s son:
x484 *Ona suda dāha wo āya.*	I will go with him.
Tāra nāwa sandra go āya.	Give me my *sandra* cloth.
Sandra nana uhka go āya.	I will wear my cloth.
796 *Kosa wāri polka go āya;*	The *polka* jacket is made of silk;
Tāra nāwa polka go āya.	Bring me that jacket.
535 *Wāler igāda tukil wo āya;*	The basket was made by the Nahar;
Tāra nāwa tukil wo āya.	Give me my basket.
● 539 *Muyāng end-leng kocha go āya;*	The measure has little bells round it;
Tāra nāwa kocha go āya.	Bring me the measure.
Kawdāng end-leng humār go āya;	The *gundri* is adorned with cowries;
Tāra nāwa humār go āya.	Bring me the *gundri*.
Hupe lolor wati go āya!	O the jungle clearing of the rats!
Hupe lehkā dāka go āya.	Like a rat I will go.
Nana waronāy atona āya.	I will go all alone.
Saboy tāskun dāynur go āya.	For everyone has left me.
Kape kanhār bera go āya,	Over the field of the *kapu* bird,
Kape lehka parriya ka āya.	Like a bird I will go.

2

Aga baga pārewāng roy dele?	Whence are these pigeons?
Dongur bhum tāng pārewāng roy dele.	The pigeons have come from the highlands.
Aga baga raiya nung roy dele?	Where have the pigeons settled?
Gāita dāda duār re roy dāda.	In the Gaita's court.
Kile re koru rachāte roy dele,	In front of his fence,
Agāye ise raiytāng roy dele.	There they have settled.

3

Kumda phul sitārām kayde layor.	Salute the flower of the pumpkin, boys.
Tuma phul sitārām kayde layor.	Salute the flower of the gourd, boys.
Kākri phul sitārām kayde layor.	Salute the flower of the cucumber, boys.
Mogra phul sitārām kayde layor.	Salute the flower of the *mogra*, boys.
Keonra phul sitārām kayde layor.	Salute the flower of the *keonra*, boys.
Chameli phul sitārām kayde layor.	Salute the flower of the *chameli*, boys.
Gulāp phul sitārām kayde layor.	Salute the flower of the rose, boys.
Āma phul sitārām kayde layor.	Salute the flower of the mango, boys.

4

Dāda le waiya munhe re korka kiton;	In front you have built a cow-shed, brother;
Perke ne purka kiton, dāda.	Behind you have made a grain-bin, brother.
Murwise pāt jaliyal, dāda.	The peacock is on the roof, brother.
Pinjora te maina kiton, dāda.	The maina is in its cage, brother.
Rachāte gāda kiton, dāda.	The cart is in the courtyard, brother.

GHOTUL EXPEDITIONS

Latite howe kiton, dāda.	The monkey is on the pole, brother.	883x
Nawchāre pāt te chidral, dāda.	The rat is in the rafters, brother.	
Kena ye manwān āywin, dāda!	What a rich man you are, brother!	484x
Dalate hesa himun, dāda,	Give us a basketful, brother,	
Kāwir te hitāp āyār, dāda.	A full load, brother.	796
Jiwa tun hami kema, dāda.	Don't give less than that, brother.	535
Niyare poroy poykom, dāda.	Then we will throw [praises] on you, brother.	539

5

Muda muda intoni dāda!	Ring, Ring, say Ring, brother!
Guru pekih āyerom dāda,	Had she been a blacksmith girl,
Kachi muda hewerom dāda.	She would have given an iron ring.
Sonār pekih āyerom dāda,	Had she been a goldsmith girl,
Soni muda wāterom dāda.	She would have given a gold ring.
Kauro pekih āyerom dāda,	Had she been of the Kauro clan,
Kawra muda hewerom dāda.	She would have given a cowrie ring,
Kudum dāka wāterom dāda.	And she would have walked stamping her feet.
Dinda layor ātekroy dāda,	Had you been an unmarried boy, brother,
Kudum dāka wāta roy dāda,	You too would have walked stamping your feet,
Māte muth ka hewerom dāda.	And we would have beaten you with our fists.

From time to time girls would jump up and try to run into the ghotul to 883x
sleep, but the boys were generally quick enough to catch them. This went
on all night, alternating dance and pleasant talk. Every now and then a 484x
boy pulled a girl out of the ghotul and away into the fields. No one took
any notice, though there was a little laughter when they returned. The 796
girls took it in turns to get a little sleep; there were generally three or four
girls sleeping at any one time. 535

In the morning, the girls first sang outside the Gaita's house and the boys went round the village collecting a basket of rice for their journey and the midday meal which they would eat beside a stream half-way to their next village. When the boys returned, suddenly the girls ran to the ghotul leaving four of their number standing in line. These put two pice on the ground. Two of the boys ran to pick up the money and as they bent down the girls thumped them on the back. Then the boys took the baskets of rice down to the ghotul, put it on the ground, and the girls had to pull it away without getting hit. They emptied the basket and put it outside the gate; the boys made a dash for it, but were again caught and beaten. Then the girls, accompanied by the Gaita, went again to the boundary; a line was drawn across the path, they stepped over it and went their way.

This programme was repeated every night for a week, and then the girls went home. I witnessed their return at Binjhli and Bandopal. On the 18th of November, 1941, the chelik of Binjhli were very excited and busy. They took a whole cartload of wood into the jungle. They dug a pit in the ground, long and deep but narrow enough to bear a row of pots full of rice and pork. They lit the fire and prepared the feast. About 6 p.m. came the news that the motiari were approaching, and the boys ran through the forest towards a footpath some two hundred yards away.

Songs

X883
X484
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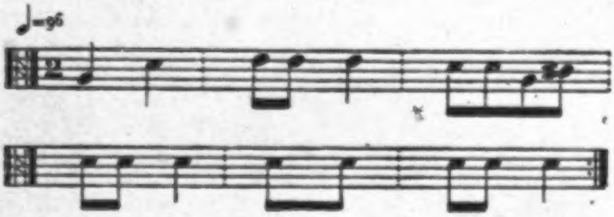
[533]

1



X883
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535
●539

Sora dhāru dharti nawu khandu pirthi ho!	O the sixteenfold earth and the ninefold heaven!
Dharti mālik boru lariyo pirthi mālik boru ho?	Who is the master of earth and who is the master of heaven?
Dharti mālik lingo lariyo pirthi mālik rājāl ho.	Lingo is master of earth and Rajal is master of heaven.
Lingona wehle pāta lariyo lingona wehle dākān ho!	O the songs that Lingo taught us, O the steps that Lingo taught us!
Pahili pāta lingo lariyo pahili dākān lingona ho.	The first song is Lingo's, and the first step is Lingo's.
Maria pāta layora lariyo maria dākān layora ho.	The last song is the boys', and the last step is the boys'.
Nadum narka diya lariyo nike poroy poytom ho.	At midnight burns a lamp, we have taken your name.
Hongu dāpu āyma lariyo nike johar lāgi ho.	Don't be angry with us, we salute you with Johar.

2

Aring koring bāder roy.	Clouds are over heaven.
Poron bāder poyndu roy.	The sky is overcast with clouds.
Darka pirru dar dar roy.	The rain comes pouring down,
Jimti piru jim jim roy.	Then drizzles drop by drop.
Dori usa handu roy,	Towards the sunset flows a flood,
Dakka pehchor handu roy.	Forcing its way along.

3

Gugti gugti māri māri kokore.	Let us play *dudu* in the dust.
Kum dudu dudu roy he bai?	Are you coming to play *dudu*?
Dud harsi wayeni he bai,	I would like to come, but I can't,
Wāyon āyo wāyena he dāda;	Mother is in the house;
Lone dai mania roy he dāda.	She will be angry with me.
Niya dai match roy he bai.	Don't bother about her.
Sura weri jhāpi roy he bai;	The basket has seven chains;
Jhāpite sandra hitona he bai.	I have put cloth into the basket.
Baske wane hitoni he dāda?	When did you give it?
Konem wadur joli roy he bai;	When you were in your cradle;

883
x484
796
535
● 539

Jolit nima mandi roy he bai,	You were swinging in your cradle,
Ashe nana hitona he bai.	Then I put the cloth for you.
Sandra ise hitek roy he dāda,	If you have given cloth, brother,
Nana ise wāyka roy he dāda,	Then I will come, brother,
Jori ise āykāi roy he dāda.	And we will live as yoke-fellows, brother.

4

Bhālur beti rāni hai men lure jāy ho?	Where is the bear's queenly daughter?
Bhālur beti rāni dongri men lure jāy ho.	She is playing on the hill.
Bhālur beti rāni kahān pāni jāy ho?	Where is she drawing water?
Bhālur beti rāni tariya men pāni jāy ho.	She is drawing it from the tank.
Bhālur beti rāni kahān sutela jāy ho?	Where does she sleep?
Bhālur beti rāni dorgi men sutela jāy ho.	The bear's queenly daughter sleeps in the little stream.

5

Miti bolo mitiyārin dāhar bāta debe re ho.	O sweet-spoken coolie girl, show me the way.
Mai ni jāno dāhar bābu mai ni jāno kor ho;	I don't know the way, brother;
Pāni ghāt me jābe bābu paniyārin la puchbe re ho.	Go to the water-place and ask the water-girls.
Ye bai paniyārin dāhar bāta debe re ho.	O water-girl, tell me the way.
Kor me khele kor larka larka la puch lebe ho.	O boy, ask the boys playing in the road.
He bābu leroko thākur ghar kon re ho?	Where is the house of the Thakur, O boy?
Yewni jewni chor debe jābe manja gali re ho,	Turn neither left nor right, and go straight on,
Rang pote chuhi pote tehi thākur ghar re ho,	Where the walls have been washed in colour and white,
Jawra bawnra kukur bhuke tehi thākur ghar re ho,	Where the dogs Jawra Bawra are barking,
Kama me to āti bānde tehi thākur ghar re ho,	Where an elephant is tied to a pole,
Ala me to ghora bānde tehi thākur ghar re ho,	Where a horse is tied in the shed,
Lewa me to bainsa dube tehi thākur ghar re ho,	Where the buffaloes are tethered in the yard,
Kota me to gaiya bānde tehi thākur ghar re ho,	Where the cows are shut in the shed,
Dāng me to bandra jule tehi thākur ghar re ho,	Where a monkey swings on a bamboo pole,
Chhāni me to manjur nāche tehi thākur ghar re ho,	Where a peacock is dancing on the roof,
Pinjora me to mena bole tehi thākur ghar re ho,	Where a maina sings in its cage,

X883 *Kat me to suwa bole tahi thākur ghar re ho,*	Where a parrot talks on a wooden perch, that is the Thakur's house.
X484 *He bai thakurain thākur kahān gais re ho?*	Where is the Thakur, O Thakurain?
796 *Hāt me tenga daris bhaiya rāja ke sewa gais re ho.*	With a stick in his hand he has gone to serve the Raja.
535 ● 539 *Kaiya tere kaiya bhāji nadi tir ke kaiya re ho.*	The *kahuwa* tree is on the river bank.
Amor thākur la to rāja ghar le maya re ho;	Our Thakur has the love of the Raja's house.
Arri thākur parri jo chong bharela dewe re ho.	The Raja gave him tobacco to smoke.
Keni tere keni bhāji bāri tir ke keni re ho.	The *keni-bhāji* grows near the fence.
Amar thākur ke bālak beti son ke beni gāte re ho.	Our Thakur's little daughter has a golden plait.
Airi tere airi bhai tarai ke airi re ho.	The ducks live in the tank.
Amar thākur ke bālak beti son ke peri pinde re ho.	Our Thakur's little daughter wears golden anklets.
Amar thākur ke bālak beti son ke paniya konche re ho.	Our Thakur's little daughter has a golden comb in her hair.

6

Meta porro tingi te bārāng gore lāta ho?	What is swinging on the top of the hill?
Meta porro tingi te bodāl gore lāta ho.	The bison is swinging on the top of the hill.
Gora lariyo boda di nikun sobhe māta ho!	Your swing looks very fine, O bison!
Bodāl da tokār te bātāng gore lāta ho?	What is swinging on the bison's tail?
Bodāl da tokār te chachi gore lāta ho.	The *chachi* bird is swinging on its tail.
Kene dor dhamki te bārāng gore lāta ho?	What is swinging under the hill?
Kene dor dhamki te yekta gore lāta ho.	Under the hill the pig is swinging.
Gora lariyo yeklā di nikun sobhe māta ho!	Your swing looks very fine, O pig!
Turjing arta bharri te bārāng gore lāta ho?	What is swinging in the field of thick grass?
Turjing arta bharri te korwal gore lāta ho.	In the grass-field the sambhar is swinging.
Pāwur marra tonda te bārāng gore lāta ho?	What is swinging on the siari tree?
Pāwur marra tonda te munj gore lāta ho.	The monkey is swinging on the siari tree.
Gora lariyo munj di nikun sobhe māta ho.	Your swing looks very fine, O monkey!

GHOTUL EXPEDITIONS

Ban bhainsa āna tāna khāye lasun pāna pāna jām kuy.	The jungle buffaloes go here and there eating garlic leaves.
Chari buli āo bhainsa rupa bera thāna thāna jām kuy.	Come buffaloes and graze in the silver field.
Khat kerha cho kānta kuda; kalār gharo bhātti bhātti;	There are thorns in the pile of rubbish; there is an outstill in the Kalar's house;
Bhātti cho mundi ke āg lage; pinda ke chāṭli chāti chāti.	The top of the still caught fire, the ant bit the buttocks.
Bhukute bhuku hai kuwāri dengur cho bhuku ho ho.	There are maggots in the new ant-hill.
Pila rāja bairamgarh jora chawar duku ho ho.	The baby Raja of Bairamgarh is fanned with a pair of fans.
Kar harāti harāti pipar pān cho deti deti.	The pipal leaf has nipples.
Chirak charah mand beche jāt kalāring beti ho ho;	The Kalarin's daughter is selling liquor drop by drop;
Tan tan rupaiya gine kalāring bai ho ho jām kuy.	She is counting her rupees *tan tan.*

883x
484x
796
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2

Jhirliti jhirliti pandki māra liti.	*Jhirliti jhirliti*, the pigeon killed the sparrow.
Dokara dokari jhagra hola chāpun dila luthi.	The dotard quarrelled with his dame and burnt her with a fire-brand.
Ao dokari chhandaiyla tola dehun roti.	Come, old woman, and I will give you bread.
Roti pitha kai karhun? Bare bāp ke beti.	What am I to do with your bread? I am the daughter of a rich man.
Gāda upar garli chonda upar khila.	On top of a big cart is a little cart, and the poles are joined with a nail.
Gāra cheghi hāhdela sidhāwandiya pila.	To ride on this cart a chelik from Sidhawand is invited.
Amli boti tingāli pur duwāre mācha.	The tamarind fruit is very sour; the platform is in the yard.
Mācha cheghi hāhdela duyi māma bhācha.	The uncle and his nephew are called to sit on the platform.
Naya nāngār bāri bāri juna nāngār bāri.	On the new plough is tied a strap, on the old plough is a strap.
Ye gaon cho lekimanke kolepa nilo ari,	The children of this village were carried away by a fox,
Kolepa cho beta beti amke balla dādi.	And its children will call us grandfather.
Chher chherta ki mer mera, bāman dorgoda.	*Chher chherta ki mer mera, bāman dorgoda.*
Donga dāda yete rala pauli adgada.	A tall man was coming along, and his foot was caught.
Nāni lāwa guri guri bade lāwa guri.	The little quail is sweet, so is the big quail.
Jhathe bida des kāka tucho mai cho pudi.	Quickly give us alms, uncle, or your mother's vagina.

x883
x484
796
535
●539

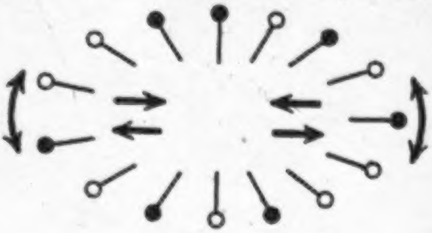
Pāni suna pāni suna lendi barli duna.	A water dog with a cup full of excreta.
Ayele pār cho kokoda paile paile jayse.	Cranes from here go to the other side.
Paile pār cho rāut leka mārun mārun khāyse.	The Rawat boy there kills and eats them.
Sipi sipi dongri kosa cho dori.	The hill of shells, the cord of silk cocoons.
Tucho beta ke dakhle māma sānjh bera.	I saw your son, at evening time.
Adan lasa dhaura lasa pondhke dharli kasa.	The gum of saja, gum of dhaura, like holding someone's buttocks.
Aware bai chikan khosa, bhelwān tel ke ghasa.	O come, girl with hair well-done, I'll cover you with *bhelwa* oil
Kāri āma lure lure, pandri āma lure.	O the black mangoes, O the white mangoes, are hanging down in heavy clusters.
Mahādeo ke parsād me pandri baile mile.	By the grace of Mahadeo we will get a light-coloured girl.

3

Come out, girls, to see what boys have come.
They have come from the Upper World.
Give us our present quickly, for it is growing very late.
Tie up a pair of bullocks:
Kill a fat hen: bring rice out of the granary.

THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

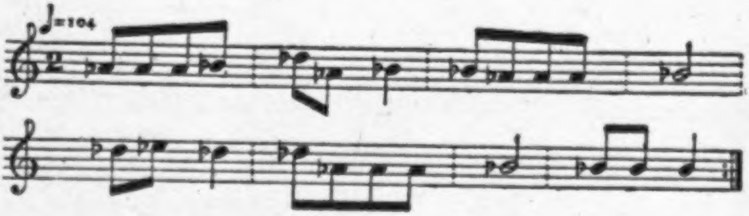
x883
535
Sometimes the Har is not done hand in hand, but each dancer places his left hand on his left neighbour's shoulder and lets his right hang down.



Everybody sings; they generally begin with the Lingo song, continue to describe the exploits of 'the gods, ancestors and the Raja', and use general songs without much meaning.

Songs

I

[533]


x883 *Māri reka dengāl āto āto dīpāta reha gujal āti le:*
535 *Kākar mārile reka āti he.*
Konem wadur gapa āti he niya miyār matek āti le.
Reka tinda loha āti he āta.
●539 *Hile āyo mania hāre he hāre tāne dārgon utona hāre le,*
Tānke isi lohon hāre he.
Reka tinda dakom āti he.
Hipiya pite jori āti he jori dākom āti le.
Reka tijin wāikom āti he.
Niya hāre āyena ayen āti he he āti nikun āti incna āti le.

On the hill the char is tall;
    In the clearing it is small.
O the char on the Hill of Crows!
Were your daughter here, there would be a basket of soft bamboo.
Send her to eat char.
She is in the house, son-in-law,
    But we have already drunk liquor for another,
And I cannot send her.
We will go to eat the char.
Like a pair of birds we will go.
We will come when we have eaten.
    Send your daughter with me.
I will be your son-in-law,
    I will call you mother-in-law.

DANCE AND SONG

2

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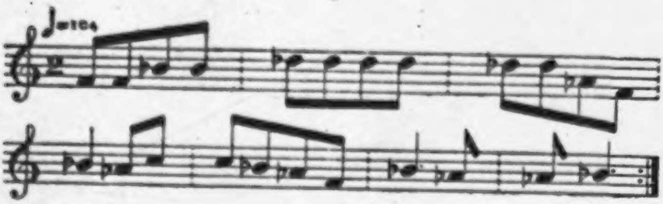
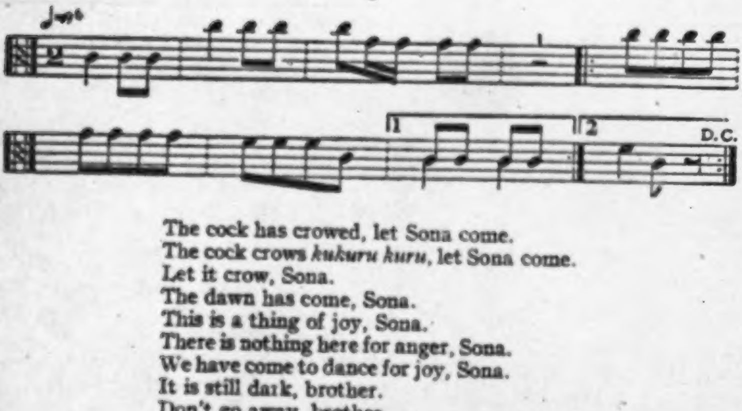


Where should I sell you, O bullock?
Laharsingh, Lahari and Udamsai!
I will sell you to a Teli, O bullock!
Don't sell me to a Teli, brother.
Let me stay in a Muria's house, brother.
The oil-press sounds *kiur kour*.
I can't pull the oil-press, brother.
Laharsingh, Lahari and Udamsai.

3



The cock has crowed, let Sona come.
The cock crows *kukuru kuru*, let Sona come.
Let it crow, Sona.
The dawn has come, Sona.
This is a thing of joy, Sona.
There is nothing here for anger, Sona.
We have come to dance for joy, Sona.
It is still dark, brother.
Don't go away, brother.
Let us dance together, brother, let Sona come.
The cock has crowed, let Sona come.

IX. KARSANA

883X
535

A large number of dances are not called *endanna*, dances, but *karsana*, games. The distinction is not one of form, but of occasion. Endanna, or dance, is performed at special times—at a marriage, a festival, an expedition. Karsana, game, can be performed at any time, and usually is danced informally in the ghotul. Some of the karsana, of course, are real games, jolly, boisterous frolics, but others are simply dances which have no deep significance.

THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

Kokora Karsana

x883
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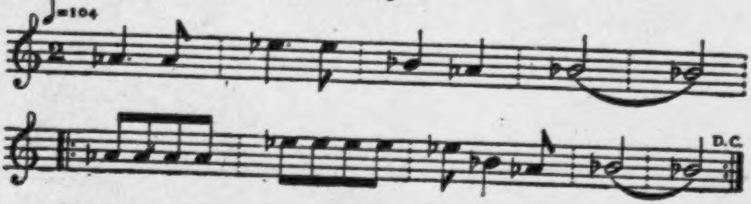
This is called Kokora (Crane) Karsana at Remawand, Mindachna Pata at Markabera, and Tutumri Karsana at Kuntpadar. It may have other names elsewhere. The girls form a circle; each puts her hands on her neighbour's knees, that is, her right hand on her right-hand neighbour's left knee while her right-hand neighbour puts her left hand on her right knee, so that all round the circle arms are crossed and the girls bending forward. They dance very vigorously, standing stationary, but jerking their buttocks inwards. Presently they swing round and face outwards, and now their buttocks knock against each other to the amusement of all. In Sidhawand, when the girls faced outwards they lifted their hands from their knees and clapped them together. But the essence of this dance is its frankly sexual imitations.

Songs

[533]



I

●[539]

Kon pāra jābe re kokoda, durun ruchu durun ruchu.
Kalār pāra jābe re, durun ruchu durun ruchu.
Kewta pāra jābe re, durun ruchu durun ruchu.
Māhara pāra jābe re, durun ruchu durun ruchu.

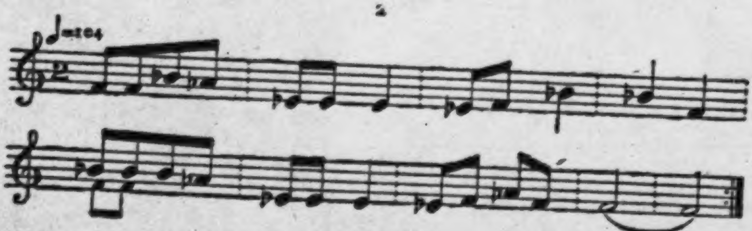
Where are you going to, O crane? *Durun ruchu durun ruchu.*
Go to the Kalar hamlet, O crane.
Go to the Kewta hamlet, O crane.
Go to the Mahara hamlet, O crane.

[825]

The names of the hamlets are those of low Hindu castes. The refrain *ruchu ruchu* is reminiscent of the noise *ruchmuch ruchmuch* which a bed is supposed to make when intercourse occurs on it. The crane is everywhere a sexual symbol, the devotion of these birds to one another being proverbial.

2

[533]



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539

O re re loyo re rela re re loyo oy!
O tu tumri parkeli ātin! O toilet-twig from the ebony tree!

DANCE AND SONG

x883
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●539

O niya mari bayāli bayāli ātin.	Your son has gone mad.
Ona nāna wāyon na nāna wāyon rāy.	I will not come for him.

3

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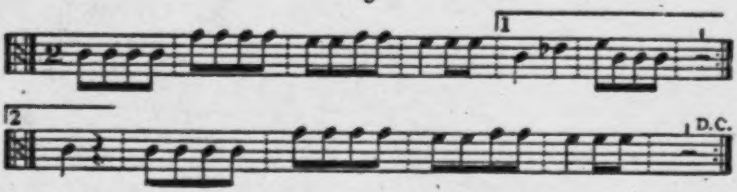
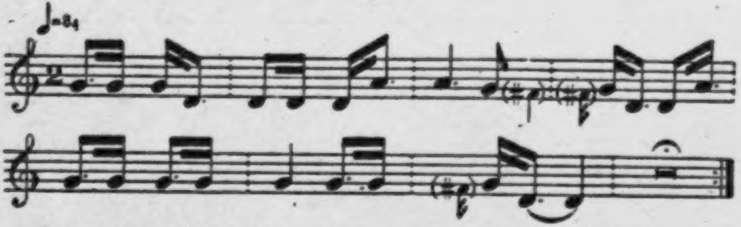


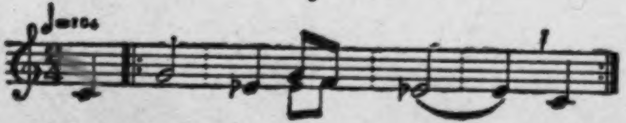
Andeknāta māndek jela jālum te jālum te!	O wearer of the long-tailed turban from Adangaon!
Kokti masri bhet pāwlu bhetum te bhetum te,	We catch the *kokti* fish,
Rahar pungār bhet pāwlu pudgānte.	We pluck the *rahar* flower.
Andeknāta māndek jela jālum te jālum te!	O boy with the long-tailed turban from Adangaon!

4



Tu tumri tumri rāndi jalkena!	Spit on the ebony tree, Call it widow, widow!
Neka jalkemaima rāndi jalkena!	Don't show off too much, O widow!
Kasur muta paima rāndi jalkena!	Don't use a broom, or your body will swing to and fro, O widow!

5



Chu ruchke ruchkela painjana.	*Chu ruchke ruchkela painjana.*
Kāherhāje daiki lābe painjana?	For whom will you bring a girl, O anklet?
Beldārhāje daiki lābe painjana.	Bring a girl for the Beldar, O anklet.
Bhuski bhuski denh lābe painjana.	Bring the fat girl, O anklet.

x883
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●539
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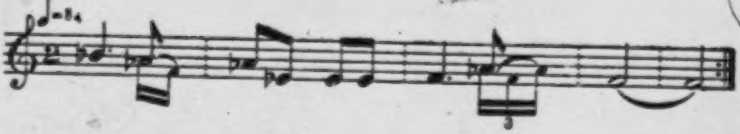
6

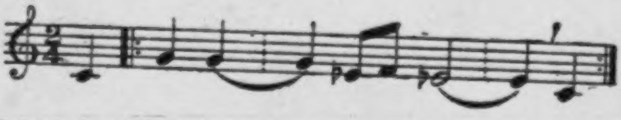


We will call Jalarsingh brother, O crane!
Whom will you call *bhauji*, O crane?
We will call Surtao *bhauji*, O crane!
What will she call you, O crane?
She will call you *dewar*, O crane!
You will trick her and eat her, O crane!

Jal-hanni (Shaking) Karsana

Girls and boys form a large circle, each with hands on the neighbour's knees. They circle round kicking out the right leg behind, moving sometimes to the left, sometimes to the right, but always with the right leg kicking out and a convulsive pushing movement of the body which is bent forward.

Song



Ut gur gur ut gur gur poya layāna nanāy warre na,
Hātum hanji pātum tawāna nanāy warre na.
Weda hanji koda tawāna nanāy warre na.
Harri hānji mudiyo tawāna nanāy warre na.

When the quail cries *ut gur gur ut gur gur* I am not afraid of the Poyami girl,
When I go to the bazaar to bring cloth, I am not afraid.
When I go to the field to bring the horse, I am not afraid.
When I go above the road to bring a husband, I am not afraid.

Nak Dondi Karsana

x883
535

A variant on the previous exercises is the Nak Dondi or Bhais-sand Karsana which is supposed to imitate the tethering of buffaloes. A big circle is made of boys and girls. Each puts his hands between the legs of his neighbour's so that everyone is clasping the hand of the next but one. They then circulate with a lively skip and a hop, the right foot forward, the left foot to the left, the right foot to the left and the left foot to the left with a skip. All bend forward and move their arms up and down with the result that they catch each other constantly between the legs. As this is a mixed dance its sexual implications are obvious.

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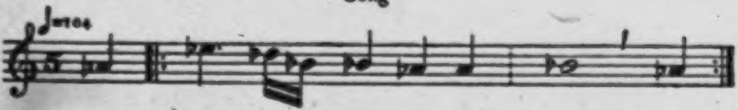
DANCE AND SONG

Song



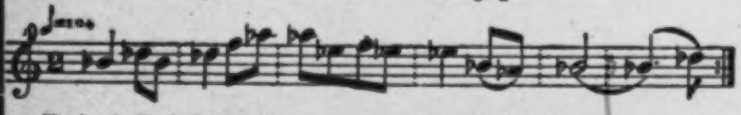
Re re loya rela rela re re la rela

What were you doing, girl, your anklets sounding *chiding-chadang*, in the cowshed?
I was just clearing up the cow-dung, brother.
There was no cow-dung there, girl, I know your heart.
I swear to you, brother, I was just clearing up the cow-dung.
What were you doing, girl, your anklets sounding *chiding-chadang*, in the garden?
I was combing my hair, brother.
There was no head nor hair there, girl, I know your heart.
I swear to you, brother, I was just combing my hair.
What were you doing on the river bank in the shade of the plum tree?
What were you doing on the leaves, girl?
I was just sitting there in the shade, brother.
There was no shade there, girl, I know your heart.
I swear to you, brother, I was just sitting in the shade.

Re re loyo re re loyo rela rela re re la rela.

This song was not in Gondi but in Chhattisgarhi Hindi, and recorded in Sidhawand village. Its picture of a faithless motiari being interrogated by er true lover is a common motif in ghotul songs.

Another of the songs used was recorded at Dongrigura.



Kariya baila darbār chale;	The black bullock is going to the darbar;
Kariya cho lāri men dul wo champa kariya cho lāri men dul.	O Champa, sway to and fro in the black bullock's shed.
Dinda layan darbār chale.	The young girl is going to the darbar.
Dinda cho pagri men wo champa dinda cho pagri men phūl.	In the turban of the boy is a champa flower.
Munga baila darbār chale.	The red bullock is going to the darbar.
Munga cho lāri men dul wo champa munga cho lāri men dul.	O Champa, sway to and fro in the red bullock's shed.
Pandra baila darbār chale;	The white bullock is going to the darbar;
Dul champa deura pandra cho lāri men dul.	O Champa, sway to and fro in the white bullock's shed.
Dinda layan darbār chale;	The maiden is going to the darbar;

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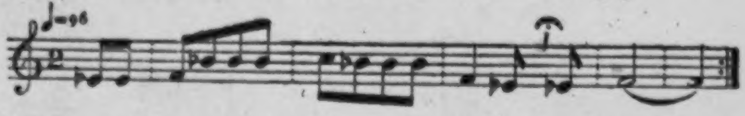
●539

Dinda cho lāri men dul wo champa dinda layan cho lāri men dul.	O Champa, sway to and fro in the maiden's shed.

Ujur (White) Karsana

Two lines of girls face one another and dance to and fro singing.



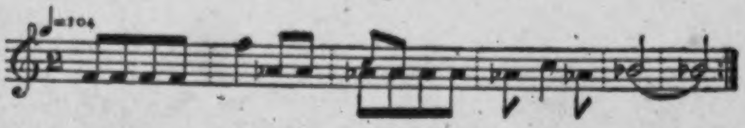
Ujur ujur hanār te dedākor mārte	From the white white corner of thirty hills,
Pais oya hewom,	We will not let her be taken away,
Ujur ujur hanār te dedākor mārte yer miya hewom,	We will not let them bathe,
Ujur ujur hanār te dedākor mārte nei tari woykom,	We will not let them anoint her with oil,
Ujur ujur hanār te dedākor mārte lagir paya hewom.	We will not let them perform the Lagir.

All the references here are to the marriage ceremony.

Durpa Dāndi Karsana (*Plate CXXII*)

The Durpa Dandi or Game of the Lotus Root is also called Chingri Bunbutti. The leading girl puts her right foot on her left knee. Another girl stands on her right and puts her left leg up over the leading girl's right leg, thus supporting it almost at a right angle to her body. The next girl does the same until there is a complete circle of girls each standing on one leg with the other tucked up in the air. This is supposed to represent a flower supported on its stem. Then the girls begin to sing and each jumps up a little on her one leg and claps her hands.

Song



Durpa dāndi dāndi layor jāmdār jāmdār!	O the lotus plant boy, *jām* leaf, *jām* leaf!
Dāndi tori dāwāt layor jāmdār jāmdār.	Go to pick the plant, boy.
Dinda layor āteke layor jāmdār jāmdār,	If you are unmarried, boy,
Jāti āwār āwār dewsi wāyki jāmdār jāmdār.	You will come pushing through the fence.
Pila hālār āteke layor jāmdār jāmdār,	If you are the father of children,
Pila wonde hīs mandahi jāmdār jāmdār.	You will be busy looking after them.

DANCE AND SONG

Guguring Gus Karsana (*Plate CXXIII*)

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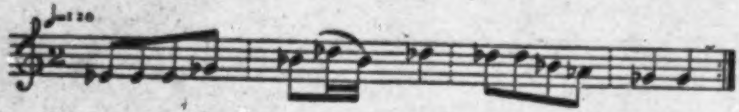
A line of girls, each with her hands on her hips, fingers to the front, runs round and round like a snake. This is a very attractive dance as I saw it in Alor in 1941. The girls ran quickly and gracefully round and round and in and out, bending their bodies slightly.



Hāhki mend kohla usta.	I husk the grain in a wooden mortar.
Nāwa nāri nolta guguring gus !	My back is aching, *guguring gus !*
Hāhki mend wanji usta.	I husk the rice in a wooden mortar.
Nāwa nāri nolta guguring gus !	My back is aching, *guguring gus !*
Hāhki mend kore usta.	I husk the pulse in a wooden mortar.
Nāwa nāri nolta guguring gus !	My back is aching, *guguring gus !*

The word *guguring* is used to describe *khulti* pulse that is boiled whole, without being ground.

x883
524

peg was driven. It was spun with the help of a carefully fashioned wooden handle, perforated at one end, through which the string was threaded. Boys sometimes fight with their tops against each other.[1]

III. Household Games

I will now give some account of those games which imitate the tasks of every day, rice-husking, drawing water from the well, cooking, cleaning and using dishes, gathering fruit, making a cart, sending grain to market. Such games are mostly played by girls, though there is no bar on boys joining in.

Wanjing or Rumela Karsana (*Plate CXXVIII*)

This game, which is called the Wanjing (husking), Rumela (grinding), Pindi Uana (grinding flour) and Chakki (grindstone) Karsana, is very popular. Girls gather in a compact group. One of them sits on the ground in the middle, holding a long stick in her hand. The others grasp the stick and lift it up and down singing various songs, of which I will give three examples.

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● 539

1

Bad bai pindi use rumela rumela?	Which of the girls is husking grain?
Alosa bai pindi usela rumela rumela.	Alosa Bai is husking grain.
Wirik wārek kema dāda rumela rumela.	She should not pound carelessly, brother.
Basken usmāl paiwāl dāda rumela rumela.	She never did it before, brother.
Sālo bai pindi usela rumela rumela.	Salo Bai is husking grain.

2

Kāy dhān kāy dhān, suliāri joy nārangi?	What kind of rice is that, Suliari, O the orange?
Mot dhān mot dhān suliāri joy nārangi.	Coarse rice, coarse rice, Suliari, O the orange!
Kāy dhān kāy dhān suliāri joy nārangi?	What kind of rice is that, Suliari, O the orange?
Kabri dhān kabri dhān suliāri joy nārangi.	Mixed rice, mixed rice, Suliari, O the orange!
Kāy dhān kāy dhān suliāri joy nārangi?	What kind of rice is that, Suliari, O the orange?
Kuji dhān kuji dhān suliāri joy nārangi.	Fine rice, fine rice, Suliari, O the orange!

---

[1] Tops are common among the Naga tribes, less so in other parts of India. I have recorded their use among the Bhuiya and Juang. The Sema Naga use tops only after the sowing is over, and the Chang fine a man who uses one at any time other than during or just after sowing. The Lhota have the same rule, though they inflict no fines. See Hutton, *The Angami Nagas*, p. 104; Mills, *The Rengma Nagas*, p. 123; Mills, *The Lhota Nagas*, p. 84; Roy, *The Hill Bhuiyas*, p. 281.

GAMES

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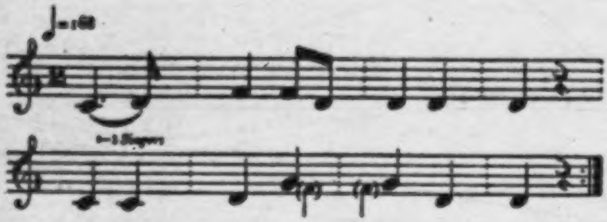

Dhān kutat rahew wo dai.	I was husking rice, mother.
Dharis musar māris wo dai.	Holding the rice-husker he beat me.
Luga dharke parayenw wo dai;	I took my cloth and ran away;
Wahi bāt ais wo dai.	He followed me along the road.
Sind buta men lukenw wo dai.	I hid behind a chhind shrub.
Didi ghar gayew wo dai:	I went to my elder sister's house:
Bāsi pejla rikais wo dai.	She gave me stale gruel to eat.
Dāda ghar gayew wo dai:	I went to my elder brother's house:
Kukri sikār khawais wo dai.	He gave me chicken to eat.

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The game imitates one of the more tedious duties of the motiari, the husking of grain, sometimes—before a marriage—in large quantities. Sometimes the stick, which represents the rice-husker, is omitted, and the girls make a ring with their hands, and swing it up and down. When they do this it means they are imitating the grinding of wheat.

883x
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Another variant, the Dundum or Chuer Karsana,[1] where the girls join their hands in a ring and swing them up and down, represents the drawing of water from a well—another of the commonest of the motiari's tasks. One of the songs used is this:

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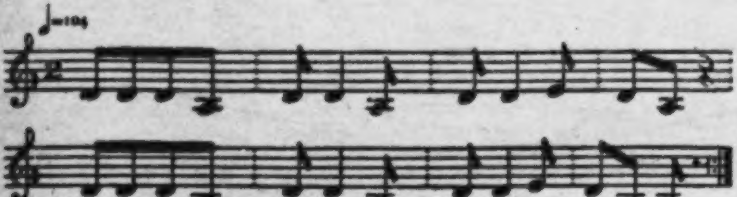

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Where are you going, sister?
I am going to play in the deep water.
Why are you going, sister?
I am going to be mixed with salt and savour.
I am going to get covered with turmeric water.
Where are you going, sister?

---

[1] Ba-ila boys play a similar game which to them represents filling a pot.—E. W. Smith and A. M. Dale, *The Ila-speaking Peoples of Northern Rhodesia* (London, 1920), Vol. II, p. 251.

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Hoydel (Hearth) Karsana

A girl lies down on the ground. Two other girls each pick up one of her legs and put it between their own. A fourth raises the first girl's body by the shoulders and they swing her round singing '*Hoydel dhara, hoydel dhara*, pick up the hearth!'

Baipari-lad Karsana (Plate CXXXIX)

A big boy goes down on all fours. Two little boys lie on their backs on each side, put their legs over his back, and catch hold of each other's feet with their hands. They are thus slung like two sacks on the back of a bullock. The older boy gets up and carries them to market.[1]

Godel-gara Karsana

This represents the wooden wheels of a cart. Boys tuck their feet well into their thighs, and roll over and over like cart-wheels.

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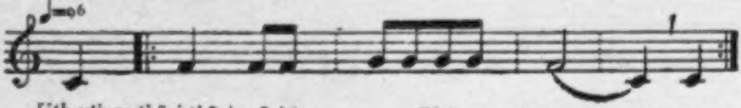
Other Games

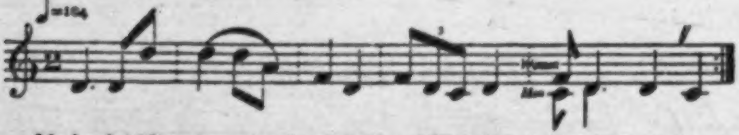
The motiari have a fairly large repertory of songs about the kitchen, which they use for almost any dance. The next four songs are sung while they stand in rows facing each other, alternately bending forward and erect, as they clap their hands and cymbals.

This, from Phauda village, is called the Thari Pata, or Dish Song.



Uth uth re thāri thāri māri!	Pick up, pick up the plate!
Pur genta uding.	The hill is burning.
Māta maoli dolinta dolinta.	This is of Mata Maoli the shaking, the shaking.
Uth uth re hasela hasela masela.	Pick up, pick up the pot!
Uth uth re sura mura mura.	Pick up, pick up the bangles!

Kuru Pata, or Song of the Kurlu Fruit



Muiur lopādāng kuru panding sāngo.	There is a kurlu fruit in the big jungle, Sango.
Sangen kei datu ale sāngo.	Let us go together, Sango.
Panding tinda dāhāi ale sāngo.	We will go to eat the ripe kurlu fruit.
Rende ālhāng keit ale re sāngo ui sāngo ri suy.	Let us call twice *Ui*, Sango, *ri suy!*

---

[1] This is exactly the same as the Sema Naga game 'Hog's-rub', described and illustrated by Hutton.—*The Sema Nagas*, p. 108. But boys in a similar formation among the Ifugas represent a wooden lounging bench.—R. F. Barton, *Philippine Pagans*, Plate VIII.

GAMES

Mango Game

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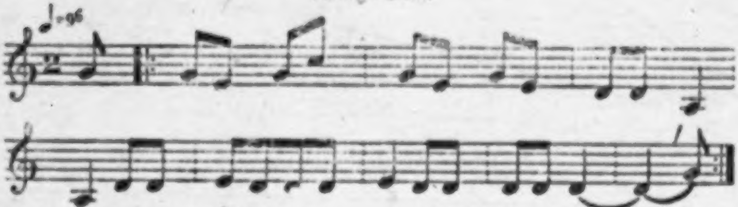


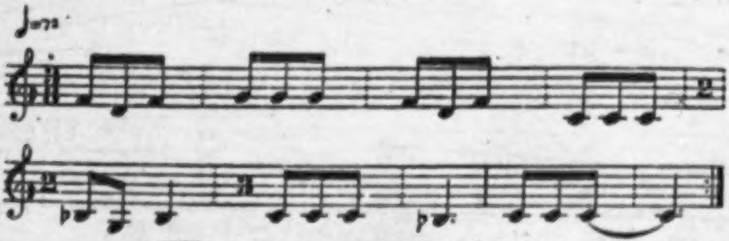
Jhopa jhopa āma phare wo dai.	The mango gives fruit in clusters.
Kon bai tore wo dai dāli dāli ?	Which girl has picked a basketful?
Kon bohey wo dai kāwar kāwar ?	Which girl is carrying a load?
Julpi bohey wo dai kāwar kāwar.	Julpi is carrying the load.
Kon bai bohey wo dai dāli dāli ?	Which girl carries the basketful?.
Sālo bai bohey wo dai dāli dāli.	Salo is carrying the basketful.

Chik-dondi Pāta [1]

Press down the *siliyāri* vegetable with a little pot.
Press down the juice with a little pot.
What was in the hand is gone.
What was on the head is gone.
Eat the *singri* fish with salt in a leaf-cup.

IV. MARRIAGE GAMES

The ghotul children never tire of imitating the marriage dances. Two big girls pick up a boy and girl and prance about with them, while the other motiari stand in a row singing. Another time the girls divide into two rows, clapping their hands, swaying to and fro and singing. Then each row comes forward in turn and touches the feet of the other. This is the Tarweling Karsana, when the girls sing a song with the refrain *Sāngo tarweling murweling*. A *sāngo* is a girl friend who is not a relative.



Will you come to our marriage, friend?
We won't come to your marriage, friend.
We have no cloth to wear.
We will give you cloth.
Your husband will abuse me.
I have no husband, friend.

---

[1] *Chik-dondi* is actually the stick used for setting bird-lime.

x883
5x4
●[539]

The dry river carried him away.
His tomb is by the road.
There is no tomb by the road.
We have not seen a tomb.

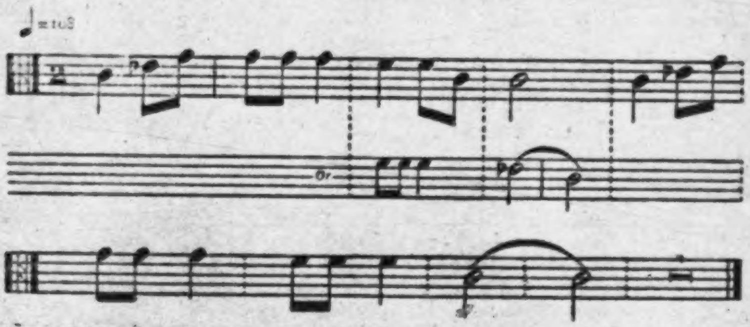
In another game one of the girls is made to take the part of the bride and the motiari sit round her, clutching her hands, weeping and singing mournfully.

The Kalsa Karsana is also popular, very similar to the games that imitate drawing water or rice-husking. The girls gather in a close circle, each grasps another's wrist and thus form a ring held low down. Then they raise and lower their arms singing the usual Kalsa song. This represents the ceremony when bride or bridegroom fill the kalsa-pot with grain.

Sometimes, the children make a little booth, put a boy and girl under it and smear their bodies with white earth (representing haldi) while a group of girls stand behind singing a marriage song.

The betrothal also is frequently imitated. A little girl represents the future bride. She sits in the middle of a close circle of girls who represent her family. Girls dance round and round them asking for her hand in marriage. From time to time they try to break through the circle of relations and carry the girl away.

[533]



Song

[539]

Bad bain mahla hanerāt bahin loh?	For whose betrothal shall we go?
Sālobain mahla hanerāt bahin loh.	We will go for Salobai.
Bor dādan jori oyerāt bahin loh?	Who will be her yoke-fellow?
Silledār dādan jori oyerāt bahin loh.	She will be yoked with the Silledar.
Haring paring darango waderāt bahin loh,	We will give liquor to everyone, one by one,
Haring harri uderāt bahin loh.	And then we will sit in a row.

This can, of course, be done over and over again, pairing off the chelik and motiari with each other, not sparing close and forbidden relations.

V. Dramatic Games

Many games express and illustrate the Muria's sense of drama. The boys and girls act their little plays with vivacity, humour and intelligence. Some of the plays are about thieves, others about cock-fighting, others about livestock and cultivation, one about human sacrifice. As always in a State, the people love pretending to be kings and queens.

GAMES

Thief Games

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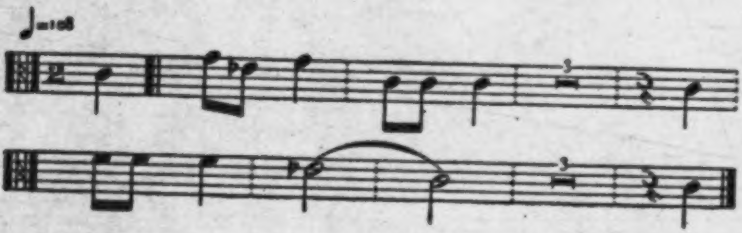
583
524 In the Paralkot area I saw the Hirka Karsana. Boys and girls sit in a line to represent a planting of brinjals. The owner of the garden puts a dumb fellow in charge to watch it. A thief comes by, and greets the dumb watchman, 'There's a fine wedding down in the village; come and see it'. He takes the watchman away with him and sits him down away somewhere, runs back and carries off a child (a brinjal) from the end of the line. Now the owner comes back, and abuses the watchman. He gives him honey, represented by a handful of earth, to persuade him to work properly. The dumb man shows in pantomime that it was a fox that stole the brinjal. Gradually the thief removes the whole garden. The last brinjal stands up as a sign that it has grown well. The thief takes this too and cooks it. The owner comes and asks what it is. 'It's *jāwa*-gruel', says the thief. 'Then give me some', says the owner. The thief is frightened and calls his dog, a boy on all fours, which chases the owner away, and the game is done.

In Phulpar I saw a simpler form of the brinjal-stealing game, here called Hapang-kultur. The children make a little pile of stones, each of which represents a brinjal. They divide into two parties. One party sits round the stones to protect it, the other has to break through and carry off as many 'brinjals' as it can.

[533]



Song

●[539]

Lito lito bānga parela;	Bunches of brinjal are ready;
Kāwar kāwar kon torela?	Who picked them load by load?
Kāwar kāwar jolma torela.	Jolma picked a load of them.
Chhai chhai bori kon bechela?	Who sold them six to a *bori*?
Chhai chhai bori manai bechela.	Manai sold them six to a *bori*.
Nakti paisa kon jhokela?	Who took the worthless money?
Nakti paisa jalām jhokela.	Jalam took the worthless money.

Meriah Game

In the north-western area both Maria and Muria play a game which recalls the days of the Meriah sacrifices of the Kond. The very name Meriah Karsana is used. Boys and girls form little groups representing houses in a village. A band of three boys comes round singing, begging, shouting. While the attention of the 'householders' is thus distracted, the Meriah party seize one of them and carry him off. Then they go through the motions of cutting off his head, pretend to offer him in sacrifice and return for the others.

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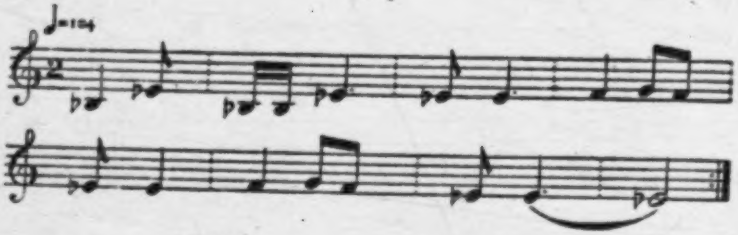
stick, to the Raja of the mice. He gives it to his Diwan, who passes it to the Tahsildar and so to the end of the line. Here a faithless she-mouse gives it away to the first person who offers her a cup of gruel.

Then the game follows the same pattern as at Berma. When the mice sit down, it means they have escaped into their holes, and naturally the hawk cannot get at them.

They played it very well at Masora; boys protected girls in the best tradition; they fell in heaps and tumbled over each other, and they all enjoyed themselves enormously.

Song

[533]



● [539]

The hawk will swoop down like a wave,
When the midnight dew comes down.
It will carry off the chicken,
When the cock crows at dawn.
The hawk will eat the chicken,
When the midnight dew comes down.
O set the chicken free,
When the cock crows at dawn.

The Root Game (Plates CXXX and CXXXI)

This game, which imitates the growing of sweet potatoes or other roots in the garden, is played with many small variations all over the Muria area.[1] Boys and girls sit in line holding each other round the waist, the boy or girl at the end gripping a tuft of grass or a tree. These are the roots. A boy and his 'wife' and a 'servant' go up and down the line pushing sticks under the bottoms of the children, knocking them on the head and generally pushing them about. This is the cultivation of the soil. They go round again and now dig up a little dust and rubbish on either side and throw it over the 'roots'. The third time, they put their hands on the heads of the sitting children chanting '*Lud lud kuruch*, Are you ready? Are you ripe?' They pinch the 'roots' to see if they are ripe or no. All this time the 'owner of the field' is beating and abusing his 'wife', insulting her relatives, threatening to marry again—the patter is only limited by the inventiveness of the boys.

Then the gardeners go to the head of the line and begin to pull off the boys and girls one by one. They clutch desperately at each other, but in the end they are dragged off and away, hit twice and thrown in a heap. This represents the digging up of the roots. The last boy holds out for a long time and the wife has to tickle him before he lets go.

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[1] Compare the similar game described in *The Baiga*, p. 463.

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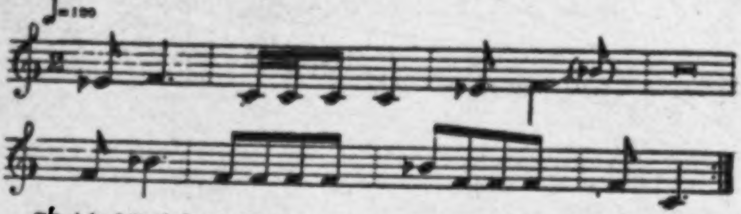
Song

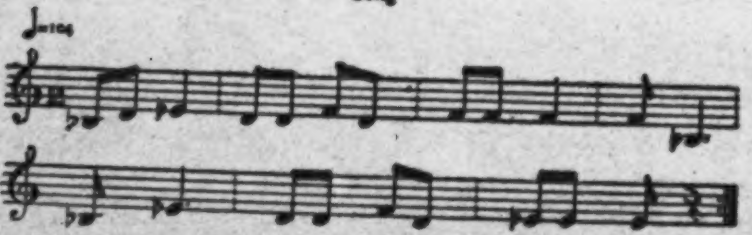


Rānicho bāta bahania lānien;	For the Rani we are bringing an armlet; O Rani, come slowly, go slowly.
Rājācho bāta darpanj lānien;	For the Raja we are bringing a mirror; O Raja, come slowly, go slowly.
Rānicho bāta paijjan lānien;	For the Rani we are bringing anklets; O Rani, come slowly, go slowly.
Rājācho bāta dhoti lānien;	For the Raja we are bringing a dhoti; O Raja, come slowly, go slowly.
Rānicho bāta churi lānien;	For the Rani we are bringing bangles; O Rani, come slowly, go slowly.
Rājācho bāta topi lānien;	For the Raja we are bringing a hat; O Raja, come slowly, go slowly.
Rānicho bāta sandra lānien.	For the Rani we are bringing a sari; O Rani, come slowly, go slowly.

Rajana Belori Karsana

The 'Game of the Raja's Love'. The girls form into two lines facing one another. One line darts forward and touches the other's feet and quickly retires. The others chase them and try to touch their feet before they have got home.

Song



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Tucho kāje tucho kāje khilāwān andāle mocho belori.	For you, for you, I have brought an ear-ring, my love.

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Rājācho pāylori !	O the king's anklet!
Tucho khilwān he tucho khilwān he !	Your ear-ring, your ear-ring!
Munde thechu ra belori.	Put it on your head, my love.
Rājācho pāylori !	O the king's anklet!
Tucho hāje tucho hāje māla anāwle mocho belori.	For you, for you I have brought a necklace, my love.
Rājācho pāylori !	O the king's anklet!
Tucho māla he tucho māla he !	Your necklace, your necklace!
Munde thechu ra belori.	Put it on your head, my love.
Rājācho pāylori !	O the king's anklet!
Tucho hāje tucho hāje mundi anāwle mocho belori.	For you, for you I have brought a ring, my love.
Rājācho pāylori !	O the king's anklet!
Tucho mundi he tucho mundi he !	Your ring, your ring!
Munde thechu ra belori.	Put it on your head, my love.
Rājācho pāylori !	O the king's anklet!

They continue the song indefinitely, using the names of every possible ornament.

VI. Games of Animals and the Chase

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As we have seen, the Muria are good hunters, and like all aboriginals are greatly interested in the behaviour of animals.[1] They have games to imitate various animals and birds, and some of their most dramatic displays are about the chase. In this they resemble, though they do not emulate, the remarkable bird and animal dances of the Juang and Pauri Bhuiya. One of these imitates the strut of a peacock, another the ambling gait of a bear, yet another the unwieldy movements of an elephant. In one exciting Juang variant, girls play the part of vultures devouring a corpse, and again, lying face downwards on the ground, they wriggle like snakes.

Goihal Karsāna (Plate CXL)

This is the Lizard game. A boy gets down on his left leg and right hand and sticks his right leg out behind. Then he moves rapidly forward, first on one hand and then on the other, while he beats his chest with the free hand. The right leg always remains stuck out behind like a tail.

Hupen-korihna Karsana

In this a boy imitates a mouse scratching itself, though he might equally well be almost any other animal. He lies flat on his face supporting himself on his hands and propels himself along by jerky movements of his bottom in an amusing way.

Tedha or Niral Karsana

A small boy wears a mask of white cloth. Two sticks are placed inside to make a mouth which opens and shuts. The effect is bizarre in the extreme. The boy is covered with a blanket and supported on the shoulders of two friends and his feet are carried by a third. They hop round and round with him while he opens and shuts his mouth and jerks his head. Sometimes

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[1] When, some years ago, I went with a party of aboriginals to Calcutta I found them more interested in the Zoo than in anything else.

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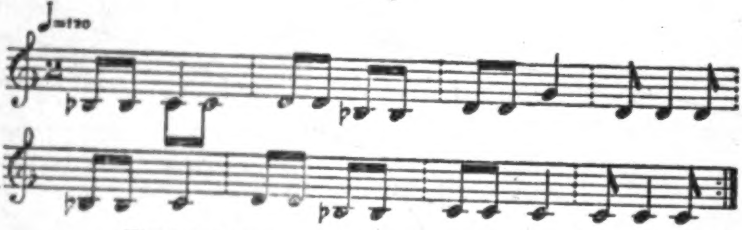
creeps through the grass and presently leaps out and seizes one of the bullocks; it drags it away and returns for a cow. The cowherds get their bows and arrows and large balls of cloth to represent bullets from their wooden guns. They ambush behind trees, track the tiger through the grass, play all the tricks of the hunter. At last the tiger is killed and slung on a pole to be taken home and skinned.

Mao Karsana (*Plate CXXVII*)

This is a variant of the hunting games. A ring of girls represents a forest-covered hill, and a girl representing a sambhar stands inside. Two girls march round and round singing, and every now and then charge the ring, trying to break through and catch the sambhar. This is how I saw it played at Markabera.[1]

Song

[533]



[534]

The deer has come, its tracks are over here.
There are no tracks this side, friend.
There is the mandia crop in the field of the Cat Stone.
It has gone to graze mandia, friend.
The *urad* crop is half ready, friend.
It has gone to graze it, friend.
The fencing is rotten, friend.
The game has come, its tracks are over there.

The hunters push the group of girls crying, 'The fencing will fall down'.

In Remawand, however, the circle that holds hands is a bamboo fence inside which are two chickens. A 'leopard' runs round outside trying to get it. He dashes against the fence, and if he can break through he catches the chickens and rolls them on the ground. This is called Durka or Niral Karsana. In the Paralkot area, the boys said the girl in the middle was a she-goat; otherwise it was played as at Remawand.

In Chimri, Kajen and Nariha, I saw yet another version called Paddi-dagan, or Pigs in the Garden. A ring of children squat down holding hands to represent the garden fence. Inside are four little pigs. These have to jump out without being hit between the legs.

The Parbodela game recorded at Berma is yet another version. A circle of girls hand in hand runs round and round; there is a boy inside to represent a dog, another—the tiger—chases round outside. The girls sit down for a moment, to give the tiger a chance to jump, then the fence is up again.

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[1] With these games, compare the Tuyu-merom of the Kharia, where the circle is a goat-pen and the jackal tries to get in to eat the goat.—Roy, *The Kharias*, Vol. II, p. 463.

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●[539]

GAMES

Song

Udit sāngi parbodelāng sāngi!	Sit friend, sit friend Parbodela!
Nitit sāngi parbodelāng sāngi!	Stand friend, stand friend Parbodela!
Ade sāngi nirāl sāngi parbodelāng sāngi!	There is a panther, friend Parbodela!
Witit sāngi parbodelāng sāngi!	Let us run away, friend Parbodela!

VII. GAMES AS EXERCISE

People who work as hard as the Muria should not need further exercise, but many of the ghotul games are in fact admirably designed to test the strength, develop the muscles and train the eye and the intelligence. It is curious that competitive jumping and the tug-of-war, so popular among the Naga, are not found in the ghotul.[1]

Tod-de Pehekana Karsana[2]

A boy sits down on the ground and someone puts a ring behind his back. He has to lean backwards with arms outstretched tilting his head over and back until he can pick up the ring with his mouth. This is a very difficult feat, and generally the boy falls over before he can accomplish it.

Kap-munrs Tehana (Pulling-up) Karsana

The boy lies flat on his face, raises his legs up into the air and grasps them with his hands behind his back so that he is lying supported on his stomach with legs and feet above him. Another boy puts his hands into the loop thus formed and swings him over his back.

Gudha (Rolling-over) Karsana

A boy bends down with his head to the ground, and another boy lies on him. The first boy catches hold of his loin-cloth from below and he catches hold of the first boy's loin-cloth from above. The first boy then hoists him up and throws him over backwards. A glance at Plate CXXXIX will elucidate this necessarily obscure explanation.

Kal-tehana (Legs-up) Karsana

A big boy clasps his wrist with one hand, a small boy stands on his palm holding the other's head with his hands. Then the first boy lifts him off the ground and walks about with him till he is exhausted and has to let him fall.

Kadna (Wrestling) Karsana (Plate CXXXVIII)

In this game a boy climbs up over one boy and under another. Two boys, A and B, stand facing each other, clasping one another's arms. Boy C leans,

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[1] Compare Mills, *The Rengma Nagas*, pp. 120ff.; *The Lhota Nagas*, pp. 82f.; Hutton, *The Angami Nagas*, pp. 102f.; *The Sema Nagas*, p. 109. Among the Trobriand Islanders 'the favourite and most important game is the tug-of-war'.—Malinowski, op. cit., p. 207.

[2] The Gondi words mean 'Lifting up with the mouth'.

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head downwards, against the back of A and gets his legs round A's chest. Then he pulls himself into a sitting posture with his legs now round A's waist, climbs up over A's head, descends through the arms of A and B and dives down between B's legs.

A Pulling-up Game (*Plate CXXXVIII*)

Two boys sit facing each other, placing their feet sole to sole. They hold hands or a stick and try to pull each other off the ground.[1]

Gudina Karsana (*Plate CXXVII*)

Girls sit on their knees in a long line, bending right over with their heads between their knees, and sing in a rather muffled way. The girl at one end heaves herself up and rolls over and over along the line till she reaches the other end. Each girl does this in turn. They sing the following song:

[539]

Dhondera wāndera dhondera wāndera.	*Dhondera wāndera*, if it is a girl preserve her.
Peki āteke tāsna dhondera wāndera,	She will fetch water in an earthen pot,
Tānd te yer tatārde dhondera wāndera,	She will bring roots,
Māting karsi tatārde dhondera wāndera.	She will bring leaves.
Aking kois tatārde dhondera wāndera.	If it is a boy, throw him away.
Pekāl āteke wātna dhondera wāndera.	*Dhondera wāndera*, if it is a girl preserve her.
Peki āteke tāsna dhondera wāndera.	

I would not like to read more into this song than I should. On the face of it, it is very interesting indeed. Many a Muria would rather have a daughter than a son.

Karmata Karsana (*Plate CXXIV*)

Two lines of girls face one another and join hands. The boys pick up a smaller girl and throw her onto the 'bed' thus formed. Sometimes she supports herself by placing her hands on the shoulders of the two leading girls, sometimes she lies prone, sometimes there are two girls, one at either end of the line.[2] When they are ready the girls swing their victim to and fro, singing the while.

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Songs

I

Joyo karmata, joyo roy!	Swing Karmata swing!
Luhur itān mati luhur bāra āyo,	We thought it was a *bami* fish, But it's not a *bami* fish.

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[1] A similar game is known in the Trobriand Islands.—Malinowski, op. cit., p. 206.

[2] A similar game has been recorded in British New Guinea, and is there called Bido-bido. 'Two rows of boys and girls face each other and opposite couples lock hands in sedan-chair fashion. A small boy projects himself prone upon the lane of hands at one end of the row and is tossed along it to the other end and as he passes each couple they run to the fore-end of the avenue and take up position as before thus making an endless lane.'—R. P. Barton, 'Children's Games in British New Guinea', *JRAI*, Vol. XXXVIII, p. 266.

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Sipa itān mati sipa bāra āyo.	We thought it was a *chipa* fish, But it's not a *chipa* fish.
Kotri itān mati kotri bāra āyo,	We thought it was a *kotri* fish, But it's not a *kotri* fish.
Tengri itān mati tengri bāra āyo.	We thought it was a *tengri* fish, But it's not a *tengri* fish.
Madum itān mati mādum bāra āyo.	We thought it was a *madum* fish, But it's not a *madum* fish.
Joyo karmata joyo roy.	Swing Karmata swing.

2

Kāhor māchа men jhulna ho dai ?	In whose *mācha* is the swing, mother?
Sājen ki mācha men jhulna ho dai.	The swing is in Sajen's *mācha*, mother.
Upar le aise nawa jogi ho dai ;	A new beggar has come from above;
Suliyāro la legise nāwa jogi ho dai.	He has taken away the Suliaro.
Suliyāro hanse se much-much ho dai.	Suliaro is laughing *much-much.*
Sājen dekhe se mit-mit ho dai.	Sajen is peeping *mit-mit*, mother.

3

Bor dādāl ukār ungiwāl ?	Who is swinging in the swing?
Kalamsai dādāl ukār ungiwāl.	It is Kalamsai swinging in the swing.
Adu badu bai ukār uhāna ?	Which girl is pushing the swing?
Manjāro bai ukār uhāna.	Manjaro is pushing the swing.
Uhma rāni uhma nana ariha.	Don't swing too hard, Rani, or I shall fall.
Arwi rāja arwi nana yetka.	You won't fall, Raja, for I am here to catch you.

Mahamandal Karsana (*Plate CXXXIX*)

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Boys and girls form themselves into a great *mahamandal* snake. Each grasps with both hands the buttocks of the one in front, and the line moves forward with a peculiar stamping movement. The head does not try to catch the tail; it simply imitates a snake, swinging round and round in a very serpentine manner. At last the line ties itself up by threading through itself again and again till all the children are knotted into a compact and helpless group.[1]

Nun-nurial Karsana

This is a variety of the above game which I saw at Palli-Barkot and danced by the Tarbaili children. They wind and unwind themselves in the same way, but in the middle they squat down and walk over one another. At the beginning too the head of the line does not tie them up, but weaves his line through the main line, in and out under the uplifted arms. Here the name of

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[1] This is like a Trobriand game, in which 'the players stand in a long chain holding hands, and then walk round the person who stands at one end. This end remains immovable and the person at the other end leads the chain round in gradually narrowing circles until the whole group is pressed together into a tight knot.... It is then unrolled.'—Malinowski, op. cit., p. 207.

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Pot Karsana

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The Pot Karsana is very similar to the above. Some of the children make a circle; half the others go inside and the other half run round outside. They pull each other in and out of the circle singing *Pot pot pot.*

Pairi Karsana

A number of children sit down in a circle. The space between each child is regarded as a door. Others go round and round in line and have to cross into the middle of the circle by each door in turn. Once the leader of the line has succeeded in jumping over, the rest may follow him. If the sitting children manage to catch the leader by his ankle, as he jumps over, he is caught. It is a 'foul' if more than one tries to jump over at the same time.

A variety of this is called Usta Gundur Karsana.[1] Boys holding hands squat in a circle on the ground. Others run round clapping their hands and singing '*Usta gundur ta tin pe kor wark wark*'. 'Run round and jump. Get some parched rice and eat it.' The aim is to jump into the circle without being touched by the 'wall'. If one boy manages to get in, it means the gate is open, and they all go in and dance inside. Now they have to try to jump out.

Purar Karsana[2] (*Plate CXXIII*)

Girls stand in a ring holding each other's hands. A similar but smaller ring stands inside. The outer ring jumps over the inner ring and gets inside. Then that ring jumps inside again and so they go on over and over each other.

Song

[539]

Tuy chithul ?	Are you a little [pigeon]?
Ki mai mithul ?	Or am I a pretty girl?
Ghāghara ke pāni	The water of a pot
Tabak tor.	Splashes out when it is shaken.

A *mithul* girl is a smart pretty child who always keeps herself well dolled-up.

I saw almost the same game under the name of Kinaring Karsana at Kuntpadar. A double ring of girls hold hands. The inner ring bend down and the outer ring walk inwards over them. Then that ring bends down and the original inner ring walks over them. They turn and move outwards in the same way. They sing *Kināri kināri dondi maskelo.*

IX. MISCELLANEOUS GAMES

There are a number of games which do not fall readily into any classification. I give some of them here.

Nana Darbena Karsana (*Plate CXXII*)

Girls stand in a circle facing inwards. They jump up and down, clapping their hands above their heads. Suddenly they turn outwards and go on jumping up and down and clapping their hands.

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[1] *Usta gundur* is a small partridge.

[2] *Purar* is a wood-pigeon.

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Song

Nana darbena!
What is your clan, girl?
Whose daughter are you?
I want to laugh with you.
You are of the Naitami clan;
You are a Naitami's daughter;
I will laugh with you.
You are of the Kuhrami clan;
You are a Kuhrami's daughter;
I will laugh with you.
You are of the Poyami clan;
You are a Poyami's daughter;
I will laugh with you.
What is your clan, girl?
If I go to a village, I will bring a boy and will laugh with him.
If I go to the field, I will bring a horse and will laugh with it.
If I go to the market, I will bring a girl and laugh with her.
Nana darbena!

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Buchi Karsana

This, which means literally 'the game of the girl with a broken ear', is played by girls standing together in a close circle. They begin to sing a little song with no particular meaning and all bend forward touching their ankles. At each line of the song they raise themselves a little touching first the knees, then the waist, the breast, the shoulders until the hands are held high above the head.

[539]

Song

Dāda gelose gaon gelose buchi buchi!	Brother has gone to his village, *buchi buchi!*
Dāda cho thaili me arrigunda arrigunda;	In his purse is sweet tobacco;
Tindhiney tinwiney arrigunda arrigunda?	Will he eat the sweet tobacco?

The word *buchi*, which means a broken ear, is sometimes used as a girl's name. To tear the ear-aperture (used for ornaments) is regarded by the Muria, as by people elsewhere, as a social disaster, but here the expression seems to have no connexion either with the song or the game.

Mundi Karsana

A ring of girls stand very close together. Every girl with her left hand catches the thumb of her neighbour's right hand until there is an upper ring formed. Then each with her right hand catches the thumb of her neighbour's left hand until a lower ring is formed. They then raise and lower the two rings, singing with a quick jerky rhythm.

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Song

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Eh ah mundi !	One one ring!
Duy duy mundi !	Two two rings!
Ohar mundi !	His ring!
Mundi lori !	Rings in a circle!
Pasparela de kodo māli lori de kodo māli lori !	Put the *pasparela* shrubs in a circle!

Panang-doking (Frog and Lizard) Karsana

This game is also known as Doke and Nagil-māting (Root-digging). I have also seen it played by Gond and Pardhan in the Central Provinces. Three boys or girls stand back to back on one leg. They link their legs together in order to support themselves and then hop round in a circle clapping their hands and singing various short catches, of which one is *Nagil-mating kutuh kutuh*, or 'We dig for roots and eat them'. And another is

Peki titung pānong doking māt titom tetha.	The girls ate lizards and we ate frogs.
Pahor titung pānong doking māt titom beli.	The boys ate lizards and we ate sweets.

Jatia (Grindstone) Karsana (Plate CXXVII)

Four boys lie down feet to feet like a star. Their feet are tied together with someone's turban. Bigger boys catch them by the arms and raising them up go round and round in a circle.[1] 883x 524

Tedapotur Karsana

Boys lie down in a long straight line, each extending his right hand above his head to catch hold of his predecessor's loin-cloth. The boy at the end gets up and walks straddled down the line dragging the boys up with him till all are standing now with their arms between their legs clutching their neighbour's loin-cloths. Then the leader reverses the process and walks back till all are lying on the ground again. *Tedapotur* may mean 'stitching a leaf-basket' and the game may be supposed to represent this.

Song

Mother-in-law's like a *potor* leaf.
Husband's elder brother 's like the central beam of the house. [539]
Husband's younger brother 's like the verandah pole.
Father-in-law 's like a teak leaf.

In this song the symbols are probably sexual. The mother-in-law is like the leaf of the *rām-dātun* (or *potor*) tree whose twigs are usually used for cleaning teeth. The two brothers of the husband have virile organs, the elder's like the thick house-beam, the younger's pleasant and penetrating, as the slender pole that supports the verandah. Father-in-law is useless as the leaf of a teak tree.

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[1] Haddon recorded a similar game in British New Guinea. Four boys lie at full length forming a cross: a small boy crouches at their feet. Other boys lift them up and go round so that 'the whole contrivance revolves like a four-spoked wheel'.—Haddon, op. cit., p. 290.

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Johar Karsana

524 This game, which is one of the many attractive games played in the big ghotul at Alor, is a saluting game. The motiari form a line, the leader comes forward, bends down with her back to the others and swings to left and right, touching the feet of each in turn. She goes down the line and the next in order follows her.

Song

● [539] *Didi boli boli kudum keli lo,*	Sister, say, we have stamped our feet,
Ulti pão parilo pulti pão parilo.	Saluting the feet this side and that.
Juna garh dekhilo nawā garh dekhilo.	We saw the old fort, we saw the new fort.
Sakhi chānwur badilo.	We made friendship with rice.
Rāja tika tikilo.	We gave greeting to the Raja.
Son kukra basilo !	O the golden cock crowed!
Kumār kukra basilo	The red cock crowed
Ki ki ri kir.	*Ki ki ri kir.*

Kudum represents the sound of stamping feet. After the song has been sung through to the sister, it is done for the mother-in-law, cousin, sister-in-law, anyone you please.

A Guessing Game

The Muria have a guessing game called Mundi Karsana. In Phulpar the girls stood in a circle holding out their hands. One of the boys put a ring into a girl's hand. Then the other boys had to come one by one to guess where it was.

In Metawand, this was played by boys and girls together sitting down, but the principle was the same. Sometimes the guesser puts his hand on each forehead in turn: it is believed that whoever has the ring will have a hot head.

A Game with Myrabolams

In Nayanar, I watched the chelik playing with *harra*-myrabolams. Two boys sat facing each other, each had a pile of myrabolams. The first boy picked up a handful, threw them into the air, and tried to catch as many as possible on the back of his hand. He failed to catch any, and lost his turn, and the other boy made the attempt. He caught two and put these beside him, the next throw he caught one, then three, but at last, though he had only three stones left, he dropped them all and lost his turn. Then the first boy tried again.[1]

X. Cock-fighting

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525 Cock-fighting is a popular sport among the Muria of the central and northern parganas, but it is little followed in the east where it is said to be a pastime worthy only of Ganda.[2] But in the west and central areas, cocks are specially

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[1] A similar game is known as *Dhapa* by the Pauri Bhuiya.—Roy, *The Hill Bhuiyas*, p. 285. I have seen it in Mandla, and it is probably universally distributed.

[2] For an excellent account of cock-fighting among Kol, Bhumij and Uraon, see *North Indian Notes and Queries*, Vol. II (1892), p. 95. Thurston considered it a 'disgusting spectacle' and agreed with Colonel Newcome that it should be performed in secret. He describes cock-fighting among the Mohammedans of Mysore who do not use steel spurs but

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522 292 Gorma, the Muria Atpariha dressed up as a straw man, with a whitened face and beard of bear's fur. He carried about an enormous bow and a wooden spade as arrow. Even an old solar topi is thought amusing—when it is on a chelik's head. The desire to create a sharp dramatic contrast prompted a Muria at Masora to dance with a dog in his arms (Plate CXLIII).

522 But beside a delight in sudden contrasts, the Muria have a special attraction to the grotesque. In one story a girl with a huge umbilical stump buries herself in the bed of a river, but the stump sticks up and a bullock cart is caught on it. The first motiari had a vagina so large that a wild boar could roll about in it. She looked like a sack of salt from Nandgaon. In a song, a boy has a penis as long as a cucumber and testicles as fat as pumpkins.

In Gorma I saw an extraordinary dance, when the performer, distorting his face and body, pranced about the ghotul like an obscene bird. With his hand he poked his bottom, privates, chest and head, smelt his supposedly soiled and stinking fingers, then pushed them in the faces of the onlookers. It was done so well that you forgot the indecency in a sort of horror as at some perverted creation of the mind. In the same category are the 'panthers' or 'lizards' that so often appear at a dance or wedding. A boy covers himself with a blanket, and with an ingenious arrangement of twigs makes himself a head and beak which opens and shuts. He then crawls about in what I can only call an abominable manner which never fails to give a thrill of fear.

More purely humorous was a great bird made at Phauda. A chelik lay on the ground with his hands stretched out before him. The others covered his body with a blanket and his hands with cloth. They decorated the cloth-covered hands with ornaments, gave them a beak and ears, and produced a grotesque bird. Then the boy by moving his hands made the bird peck about very divertingly (Plate CXLVII).

If we turn to verbal wit we find a similar tendency. In the songs are references to moustached peacocks[1] and tusked hares.

● [539] On Kachgudgud Hill is a hare, chelik.
Its teeth are as long as a chopper, chelik.
Its moustache is like jungle grass, chelik.
Its hairs like bamboo shavings, chelik.

In the Ghotul Pata there are many such diverting descriptions. How excellent, for example, is the account of the Kotwar who is fed on gruel twelve years old and full of frogs and lizards[2]

[539] His moustaches said *suyi suyi* as he drank,
His throat cried *gurgur gurgur*.
As he ate the frogs and lizards, his mouth went *pitos pitos*.

The descriptions of the chelik and motiari at Siri Somni's marriage and of the treatment given to Bai Dursal Rani by the Manjhi[3] are funny even to Western ears.

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[1] Compare the Uraon poem:

The cobra comes
With his hood raised
Asking alms.
The heron comes
With his neck straight
Twirling his moustaches. (Archer, op. cit., p. 122.)

[2] The antics of the village Kotwar are a favourite theme of the Gond and Pardhan story-teller in the Central Provinces. See my *Folk-Tales of Mahakoshal*, pp. 88f., 108f., and Elwin and Hivale, *Folk-Songs of the Maikal Hills* (Bombay, 1944), pp. 372ff.

[3] See p. 608.

883x 522 if they catch them relieving themselves. There is nothing very subtle or witty in any of this. In fact, since there are so few taboos on sex in the ghotul it is rather difficult to be funny about it.

[776] It is worth noting that even the gods are not above a bit of horse-play. In Adnar I watched the young deity Chelik Sai, who was after all a chelik and conveniently represented by a long erect pole, amusing himself with a group of motiari. In the hands of his medium he pranced about, poking himself at the girls, chasing them about, pretending to catch them and ride upon them. Another medium carrying an iron chain amused everybody by his absurd gestures; he would dance round and round a line of girls, bend down and peer up into their faces in the most ridiculous manner. In Metawand, one of the horses of the gods was chased about the field, and roars of laughter greeted the divine sport.

522 538 A common type of funny story finds its humour in an absurd and indecorous situation. In Metawand I was told the tale of the woman who is going along the road in the rains. Some of the mud gets into her vagina and when she stops at a stream to wash it, a crab catches hold of her clitoris. She calls a man to help, but hard as he pulls at the crab he cannot make it let go. At last he tries to bite it off, but it gets hold of his nose with its spare claw, and there they all are—on a public highway, the respectable Muria with his nose stuck in the vagina of an unknown woman. After a while along comes a Lohar and gets the crab out with his tongs, but only on condition that the woman will give him 'tobacco' whenever he wants it. Some days later he comes to her house to claim his reward. She is busy cooking and asks him to lie down on a cot until she is ready. He lies on his face, but he is so excited that his erect penis goes through the strings of the cot and protrudes below. A cat thinking it a bit of meat, catches it. The situation is now reversed. The woman comes out and refuses to release the Lohar unless he declares her quit of her debt to him.

Another tale, from Aturgaon, which is known in Bengal and to the Uraon, but is given an entirely fresh and vivid turn by the Muria, again gets its effect from the sticking together, in public and deplorable juxtaposition, of incongruous things: a man and woman cannot get apart, a midwife finds her hands stuck to her head and nothing on below, a magician discovers a bullock's horns sticking to his bottom. Personally I think this tale is really funny, even in its bare and literal form.

> 522 539 There was a Muria Raja with one son. In his village was a barber who also had an only son. The two boys were always playing together, they would never do their work. The Raja used to tell his son to go and plough in the fields, but he always refused. At last the Raja got very angry and turned him out. The boy put on his ornaments and took a bag of money, mounted his horse and rode away. As he went he met the barber's son and told him that he was going to his future father-in-law's house. The barber's son said he would go with him.
>
> Presently, the Raja's son said he wanted to relieve himself. There were no leafy trees at hand so the barber's son said, 'You had better take off your clothes and ornaments and go to the jungle in your loin cloth'. While the Raja's son was away, the barber's son put on his clothes and ornaments and rode off on the horse.
>
> When the boy returned and found his things gone, he wept so loudly that Bara Deo heard his crying and came to him in the shape of an old

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man. 'Go to your father-in-law's house', he said, 'as a servant. I will give you this charm, that whatever you say will happen.' So the boy went and took a job as servant. He found the barber's son living there in his stead, wearing his ornaments and dressed in his clothes. That night the barber's son went in to the father-in-law's daughter. The Raja's son outside the door exclaimed, 'As they are, let them be; without my order let them not separate'.

So there they were, stuck together and all night they struggled to get free. In the morning the members of the family sent their servant, the Raja's son, for a midwife to cut the unhappy pair apart.

Now as the Raja's son was bringing the midwife to the house, they had to cross a flooded river and both of them stripped themselves naked. The Raja's son said, 'Put your clothes on your head, hold them there with your two hands and so cross the river'. As the woman approached the opposite bank, the boy said, 'As you are, so remain; without my order you may not change'. So the midwife came naked, holding her hands to her head, and weeping and, of course, she could do nothing.

So then they sent the Raja's son to fetch a magician. As they were coming along together, the magician went to relieve himself but there was no water near at hand. But there was a dead bullock's head with two horns and he wiped himself on it. As he was doing so, the Raja's son exclaimed, 'As you are, so remain; without my order you may not change'. And so the magician came to the house with the bullock's head and its horns sticking to his bottom. When he saw him, the father-in-law was so frightened that he said, 'Whoever can solve this trouble, shall have my daughter and all my money'. Then the Raja's son told him what had happened and his father-in-law said, 'If you can make all well again, I will believe you, and you shall have my daughter'. At this the Raja's son removed his charms and the horns dropped from the magician's bottom, the woman covered her vagina with her hands, and the girl released the barber's son from his captivity.

Then the father-in-law killed that barber's son and married the Raja's son to his daughter.

From that day we never use barbers to cut our hair. We never use water when we relieve ourselves. If the omens are wrong we never go to betroth a girl, and we think it no fault if the unmarried sleep together.[1]

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[1] In a Bengali tale, which we probably possess in a somewhat bowdlerised version, the stick of a cowherd gets stuck to his hand, the winnowing-basket of a maid servant gets stuck to her hand, a platter sticks to the hand of a Rani, and a Raja and his courtiers get stuck to their seats and have to be sawn off.—S. C. Mitra, 'A Bengali Cumulative Folk-tale of the Old Dame Lousy Type' in *The Quarterly Journal of the Mythic Society*, Bangalore, July 1922. Other parallels may be found in W. McCulloch, *Bengali Household Tales* (London, 1912), pp. 212ff., where the Prince makes the impostor's mouth stick to his hookah and the priest's wife stick to his shoulders as he carries her across a stream, and in A. Grignard, *Hahn's Oraon Folk-lore* (Patna, 1931), pp. 46ff., where the Prince declares, 'If this fellow be her god-given bridegroom, you stools stick to the rears of these sorcerers' and of course they do. I recorded yet another version in a Juang village in Pal Lahara State. In this a goatherd who suffers from impotence has the compensatory power of sticking things together. He attaches a girl's buttocks to a rock while she is bathing and a pot to an old man's behind. There is a ribald scene where a bride and bridegroom are fixed together and the whole family tries to pull them apart. An inquisitive Brahmin bends over the place of conjunction and gets his moustache caught there. These stories are of the same order as the Toda-Kota motif of the dog becoming stuck in copulation.—M. B. Emeneau, 'Some Origin Stories', *JAOS*, Vol. LXIII, p. 163.

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IV. FOLK-TALES

x883 538 Folk-tales and legends are told in the ghotul if there is a boy there who knows any. There does not seem to be a formal 'right' of possession over a particular story, but in practice certain stories are connected with special people. One boy knows a story which was taught him by an elder boy on leaving the ghotul or by his father, and this boy is always called on to recite it.

x883 538 533 No one is likely to forget the experience of listening to one of these stories, which are often in a sort of rhythmic prose and chanted to a recognizable tune. The most remarkable that I have heard was a long and rambling Ghotul Pata chanted by Dasru of the Markabera ghotul. Dasru sat in the middle of the room, a little group of boys near him, the other chelik and motiari reclining near. He sat very upright and sang with great animation, gesticulating with his hands and the boys near him joined in a chorus and beat the ground with little sticks.

I heard another beautifully sung story in the Masora ghotul. This was the tale of the Ogre and the Little Girl; the boy who 'owned' it was a very small boy, the Anter. He and a friend sang in a curious shrill falsetto and the whole ghotul joined in the chorus:

Rai sarso sarso phul nunike nāngar gurdum—gurdum gurdum gurdum.
Rākas bukas barma bhut des nuni kuchi kewar—gurdum gurdum gurdum.

The story was chanted in a kind of rhythm, while the beat of the chorus was irresistible, the boys booming grandly on the *gurdum*.

Sometimes the narrative of the tale is in 'prose' and is recited in the ordinary speaking voice, and the dialogue is sung, occasionally in rhymed couplets. The boys and girls sit round listening with great attention, and nod their heads saying '*Hingo*, Yes', at the right moments.

x883 538 Most of these stories have been published separately for it would have taken too much space to include them here.[1] I am, however, giving two narrative poems which throw some light on conditions of life in the ghotul. The first is the Ghotul Pata mentioned above, which illustrates the custom of a ceremonial beat for fish before a festival, the appointment of the Gaita's children as ghotul leaders, and the relations of brother and sister in the dormitory.

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Ghotul Pata of Markabera

The Gaita of the village gathered them all together saying,
'Look brothers, the month of Magh has come again,
And we must decide about the Mango Festival'.
Everyone came and eagerly decided,
For already other villages had kept the Festival.
'Certainly, we also will keep the Festival, but what curry shall we eat?'
'Haven't we many chelik and motiari in our ghotul?
Send the chelik and motiari to catch fish for the Festival.'
So said the leaders, and the chelik and motiari prepared to go.
When they were ready the chelik and motiari went to catch fish.

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[1] See my *Folk-Tales of Mahakoshal* (Bombay, 1944), which includes many Muria stories; some appear to be original, others turn on such universal motifs as those of the Quest, Grateful Animals, Brother-Sister Incest, the Hero on Pilgrimage.

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OTHER RECREATIONS

There the Gaita's son Negi was leader of the chelik,
And his daughter too was leader of the girls.
In the midst of the jungle, there was a lake which they emptied.
While the others were emptying it, Negi lay down and slept,
Though Negi was one of a party of chelik and motiari.
Draining, draining this water, at last the tank was emptied and the fish were caught.
They all started home, but no one woke up Negi.
Even his sister had forgotten him, but she remembered on the way.
She said, 'My brother is sleeping, go and wake him up'.
This she said to everyone, but no one listened to her.

So she left them and herself went back to wake him up.
She thought in her mind, 'How am I to wake him?
If I touch him and wake him, they will say I am his wife'.
Thinking thus, she took some clay from a white-ant hill to rouse him.
She threw it at his head, with this she woke him up.
The sister then started to go back home,
And Negi also got up and walked along behind her.
The chelik and motiari on their way thought they would laugh at them.
The chelik and motiari began to say to them,
'You two, sister and brother, must have been to one another,
So from our caste we are going to turn you out'.
Thus talking they reached the house of their parents, and told them this story.
In anger they turned them out of the village.

These two left that country and went to seek another.
Thus walking for days, Negi and his sister left their own country.
They had no rice, and on the way they grew very hungry.
On they went and at last they reached a forest-clearing.
In that clearing there was a creeper of cucumbers.
Of the fruit only two were ripe, all the rest were green.
The owner counted them every day; then the old man went to sleep in his house.
From this same creeper Negi took one cucumber, and the two shared it together.
Next day when the old man came, he found one ripe cucumber was missing.
He returned to his house and told his old woman,
'I don't know who has eaten our cucumber, but be quick and make my food,
I will make a machan there and sleep to watch my creeper'.

The old woman, his wife, cooked his food quickly;
He ate it and went back to his clearing and made a machan.
The old man was sleeping there when Negi came again.
The old man asked him, 'Who are you that steals my cucumber?'

'I am the son of your younger brother.
My sister and I have been turned out from our country.
Old father, we have come to you for shelter, for we have been starving.'

The old man and woman thought to themselves,
'We have no children and if we keep these two,

They will earn money and look after us'.
Thinking thus, they took them to their home and Negi began to earn.

The old man went out to find a wife for Negi.
Having found the girl, he married him.
Negi's wife stayed for two months, then ran away.
The old man and old woman, they also died soon.
Afterwards, the brother and sister thought thus:
'Those two were protecting us, they were our mother and father,
We will perform funeral rites in their honour.'

Negi chelik now was ready to wander in the jungle.
He had two dogs, whose names were Sauran and Bhauran:
Taking these two dogs with him, he went wandering through the jungle.
His sister in the house thought thus:
'My brother has gone to the jungle, he will come back hungry,
I will cook food quickly.'

So thinking she went to find some fire.
She went round the village searching, she grew tired but could not find it.
She saw smoke somewhere in the jungle:
To that place she went for fire.
That fire was in the abode of a Churelin.
The Churelin was not in the house, but her son was there,
'O brother, give me fire', said the girl.

Seeing the girl, he thought, 'I will keep this girl'.
There was a broken earthen pot,
He made a small hole at the bottom.
Above it he put ash and on the ash he put fire,
And he gave it to her.
He did this so that as she went, the ashes might fall on the way.
The girl went home and kindled fire and prepared rice and curry.
From towards the jungle her brother came back home.
To him she served food and ate herself.

Next day the Churelin's son followed the ash and came to her house.
When he arrived, the girl was pounding rice.
The boy came in and sat in her lap.
The girl said, 'Go away, for if my brother sees you,
He will kill you', thus said the girl.
But when he would not go, she took him in and hid him in an earthen pot.

He said, 'In my mother's house there is a mango tree,
Send your brother there for mangoes and my mother will catch him and devour him'.
Hearing this, the girl decided to do as he told her.
When her brother came home she sent him out for mangoes.
The boy went to pick mangoes with his two dogs.
He climbed the mango tree and began to pick them.
'Why are you plucking my mangoes?' Saying this, the Churelin came out of the house.
Negi seeing this was frightened, but the dogs were underneath the tree.
He signalled to them and they began to chase her.
The dogs bit and killed her and Negi came home with the mangoes.
Negi gave the mangoes to his sister and she ate them.

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The girl went in and said to the Churelin's son,
'The Churelin was no match for my brother, for he has killed her'.
The boy said, 'Say to your brother, "I cannot sleep.
O brother, go and bring the flower of sleep, then only can I sleep".
If you say so, he will go to bring the flower.
He will die there as he seeks the flower, and we will live happily.'
Hearing this, she said so to her brother,
'I cannot sleep, brother, go bring the flower of sleep'.

Negi got ready to bring this flower.
The flower of sleep was beyond three seas.
The seas were in the way, he could not reach the flower.
He came to the sea, and there was a frog who asked him:
'Where are you going and what are you going to bring?'
'My sister cannot sleep, so I am going to bring the flower of sleep.'
Negi said to the frog, 'Will you help me cross the sea?'
The frog hearing this helped him cross the sea.
When he had crossed one sea, there was another. There was no way to go.
There too he searched for a way across and could not find it.

There was a crocodile and Negi said to it,
'I am going to find the flower of sleep, will you help me cross the sea?'
And the crocodile helped him to do so.
When he had crossed the sea, on the other side there lived a Raja.
He had a beautiful daughter who slept in a house apart.
Before this house there was a tamarind.
Negi made his camp beneath this tree.
The Raja's daughter saw Negi.
She asked him, 'Why have you come?'
Negi said, 'My sister cannot sleep and I am going to bring the flower of
sleep for her'.
She said, 'Don't go yourself, I will send someone to bring it for you'.
Saying this she took Negi to her house and called her mother.
'Mother, I cannot sleep, will you get me the flower of sleep?'
Hearing this the Rani went to bring the flower.
She brought the flower and stuck it over the door.

The whole night Negi slept with the princess.
Then he travelled home and came to his sister.
Negi asked his sister why she had tried to kill him.
She swore she was innocent, and Negi drew his sword.
'If you are truthful your tongue will not be cut even by a sword,
If you are not truthful, your tongue will be cut'.[1]
His sister touched the sword with her tongue, and it was cut immediately,
And so her brother killed her with the sword.
He cut her body into seven pieces.
The Churelin's son was watching all this from the house.
Through fear he ran out of the house.
Negi saw him and ran after him to catch him.
He caught him and killed him.

After this he married the princess and they began to earn their living.
After a few days Negi became rich.

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[1] In Bastar, as in other States, the royal swords are regarded as sacred. Many aboriginals regard an oath on a sword as specially binding.

Now he thought, 'Let me go and see what my parents are doing'.
Taking with him all his wealth, he went to his parents' country.
There he built a big house and began to live there.
His parents had been rich when he was living with them.
After he was driven out, they became very poor.
They used to beg from house to house,
And even then got scarce enough to fill their stomachs.
They were so poor that even the dogs did not look at them.

The father came to Negi for alms.
'O merchant, give me something, for I am very poor.'
He said thus, and did not recognize Negi.
But his son recognized him and said,
'Where do you come from, and where is your house?
How many children have you got?'
'O merchant, I had one son whom I turned out of my country.
Since then I have become a poor man.'
'Who am I, do you recognize me?'
'O merchant, I cannot recognize you', said the old man.
'I am your son, whom you drove out of your house.'
Hearing this the old man was frightened.
He fell at his son's feet and caught them firmly with his hands.
From that day Negi kept him in his house.
They lived and ate together and ruled their affairs.

The Marriage of Siri Somni Raja

The following song (the original of which is in Gondi) was recorded at Penjori, two miles away from the famous shrine of Lingo Pen at Semurgaon. It gives a vivid picture of a Muria betrothal. In places it almost suggests a world ruled by chelik and motiari. The punishment of the Rani by the Manjhi is entirely in the ghotul tradition. The early list of ghotul titles is interesting.

The earth of villages was born,
Places and lands were born,
Mata Maoli was born,
In the world above were many islands,
In the world below were seven islands,
In the middle was Singaldip.
To the Gaita belonged the villages.
There was a Manjhi.
There was the Raja's land, land of four corners.
There was a Raja Siri Somni,
He was a little boy.
The father of Siri Somni was Kunkal Siri Raja.
Kunkal Siri Raja died.
The mother of Siri Somni Raja was Bai Dural Rani.
She wept very loudly crying, 'O my Lord has died.
Here is my land of villages, what am I to do?
I am a woman, I have a son,
He knows not how to read a paper,
He knows not how to do justice.
What am I to do?'

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Siri Somni Raja daily grew older,
He ate milk and ghee and butter,
He slept in gold cotton,
He rubbed red powder on his body,
He grew tall as a shrub,
He grew bigger daily.
He became mature,
Siri Somni Raja.

Then said Bai Dursal Rani,
'I'll arrange the marriage of my son,
I'll perform his marriage'.
'With what city's Rani?'
'There is a girl in Kathingpura city.'
'Whose daughter is she?'
'She is the daughter of Katsunga Rani.'
So she thought in her mind.
The Rani sent to arrange the betrothal.
'I'll marry her in her cradle.
I've many servants,
I've my Negi Jogi,
I've my Pande Pardhan,
Hear my word all of you.'
'What's the matter, Rani?'
'Kathingpura city,
Go there for the betrothal.
I'll marry her in her cradle.'

Negi Jogi got ready,
Pande Pardhan got ready.
'We will go, Maharani.'
Three handfuls of pulse,
He ate it raw,
Diwan Kahattri sat to eat it.
Jaribkhan Mussalman,
With a crippled hand ate his food raw.
Bodelal was a chilli-eater.
Many kinds of curry made with ghee,
Eighty kinds of curry made with arsi oil,
Two kinds of curry made with mahua oil,
Curry of bitter *karela*,
They ate the thirty-two different kinds of food,
Those men who were going for the betrothal.
That is how they ate their food.

This is how they dressed.
In dhoti of *pitambar* cloth,
With other cloth like gold,
With shoes on their feet,
Shoes made of sambhar skin,
Boots covered with the skins of mice,
Their stockings made of lizard skin,
Elkasi and Kaunder prepared to go.
They put on their ornaments,

THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

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They had supari nuts of iron,
Their *pān* was made of pipal leaves,
They were chewing it *muyure, muyure*,
Colouring their teeth.
Holding sticks in their hands,
Their turban's flap like a Banjari bullock's tail.

They went along like old bullocks,
They went three days' journey.
O the spear of the mahua tree!
They went carrying the spear.
Then they approached the city,
They did Johar to their father-in-law.
'Who are you calling father-in-law?'
'We are your sister's sons.'
When they said this, they brought a long and broad cot for them,
Carpet-soft fit for a Raja.
They put the spear down on a stone,
They had their grass bundles with them,
They gave grass to the spear,
And the spear ate the grass.

'Hear, *māma*, hear,
We have come to wear a flower.'
'What flower is this you want to wear?
What flower can you get now?
If you had come at Diwali, you could have worn the pumpkin flower,
You could have worn the flower of the beanstalk,
You could have put them in your ears.'
'We have not come for flowers like those.
You have a daughter, we have come for her.'
'What is this you are saying, my sister's son?
My daughter is a child, what will you do to her?
She is swinging in her cradle.'
'Her I will marry in the cradle.
Hear, *māma*, hear, let us talk of marriage,
I have lack of nothing, I have a twelve-year pig,
I have an eighty-years castrated goat,
I have rice and pulse in plenty.'
Thus they arranged the marriage to take place in two-and-a-half months' time.
'We are going, let the matter thus remain,
We will come in two-and-a-half months.'

Then they did Johar and went back home to Bai Dursal Rani.
Diwan Kshattri asked, 'What did you do with the flower?'
'We did well; the marriage will be in two-and-a-half months' time.'
'There were men of twelve villager, O Rani,
We settled everything with them.'
'Call the men of nine towns for Siri Sonni's marriage;
There are many villages all around, like a bunch of bells.'
Such was this country;
The market was as in the days of their fathers;
There were Gaita and cultivators and Manjhi Mukasi,
There were poor men and rich; it was a great country.

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In this country there were chelik and motiari.
There are seven-score girls and six-score boys,
There are boys in the ghotul lovely as a bison horn.
There is a leader of the seven-score girls,
Her name is Gadakare Mode.
Her navel is one cubit long,
She looks like a sack of salt from Nandgaon.
Bai Durzal Rani was thinking in her mind:
'The chelik and motiari of my village will bring leaves and wood.
In the upper village there is Negi Sai Kotwar;
Go and call the Kotwar, bring him quickly here.'
'Come, Kotwar, the Rani is calling you.'
'Why is she calling me? I have stolen nothing.'
His soul trembled *duk duk*,
For fifteen days he could not eat.
He put on a cloth one cubit long.
He went to the Rani and asked her what she wanted.
'I want nothing, but there are nine towns:
There are chelik and motiari there.
Go and fetch them for the marriage of Siri Somni;
Beat your drum and bid them come;
Tell them to bring leaves and wood.'
'I am hungry, Rani, give me gruel to eat.'
'There is no gruel, Kotwar, what can I do?
There is rice-water twelve years old,
Frogs and lizards have fallen in it.'
'I like such gruel; give me some to eat.'
She gave him a measure of salt and a handful of chillies,
His moustaches said *saysi saysi* as he drank,
His throat cried *gurgur gurgur*.
As he ate the frogs and lizards, his mouth went *pitos pitos*.
'There will be coarse rice in the small houses,
There will be fine rice in the big houses,
We will bring it for the marriage.'
So saying the Kotwar drank his gruel.
He so filled up his belly that his loin-cord broke.
The Kotwar was naked, he got up and ran away.
His penis was one-and-a-half handspans long,
His pubic hairs were one cubit long,
With his two hands he hid his penis and so ran away.

There was a grazier woman wearing twelve cubits of cloth.
He went to her and snatched her cloth away,
The Kotwar tied that dhoti down to his knees.
The grazier woman ran away covering her vagina with her hands.
The seven-score chelik were playing marbles in the ghotul.
She ran into the midst of them.
The boys cried, 'She is taking away our marbles'.
So saying, these boys chased her.
They cried, 'Don't take away our marbles, grazier girl'.
The grazier girl was running in front, the boys ran behind.
She went into her house, the boys followed her inside.
Her vagina was one handspan broad,

X 883 Her clitoris was four fingers long,
Her pubic hairs were long as thatching grass.
● 539 The grazier girl removed her hands, the boys saw the sight.

Negi Sai Kotwar was beating his drum,
Proclaiming the marriage of Siri Somni Raja.
There was the chelik Singa, handsome as the *singa* fish;
There was the chelik Pola, like a deer's tail;
The crippled Nawje was carrying an axe;
The long-haired Latiya held a spear;
Welal had a battle-axe;
The stupid staring Bakke was carrying a lizard;
Chital had a rat;
Batal had a hare.
There was Gadakare Mode;
There was Gango like a *gogum* flower;
Big-cheeked Buke distributed rice-husks;
Broken-fingered Thoti gave out curry;
Bhime was stitching leaves;
Mule sat silent;
Gengre called the pigs, snuffling through her nose.
Little Thubri was going to market;
Dogri was picking beans;
Lahari was picking brinjals.
Singal chelik was driving the cart,
Driven by uncle-nephew buffaloes.
The motiari went with Singal,
The chelik told them to go,
They went to pick leaves for the marriage.
They went to the golden hill with the noise of a thousand men,
They gathered wood and came home shouting.

Singal chelik prepared to go with them,
Gadakare Modé also prepared her cart.
Her navel was seven cubits long.
Singal chelik yoked the uncle-nephew buffaloes to his cart.
Singal went ahead with the cart, and the others followed.
They went with the clamour of a thousand men.
As they went to Siri Somni Raja, they passed a river on the way.
The girl Gadakare Mode was thinking in her mind,
'I will block the road[1] and not let them pass'.
She went into the river-bed and dug the sand,
She hid there covering herself with sand;
Everything was covered but her navel stump.
Singal brought the cart by that way and drove it over the navel stump;
The axle stuck against the stump, but Singal tried to urge the cart forward.
He was beating the buffaloes.
They were saying, 'What has the cart stuck on?'
There was a one-eyed boy, he saw what it was.

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[1] *Harr chekna*, to stretch a rope across the way before a marriage party or hunters returning successful from a beat. It is a form of Neng: see my *Folk-Songs of Chhattisgarh*, p. 9.

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'So many boys and girls were here, but none of them could see it,
But I the one-eyed boy have seen it,
It is the girl Mode who has done this.'
'Listen, O Mode, we know it is you who has blocked the road.'
'Yes, it is, but this is my custom.'
'You have stopped the cart with your navel stump,
Now let it go, we will give you liquor.'
Then Mode let the cart go by.

The boys brought wood and leaves,
They took them to the palace of Bai Dursal Rani.
Rani Dursal sent Negi Jogi and Pande Pardhan to bring the bride.
A thousand men went to bring her, a three days' journey they went,
They went to Kathingpura city.
Jangobai, the daughter of Katsunga Rani was swinging in her cradle.
They had come for her marriage, the Raja and Rani also came there,
She was swinging in her cradle and crying *taring taring*.
They brought her to Siri Somni's house with a great noise of drums.
In that palace of seven rooms there was the marriage.
Inside was Siri Somni and outside Jangobai in her cradle.
So the cradle marriage was performed.
Then the Manjhi asked about *pateuni*.[1]

The Manjhi was a Dhurwa, he had no moustaches; it was he who asked this.
His head was like a booth overgrown with beans,
His eyes were like small earthen pots,
His nose was like a bamboo pole,
His teeth were like choppers,
His chest was as big as a cart-wheel,
His ears were like winnowing-fans,
His legs were like branches of the *piral* tree,
His beard was like a broom,
His moustaches were like thatching grass,
His eyebrows were like ears of *hirwa*-pulse,
His rectum was like a pit in the field.
The Manjhi was like this, he was an important Manjhi.
There was a mongoose whose fur was like thatching grass.
It asked Gadakare Mode for a present.
'What can I give you? I will give you a rupee,
I will give you gold and silver.'
'I don't want these things, what I want is your breasts.'
Then the mongoose jumped over her breasts and cut them off.
This Gadakare Mode went to the chelik;
When the boys saw her they asked her where she had been.
'I have been to relieve myself.'
'Don't deceive us, we know what you have been up to.'

Siri Somni Raja was growing bigger every day,
Jangobai Maharani was also growing up every day.
Siri Somni looked on her as his sister.
Jangobai called him her elder brother.

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[1] Chhattisgarhi expression for sending a girl to her husband's house when she has matured.

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They used to go together to relieve themselves,
They used to sleep and play together,
They used to eat and drink and sit together.
Then the Raja became mature.
In youth there is strength, in age disease.
So passed seven years of Siri Somni's life.

Then Jangobai Rani also became mature.
Rani Dursal looked on her as her daughter.
The Manjhi thought to himself, 'Why does she call her daughter-in-law daughter?
Let us go and explain things to the Rani'.
So the Manjhi went to her and the Rani came out.
She gave him a cot and the Manjhi sat upon it.
Then he explained to her that Jangobai was her daughter-in-law, not her daughter,
'We have come to tell you this, now we are going away'.
The Manjhi went to Sonorupo Kalarin's house.
'O Kalarinbai, give me as much liquor as can be made by twelve out-stills.'
She gave it to him to drink in a pot;
The Manjhi drank himself drunk from a *parsa* leaf.
'Send some men to bring the Rani here.'
They went to call the Rani,
They went to the Rani and said, 'The Manjhi is calling you'.
The Rani said, 'Why is he calling me, I have not punished anyone,
I have not stolen anything', but she prepared to go,
The Rani went to the Darbar.
She saluted the Muria with Johar and the Hindus with Ram Ram,
And salaamed also Jaribkhan Pathan.

The Manjhi approached her holding in his hand a *chamargota* stone.
He made the Rani hold the stone against her ears and get up and down.
In this way he punished her.
At last the Rani grew tired, and there was pain in her knees;
She begged the Manjhi to let her go.
'Why are you punishing me?'
'Because you were calling your daughter-in-law your daughter.'
'She used to call me mother, what else could I do?'
'Now you must do this, rub wood-ash on your body,
And so rubbing yourself with ashes, go to your daughter-in-law.'
She was inside the house, she was swinging in her swing.
The Rani called, 'Daughter-in-law, daughter-in-law, O Jangobai'.
The girl came out and asked, 'What is that white stuff on your body?
Have you taken opium and liquor, O mother?'
'I have taken no opium or liquor, daughter-in-law.'
'Don't call me daughter-in-law, that is sinful,
For I am not yet betrothed to any man.'
Jangobai got angry and seized Dursalbai by the hair;
She kicked her and hit her with her fists.
'Don't beat me, daughter-in-law, wait a little.'
Jangobai beat her and satisfied her anger.

Holding the water-pot in her hand, she prepared to fetch water,
She went to fetch water at the old tank, to cook thirty-two kinds of food.

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X883 Jangobai went to fetch water,
She went along the footpath to fetch water.
539 Seven pairs of girls were on the path.
The Rani was going along the path and the girls asked her,
'Where are you going, Rani, you never go this way?
Where has your husband gone? You should have him with you'.
'I am not married, girls, I have no husband.'
'When you were in the cradle then you were married.'
The Rani said to them, 'Don't talk indecently'.
As she took out the water, she said to them,
'If I have a husband, I will draw clear water,
If I have no husband, the water will be like blood'.
So saying she took out the water,
It was clear water that she drew.
Taking the water in a pot she went home.
She said, 'Where is the rice?'
'Look in the house, there is rice and pulse, O daughter-in-law,
There is every kind of curry made of ghee, and eighty kinds of curry made with arsi oil,
O daughter-in-law, Siri Somni Raja is coming now,
When the Raja comes, give him water in his hand,
Put a tooth-twig in his hand and give him water for his bath.'
When the Raja came his Rani gave him water in his hand.
'O Raja, take this twig and use it.'
'You are my sister, how is it you are giving me water in my hand?'
So saying the Raja ran away for shame.
Daughter-in-law Jango Rani took her food and went to sleep.
After eating, the food that remained was hung from the roof.

At night Jango slept on the threshold on her cot.
The Raja came at night and knocked against the cot.
Siri Somni Raja thought in his mind,
'If I go under the cot, they will say he went under his sister,
If I go above the cot, they will say he went to his sister,
But somehow or other I will go inside the house'.
The Raja went over the cot into the house,
The Raja was hungry, he was searching for food,
He found the food hanging from the roof,
There was a dish which fell down.
Bai Dursal Rani said,
'Get up, daughter-in-law, the cat with half a tail may have come'.
Jangobai got up and shut the door.
She went inside and began to quarrel.
The next day the Raja thought, 'I will demand three-score ploughs in service'.
He said to the mother, 'Bring gruel'.
The plough was of iron, the yoke also was of iron,
In the hen's egg was gruel, in the pea-hen's egg was rice,
In the pigeon's egg was curry.
She took it to the ploughing place.
Siri Somni Raja was ploughing.
Jangobai Rani took the gruel there.
'O Raja, lift down the food, it is a very heavy load.'

X 883 The Raja came and beat Jangobai.
Thence the Raja went to sit in his Darbar.
● 539 She gave the gruel to the ploughmen,
She gave them rice and returned home.
She said to her mother-in-law, 'I will not remain here.
Your son did not greet me, how can I remain?'
She took off her ornaments and put them in a basket,
She did Johar to Pande Pardhan,
She fell at the feet of her mother-in-law,
She did Johar to the servants.
Jangobai Rani went away taking her basket with her,
Jangobai was going along the road.
'Look, who is going on the road? Recover the road money.'
Majjar Khan Mussalman went to take the money.
'Where are you going, girl? Pay me the road money.'
'What shall I give? I have nothing, brother.'
She was wearing a ring on her finger, she was ready to give it.
Jangobai Rani gave him the ring.
He tied it to his waist, but it fell down;
He tied it to his cloth, but it fell down;
After that he wore it on his little finger where it stayed.
The lice on his head gathered in one place.

Siri Somni Raja stood up and went home,
He went inside the palace of nine rooms,
He slept on the long broad bed,
He slept on the bed facing upwards.
He saw a comb in the rafters.
The Raja tried to get the comb but it disappeared.
On that comb there was written the story of his marriage,
Of his marriage when he was a child in the cradle.
'Which is that Rani?' 'She is the Rani of Kathingpura.'
Jangobai's marriage was done when she was a child in the cradle.
The Rani's marriage was performed outside the palace in her cradle,
While inside was the Raja.
Thus it was written and the Raja read the story when he found the comb.
The Raja asked his mother Bai Dursal,
'Where has my wife Jangobai gone?'
'She has only gone to the bazaar to buy bangles.'

He went to the bazaar and there the Manjhi's daughter was wearing bangles.
He thought, 'This is my wife', and hit her thrice.
She said, 'Why are you beating me? I will make a report about you'.
'I thought you were my wife, that's why I beat you. It was a mistake,
Don't report the matter, I will give you five rupees.'
He returned to the house and again asked his mother, 'Where's my wife?'
'Your wife has left the house, my son.'
'I will go to look for her, make ready pulse and rice.'
He prepared his horse called Bagri Maro,
He decorated the saddle like a pharsa flower,
Bai Dursal Rani prepared the food.
Siri Somni Raja took it in a bundle.
He took his hostile knife and his sword like a lizard's foot.

OTHER RECREATIONS

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Siri Somni Raja tied them to his waist.
He prayed to the Hanal Pen [1] to look after him,
'I am going to search for my wife, you must help me'.
Bai Dursal Rani said, 'Do not go, my son'.

He beat the horse with a cobra snake for whip.
The horse Bagri Maro flew into the air.
Jango Rani was going ahead, the Raja followed her.
He could not catch her, he was a full two miles behind.
He reached the kingdom of Molol Sai.[2]
Molol Sai had seven wives, sitting in a palace of seven rooms.
Siri Somni went by riding on his horse.
The seven Ranis saw Siri Somni Raja.
'Call him, sister, we will give him a pipe to smoke.'
The Rani, seeing him, stood in the way,
She caught the bridle of the horse Bagri Maro.
'Where are you going, brother? Come to my house and smoke a pipe.'
'I do not smoke, nor do I eat tobacco.'
'You are a man, how is it you don't know how to smoke tobacco? You are like a woman.'
Shamed by these words the Raja then went to her house.
Four seers of lime and one seer of tobacco
She powdered and put it in the pipe.
The Raja pulled at the pipe and fire burst out.
With that fire the palace was burnt down.
He mounted his horse and rode away.
Molol Sai Raja had gone to eat grass.

Siri Somni Raja came to the land where everything was gum.
He saw gum on the way and halted by it.
He took fire-sticks from his pocket and burnt the gum.
Now he came to the land covered with traps.
There in a trap a sambhar had been caught.
He made his horse stand and went into the trap.
He went in, and relieved himself, coming out he let the trap-door fall.
He mounted the horse and rode away.
He came to Raimunda Garh where lived Dera Manga Raja,
And there was his Rani.
When he reached there, he found his Rani by his guru-magic.
He caught her and brought her to his kingdom.
On the way was the river Surug.
He reached it and prepared their food for dinner.

Jango Rani went to bathe in that river.
There were sixteen streams of the tank and thirty-two streams of the river.
As she was bathing, a bod-fish ate her.
Siri Somni Raja was cooking their food.
There were Nahar there, and they killed the Raja.
Two mongoose brothers called Jar Khandi came there.
They prepared to restore his life to Siri Somni Raja.
The mongoose gave life to the Raja.

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[1] The Departed, his clan-ancestors.

[2] Lord of the hares.

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The Raja came alive and went to find his Rani.
He crossed the sixteen streams of the tank and thirty-two streams of
 the river,
By his guru-magic he drank up the water of the tank.
In the tank there was no water, only the fish were left.
The Raja looked into the bellies of the fishes.
He found no trace of his Rani and he grew weary.
There was a frog and the Raja prepared to split open its belly.
The frog cried, '*Tarang tarang*, don't do this, O Raja,
I will tell you where your Rani is, but don't cut me open,
The bod-fish has eaten her and it is not here;
That fish has gone to Basum Katri's kingdom'.

There was a Kewat, and he killed the fish;
He caught the fish in his *dandar* trap made with thorns;
He took the fish home, and began to cut it up.
Jangobai was inside that fish's stomach.
She called out from inside, 'Cut carefully, O father'.
Hearing this the old man cut carefully.
Jangobai then came out from the fish's stomach.
When they saw her, the old man and his wife were very pleased;
'We have no son or daughter, we will keep this girl'.
Jangobai Rani looked like a fire.
Basum Katri Raja went to see his city.
He saw Jangobai and thought in his mind that he would marry her;
He said to the old Kewat and his wife,
'Give me your daughter, I will marry her'.
'This is a poor man's daughter, how can you marry her?'
'Somehow or other I will marry her.'
Basum Katri Raja prepared for the marriage.
The marriage was performed, all but the Lagir.
Siri Somni came there searching for his wife;
Siri Somni Raja came as a sadhu,
To the place where Basum Katri's marriage was being celebrated.
He sat there, saying; 'Hey Ram, Ram'.
He said to Basum Katri Raja,
'There is some trouble in your house, I will relieve it'.
'Maharaj, save me from this trouble.'
'I will do tika and thus save you from trouble.'
He pretended to put tika, but carried off his Rani.

Basum Katri Raja pursued them.
Siri Somni was ahead, Basum Katri followed.
On the way they met and fought,
The hostile knife and sword like a lizard's tail.
The knife was like a jackal's tongue and the straight sword like a dog's
 tongue.
They fought with these weapons but did no damage to each other.
They fought and fought, but neither could prevail.
Siri Somni said to Basum Katri Raja,
'I will come as rain, you try to stop the river'.
Basum Katri Raja laid down across the river,
Siri Somni rained for three days.
The river flooded and carried away Basum Katri Raja.

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The next day the Raja went to look for him.
Basum Katri Raja had been caught against a tree.
Siri Somni Raja found him there.
Siri Somni Raja said to Basum Katri Raja,
'Which of our mouths is red? Let's open them to see'.
So Siri Somni Raja deceived him.
Basum Katri Raja opened his mouth.
The hostile knife and sword like a lizard's tail pierced through his mouth.
Then Basum Katri Raja died.
Siri Somni took his wife home.
They reached their village and lived there and ate.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

THE GHOTUL AND MARRIAGE

It is a cart, if you know how to drive, boy.
It is a food, if you know how to eat, boy.
It is a path, if you know how to walk, boy.
It is a horse, if you know how to ride, boy.

—*Marriage song* (*Lagir Pata*) *of Malakot*

I

581 AMONGST ourselves marriage is so closely associated with an initiation into a sexual union and experience that was previously tabooed, that it is not easy at first to adjust ourselves to the outlook of a society that can so clearly distinguish between sexual love without marriage and domestic love within it.

For a Muria the sexual side of marriage is comparatively unimportant; he marries because he wants to have children whom he can call his own, so that he can have a home of his own, and so that he can have a partner whom he can regard as his own, over whom he has authority and a right, with whom relationship will be permanent and recognized.

This is not mere individualism; it is part of the process of growing up. It is the discovery that sexual excitement is not enough; it is often, as we shall see, the still deeper discovery that romantic attachment is not always the best foundation for a lifelong union. There is a beautiful saying in the *Rigveda* (III, 53, 4)—'Wife is the home; she alone is the place of rest'—which is well paralleled by something said by a young Muria wife at Phunder about life with her husband: 'It was like sitting down on a stool after a long and troubled journey.'

The life of pre-nuptial freedom ends in a longing for security and permanence. This desire is naturally more emphatic in the ghotul where partners are often changed. In Kongera a Muria said, 'You only get real pleasure from your own property; in the ghotul it is always someone else's'. And Gando of Jaitpuri said, 'I often remember my life in the ghotul, but you can't get that happiness always. That is only for four days, but life in your very own home lasts'. Man and wife become each other's property; they get a *haq* or 'right' over each other; and because everybody respects this right, regarding adultery as evil and dangerous, Muria marriage is secure and is not marred by fear, the source of jealousy.

Every Muria contrasts the free happy life in the ghotul with the economic drudgery of marriage. 'The ghotul is for happiness,' they said at Nayanar. 'The home is for work.' The Jamadar of Sorma said, 'Don't ask me about my youth, for in those days I never lacked tobacco and lime. But now I have lost my happiness in thinking always of my belly'. Many songs underline the contrast.

581 O the kingdom of the unmarried!
•539 You will never see that kingdom more.
Of housework you know nothing.
You went wandering in the fields,
Looking like a sarus crane.
Early morning you would go;
Evening you'd come home again.

THE GHOTUL AND MARRIAGE

O that beautiful ghotul! 581
Every day you went to clean it.
The road was like a jackal's tail. 539 ●
You used to go along that road.
In your left hand was a winnowing-fan,
In your right hand a broom,
At sunset you would go there.
You will never see that Raj again.
Now you are going to your husband's house.
Now your pleasure will be work in the house.
You have got no sense at all.
Your husband will curse you,
Your mother-in-law will curse you.
Holding your forehead you will weep.
You will remember the days of youth.
Then you will know what hardship is.
You have got no sense at all.

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The first days of marriage certainly appear to emphasize this taunt. The new life together is not immediately satisfactory, especially for the girl. She has to stay in a house filled with her husband's relatives, and work for them. She has not yet a house, perhaps not even a room, of her own. It is not easy for her to adjust herself to the complete and drastic change in her life. 'A young wife,' they said at Masora, 'is like a bulbul whose tail goes up and down all the time. So does she shake her buttocks. She cooks if she feels like it, gets water if she feels inclined. It is hard for her to forget she is no more a motiari; her feet itch to dance.' But she must never enter the ghotul again, the ghotul which for the last six or eight years has been the centre of her social and emotional life. She must avoid her old ghotul partners; she must forget her ghotul name; she must give away most of her ornaments; she has lost her freedom. Lingo Pen will no longer protect her from pregnancy, which indeed quickly follows. There are no more rapturous evenings round the ghotul fire, no more expeditions through the green forest to other villages, no more dancing to the light of torches at the great festivals. She is now a wife and must prepare to be a mother.

For the husband the change is less drastic. He may continue to spend his evenings in the ghotul, returning home late at night to sleep. This is perhaps the hardest trial that the young wife has to bear; she must abandon old romance, he may continue it. He even holds his ghotul title for six months or a year longer. He may go on expeditions, organize marriages, dance at festivals. But his sex life is undoubtedly curtailed. 'Now he is responsible,' I was told at Malakot. 'He is a man with wife and home. Fun and teasing is ended, touching others is ended; he has a wife. For his old habits the penalty is swelling and death. He may now only do it at marriages and at the sport of the gods at festivals.' Even his visits to the ghotul must soon end. Sooner or later he must lay down his office; sooner or later comes the day when the boys suggest that his presence is no longer so welcome as it was. He must then stop his visits or he will be fined and his poultry stolen.

But by this time married life has become established and serene. Happiness has begun to illuminate the hard tasks of home and field. That is why the Muria regard marriage of such supreme importance; everyone must pass through its gate to the fulfilment of tribal and social life. The ghotul with its many joys might easily have become an end in itself. But the Muria

THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

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O mother, the clouds look like smoke,
Each roof seems joined to the one next door.
I must go and see it, mother.
Whom will you go with, daughter?
I will go with my uncle's son, mother.
Don't go with him, daughter;
He will pour haldi over you.
Let him pour haldi if he wills, mother.
I can't rest till I go with him.

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In those cases where no *gudamol* union is possible or convenient, the parents consider many things before they go to 'pluck the flower' of a betrothal. It may safely be said that the thought uppermost in their minds is the happiness of their child. A father seeking a daughter-in-law considers whether the women of such and such a family are hard workers, free from the taint of witchcraft, unstained by scandal. He does not seem to worry whether a girl is beautiful or no, though he would naturally prefer her to be 'well made and conformable'. When a betrothal party arrives at a house, a girl's parents discuss much the same things. Will the boy be a good worker? Has there been scandal in the family, signs of indifference to the laws of the clan? Is the boy himself steady, will he go through with the matter? The girl is consulted; if she strongly objects, the father sends the visitors away. Once she has agreed, however, he expects her to abide by her choice. In the song on p. 89 there is a hint that several betrothal parties may visit a house before the parents can make up their minds—a delay not always pleasing to the daughter.

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We have, therefore, in Muria society two very different traditions existing side by side. Before marriage, in the ghotul, boys and girls are encouraged to live to the full a life of romantic passion. For marriage, everything must be arranged on the lines of strictest commonsense. A boy can live with the girl he is in love with before marriage, but not in marriage. How does this arrangement work?

I am not here attempting to pass a personal judgement in this matter, I am not considering whether it is a good or a bad arrangement. The interesting thing is what the chelik and motiari think of it.

Generally, the boys and girls believe that what their parents, or rather society and the tribe, arrange makes for ultimate happiness. They may object to a particular choice made by their parents, but they do not object to their making a choice at all. It is easier for them to accept this position because what they think matters about marriage is not so much the partner as the whole condition of life so different from life in the ghotul. 'The ghotul is for happiness', they said at Nayanar. 'Marriage is for work.' They are more concerned about the new home than the new partner. The new way of life is more important than the person who will share it.

It is some such reflection as this that enables boys and girls to bear the very great pain of separation from their lovers at marriage. This is a very real thing, especially in the *jodidār* ghotul. Here a chelik and motiari may have lived six or seven years together, perhaps in great fidelity, and have come to love each other devotedly. Everything in life—except responsibility for children and a home—has been shared. They have gone together to festivals and danced all night in each other's arms. They have been to a score of marriages and shared a world of jokes together. They have slept night after night in the ghotul 'lovely as a bison's horns'. Then suddenly x883 583 he is sometimes known as the Gahania[1]—the boy who is in pawn. Elsewhere in India he is called Ghar-jamai, Ghardi-jawae, Ghar-damānd and Khānadamānd—these expressions mean 'house-son-in-law'.

The Lamhada is betrothed to his girl in the ordinary way, and then comes to live in her father's house, where he is treated as one of the family. If he has been living hitherto in a different village, he has to leave the ghotul there and join the ghotul of which his future bride is a motiari. He will get a ghotul-wife or a temporary partner as the case may be and he will live with her at the same time that he serves for his betrothed. We thus have the interesting situation that if a Lamhada boy comes from another village to a place where there is a *jodidār* ghotul, he gets two new girls—one his betrothed with whom he should have nothing to do, and the other his ghotul-wife with whom he will regularly cohabit.

The strongly equalitarian character of the Muria saves the institution of serving-marriage from certain obvious disadvantages. A boy is not looked down upon because he has no money. The capital that he brings to his new home is the strength of his arms, his industry and his enterprise. It is true that the hardest tasks are often given him, but these are to test his capacity and willingness to work rather than any token that he is regarded as inferior. His status in the ghotul is as good as any, and he is just as likely to become Sirdar or Kotwar as the son of the house where he is serving.

[522] But the Lamhada is a licensed subject for jesting. His close proximity to his future wife—in the same house, a definitely more 'risky' connexion than the closely disciplined relationship in the ghotul; his relations with his mother-in-law and other forbidden persons begun even before marriage; the heavy tasks and tests that are laid upon him; these are subjects for endless comment and amusement.

x883 583 ●539 In Dugabangal, the boys and girls sing a *Lām dāyna pāta*, a song about a boy going as a Lamhada.

Say Lamka Lamka, say son-in-law.
Hard is the work of the Lamka boy
What is the plough made of?
The plough is made of the kosom tree.
What is the yoke made of?
The yoke is made of the siuna tree.
What is the pole made of?
The pole is made of the tinsa tree.
The bullocks are uncle and nephew;
The field is the field of the frogs;
The rice is black as the eyes of a queen.

In a Chitkul song of the Amoli ghotul, a girl is represented as chiding her father for not getting her married.

I am growing up like the beans in the garden,
Yet no one comes to marry me.
I am seven years mature, my father,
I am nearly old as you.
Yet if a boy comes to be Lamhada,
You show him the axe that weighs twelve *gana*;
You show him the basket of two hundred bamboos;
And he goes to find another girl.

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[1] In Betul Gondi he is called Lamjanal and the girl he is betrothed to is Lamjanawatar.—Trench, op. cit., Vol. II, p. 104.

THE GHOTUL AND MARRIAGE

X883 583 An old woman at Masora spoke with great indignation about the way her mother treated the boy who served for her. 'She gave him the heaviest work, and she delayed our marriage as long as she could, for she wanted to get as much work out of him as possible.'

An interesting expression was used at Chandabera. 'A Lamhada is the *koryāri* (daughter-in-law), because he is brought to the house of his wife. Just as the mother-in-law usually abuses her son's wife, so now does the mother-in-law abuse her daughter's husband. He is the daughter-in-law and must do her work.'

X883 An adaptation of a familiar folk-tale motif describes the trials of a Lamhada and his final victory.

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> A father-in-law says to the Lamhada boy, 'Boy, go and sow sarson seed'. The boy goes and in the evening, the father says, 'Boy, go and bring it back, seed for seed, in the same measure'. The Lamhada goes weeping, for he loves the girl, and begins to pick up the seeds one by one. A pair of partridges come by and say, 'Boy, don't weep: we will gather it all for you'. By evening every grain is back in the measure.
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> Then says the father, 'Boy, bring me five measures of ashes from hemp-waste'. The Lamhada collects a pile of waste and burns it, but the ashes go to nothing. At last he goes to his father-in-law and says, 'Without a knotless bamboo, I can do nothing'. The father searches on every hillside and at last returns. 'Boy, I am defeated'. The Lamhada says, 'But if I bring it, will you give me your daughter at once'? The father promises, and the Lamhada brings back a reed. 'Here is bamboo without a knot: give me your daughter.'

X883 584 What of the relations between the Lamhada and the girl with whom he is brought into such intimate contact? In the ghotul the same rules are supposed to apply as govern the conduct of other betrothed couples. The girl must strictly avoid her Lamhada; she must not salute him, nor comb his hair, nor massage him. She must not sleep with him, or sit on his mat. In his presence she will sleep regularly with other boys; he too will have his own partners. Yet neither may reproach the other, though they will be working together all day in the same house.

But although betrothed couples usually seem to observe these rules of avoidance fairly strictly, they are sometimes broken by the Lamhada. Several factors contribute to this. The boy and girl are brought into far more constant and intimate contact in kitchen, field and forest than ordinary engaged couples. A girl cannot help feeling that the Lamhada boy is already more or less married to her when she sees his relations with her parents, watches him already observing the special rules of jesting and avoidance with her other relatives; perhaps not a little sympathy is roused in her heart at the sight of the hard life he leads. Above all, if they do come together, and if she should become pregnant, nothing is easier than to perform their marriage—the boy concluding his term of service afterwards. When the Malik of Lohatur who was a Lamhada made his betrothed pregnant, they were not even fined, for the parents said, 'If it hadn't happened today, it would have happened tomorrow'.

Many cases of such 'irregularities' have been recorded. Dhani, the old Muria woman of Masora, had her affections strongly stirred by her mother's treatment of her Lamhada and she used to sleep with him in the ghotul. At Tarbaili, a girl was passionately devoted to her Lamhada; they used to slip out together at night into the forest—for at least they must preserve the conventions.

under the thatch by the door of his house. The palm of 783
his right hand was placed below the Lamhada's right hand.
On the ground, below their hands, a pile of rice was made,
and an arrow placed in it. Then the Waddai climbed on to
the roof and poured down water which fell through the
thatch on to their hands, and thence to the rice. After this
a pig and two chickens were given to the Lamhada to be
offered to his ancestors. The Waddai as clan-priest officiated [769]
since the Dead of the clan were to be appeased.

A curious story related by Oyami Harma of the same 539
village illustrates the manner in which the Maria expect 773
supernatural punishment to fall upon the criminal. 'Long ago', said Oyami Harma, 'my ancestors, who were a family of seven brothers and one sister, were living beyond Bailadila. A youth of the Uika clan came as Lamhada for the girl, and in due time she was married to him. Twin boys were born, but after a few days one of them died. During Dassara the husband went to Jagdalpur at the invitation of the eldest brother and while he was away his wife together with the wives of the seven brothers went to reap the harvest, taking their two hunting-dogs. The surviving twin was taken with them, and as they were working, he was put to sleep in a swing. While the women were busy in the field, a hare jumped out of a bush and ran towards the baby. The two hunting-dogs chased it, and mistaking the baby for the hare bit him and killed him.

'When the husband returned he asked for his baby, and his wife said, "He has been taken out by our neighbour. First eat your food and then you can play with the child". The husband sat down and ate, and his wife told him what had happened. In the meantime the other brothers told their eldest brother of the child's death, and he was afraid that the bereaved father would revenge himself on him, because it was at his invitation that he had gone to Jagdalpur. So they all decided to run away. The father pursued them saying that it was they who were responsible for the death of his child. They went to Gadapal closely pursued by the angry father. In Gadapal there was a shrine for Kas Pona Pen which was in the form of a bird. This god hid the eldest brother under its wings, and when the father arrived at the shrine, he could find no trace of him. But as he

539 775 had seen him entering, he knew that he was hiding somewhere and so he set fire to the building and went away. The fire did not harm the man, but some of the bird's feathers were burnt. The soul of the clan-god in Gadapal is in that bird, and to this day the bird can be seen, though now it is made of iron, and on its body the marks made by the burns remain.

'The eldest brother then went to Mailawada and lived there. He consulted the Waddai about the death of his sister's child, and it was revealed to him that the girl had been committing adultery with another man, and that on the very day she had bathed after her menstrual period, she had had intercourse both with her husband and her lover. 845 The result of this was twins. But the Departed were offended at her conduct, and as a result one of the twins died after a few days and the second was killed by the Departed who first took the form of a hare and excited the dogs, and then possessed the dogs and killed the child in the swing'.

Such stories are not mere fairy-tales. They are part of the actual life of the people, vividly believed and actually experienced. To aboriginals who live in such an atmosphere and depend so entirely on the supernatural, the cumbersome and vulgar machinery of human courts of justice seems comparatively unimportant. It is said that many murderers find a sort of relief in going to jail, since they believe that this earthly punishment may save them from the vengeance of the Departed.

782 837 But as often in the aboriginal world there are regular methods of evading these dangers. If a man wishes to commit adultery, he makes offerings to the Departed and prays, 'Let me not swell with water. Let the sin be on the husband of this girl and not on me', and then he addresses his ancestors, 'Away with you. Go to water and to wind. Go beyond the boundary-line. Do not trouble me whatever happens'.

684 There is no doubt, however, that many Maria are not satisfied with such ceremonies, and that they consider themselves entirely justified in killing a wife who is disloyal. In particular, the discovery of a woman actually in the arms of her lover appears to have so overwhelming an emotional effect that the husband is almost bound to strike

273 773 All round the little pond were sitting rame birds singing, wagging their heads to and fro and flapping their wings in great excitement. The hero tasted the water and soon he too was singing, dancing and flapping his arms in company with the birds.

The recipe for rice-beer was given to the Maria by the Supreme Being for no other purpose apparently but to cheer them up.

273 773 The origin of sago and toddy juice is more elaborately described.

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> Long ago there was a Maria called Iro Kawachi who had two beautiful daughters, Ilo and Palo. He made a seat of mahua wood and covered it with the skins of lice. He proclaimed that anyone who could first lift it up and put it where he could bathe upon it, and who could say what kind of wood it was made of, and what skin covered it, would get his daughters. All the boys of the neighbourhood came to try but none could tell what the seat was and none could lift it up. At last came a lame boy called Mad Moda from the Irma Raj with an open sore upon his leg. He too was unable to guess what the seat was made of until a fly came and said, 'Let me sit on your sore and eat it and then I will tell you what the wood is'. The boy let the fly settle upon him and after it had taken its fill it told him that the seat was of mahua wood and covered with the skins of lice. Then the boy was able to lift up the seat and put it where Iro Kawachi could bathe.
>
> Now Mad Moda was lame and ugly and covered with hideous sores. When the two girls Ilo and Palo saw him, they ran away in terror but the boy went stumbling along after them and dropped his dancing-stick. He went on and at last caught the girls by the strings with which they tied their hair into a bun. He pulled the cloth off their shoulders and tore out some of their hair. Then he threw them down in the bed of the Indaltom River and enjoyed them. Afterwards the river divided and flowed onwards in two streams.
>
> The boy's bell-stick turned into a toddy tree; the strings from the girls' hair became sago palms; the hair itself grew up as a date palm; the cloth became the broad-leaved plantain tree. Because on that day the girls' cloth fell from their shoulders, they now do not cover their breasts.

This is the story as it was told in Garmiri village. It is known in its main outlines in many other places, though

with small variations. In Dualkarka it was Ira Dhurwa 273
who made the seat and its covering was of cloth. In Muskel 773
it was Gaja Bhimul who made it and the end of the story 539
is that Ilo and Palo jumped into the river at Dantewara and
were drowned.

A few stories resemble the tales of the northern Muria. The Pen Kaina come down to bathe in the Godaveri river; they come singing to eat jamun fruit; or they simply come to dance. They sing, 'Whoever can tell what our names are, we will go with him'. When the village boys find they cannot tell their names they get angry and try to catch them. As the girls run away their bell-sticks fall and become toddy trees. The boys throw their sticks at them and these become sago palms. As the girls run away the kardan-belts round their waists break and turn into the date palm. The knots on these belts are its fruit. The god cuts off the testicles of the boys and sticks them on to the end of the dancing-sticks and these become toddy fruit. That is why, the Maria say, their women beat the sticks so vigorously as they dance. This version of the story is from Bara Harmamunda. In Palnar the situation is reversed. When the boys begin to flirt with the girls, the girls beat them with their bell-sticks and it is the boys who run away. Here they add that the toddy trees said, 'We won't stay here', and went down below the hills. But the sago palms remained on the Dantewara plateau.

Another completely different type of story is told in the neighbourhood of Bailadila. Long ago a group of Maria were hunting on the Bailadila Hills. They grew very thirsty and went searching for water. A rat had nibbled at the peduncle of a sago palm and a jungle cock had scratched a hole in the ground at its foot. The juice dropped into this hole and filled it. When the hunters came to the place they found a hole full of refreshing juice and drank it and thus learnt to tap the tree.

The comparative strength of these drinks is given in 273
Bedford's *Technical Excise Manual*. The alcoholic strength
of toddy varies according to the nature of the palm tapped,
the season of the year, the time for which it has been drawn
and other circumstances. The average results of a number

Death comes into the world by the treachery of the gods. 000
The Baiga describe how Bhagavan grew tired of men, but did not know how to kill them. So he gave Nanga Baiga itch and the old man began to scratch. But he was unable to reach the small of his back, and one day when he picked up a stick to scratch himself there, Bhagavan turned it into a cobra and it bit him and he died.[1] The Juang say that formerly men did not die because they did not sleep, and Bhagavan had to send a woman to sell them curds mixed with sleep-medicine. When they ate the curds, they slept and died. The Bhuiya story describes how so long as Jug Budha and his wife were living, no one died and the world was becoming over-populated. So the Supreme Being sent a centipede to bite them, and thus introduced death into the world.

The Muria too, in the north of Bastar, associate the coming 761
of death with the murder of a son. 773

> In the Middle World no man died, and Mahapurub 539
> wondered how he was to get souls for his kingdom. He had a son. He killed him and prepared to carry him out for burial. But when his wife heard of it, she ran weeping to the place and, taking her son from him, sat with the corpse in her lap. Mahapurub said, 'We must bury the child, don't be foolish'. But she said, 'No, I'll never give him to you'.
>
> Mahapurub then planted a jamun tree behind her. One day some of the berries fell to the ground before her. She picked them up and as she ate her mouth was reddened with the juice. Mahapurub came again and said, 'Give me the boy. You are a witch, you are eating his flesh'. He brought a mirror and when she saw her reddened mouth, she thought she really was eating her son. She wept bitterly, but gave the body to Mahapurub. He buried it and from that day, death has been in the world.

A similar sacrifice accounts for the origin of the sun and 821
moon. The Muria, in a story which is known in a slightly 773
different version to the Bison-horn Maria, describe how after the great wooden circles for the sun and moon were made, there was the problem of how to put life into them. Mahapurub had a son, and Lingo declared that only by killing him and giving his blood to the sun and moon to

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[1] Verrier Elwin, *The Baiga* (London, 1939), p. 329.

3: Elwin E-5 (1935-1942) 1943

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Bison Horn Maria

821 drink, would they become alive and be man and woman.
773 One day while Mahapurub was working in his fields, his wife put the child in a swing and went for water. Lingo stole the child and brought him down to earth. He sacrificed him and offered his blood to the sun and moon and they became alive.

000 Both the Baiga and Muria have stories to account for the disappearance of human sacrifice.

> Now Nanga Baiga and Nanga Baigin had nothing to sacrifice for the steadying of the world. So they took their own three sons and daughters, and were carrying them along. Then they met a jungle hen. ‘Where are you going?’ she asked. And when she heard, ‘You musn't kill your own children. Take two pairs of mine. Offer one pair, and keep the other for breeding’. So said the jungle hen. Then Nanga Baiga lifted one son and daughter out of the kawar and left them with the hen, and put the chickens in instead.
>
> A little later they met a sow. She also begged them not to sacrifice their children, and gave two pairs of sucklings in exchange for two more of the children. Then they met a barking deer, and made a similar exchange.[1]

782 The Muria story runs as follows:—

> 539 The Muria was thinking, ‘How am I to worship the earth
> 773 for I have nothing to give her?’. He had one daughter. He covered her whole body with soot to make her black and forced her to walk on all fours like a black cow.

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[1] *The Baiga*, p. 315. ‘At Nasik, in the Deccan, when cholera appears, a woman of the Marg (menial tribe) is solemnly led out of the city as a scapegoat. She remains outside the city bounds till the next day, when she bathes and returns. The ceremonial, which closely resembles that of bringing a victim to a shrine, doubtless implies an earlier rite of human sacrifice.

‘Another rite resembles that of the self-immolation of pilgrims, who used, in former times, to fling themselves, in the name of Siva, over the cliff known as Bhairava Jhamp, near the famous shrine of Kedar Nath in the lower Himalayas. This rite has now been commuted into the paying for the service of a bedi or rope dancer, who slides on a wooden saddle upon a cable hung over a precipitous cliff as a means of propitiating Siva.

‘In the form of the “Bihunda” rite the same custom prevails in the Punjab, on the River Sutlej.

‘In Baroda also, at the worship of Vagh Deo, the tiger god, a man is covered with a blanket; he bows to the image and walks round it seven times. During this performance the worshippers slap him on the back. He then tries to escape to the forest, pursued by children, who fling balls of clay at him, and finally bring him back, the rite ending with feasting and drinking. The above are instances of attenuated forms of the custom of human sacrifice and immolation which has become intolerable under the conditions of modern society.’ Haikerwal, op. cit., pp. 66 f.

> Then he went to the jungle to worship Mother Earth. 782
> On the way he met Lingo driving a cow. Lingo said, 539
> 'O man, where are you going?' 'I am going to worship 773
> Mother Earth'. 'What are you going to sacrifice?' 'I have nothing to give but my own daughter and I am going to sacrifice her'. Then Lingo said, 'Give me your daughter, and I will give you my cow'. From that day the Muria have not offered human beings to the Earth Mother but, taught by Lingo, have sacrificed their cattle.

A Bison-horn Maria account of creation tells of the great 773
deluge and how the earth came into existence from mud that dropped from the hairs of the great boars that then lived in the world. There were two deities, Irisirma and Markaraja. They had two daughters, Iro and Palo. The girls both wanted to marry Koyabhimul, but the parents were unwilling and tried to kill the boy. They first sent a great snake to bite him as he returned from the jungle. But the girls warned him in time, and told him to invoke the name of their father and the snake would be unable to harm him. The parents then tried to kill him by asking him to sacrifice a chicken, planning to behead him as he bent down to do so. But the girls again warned him, and the boy said to Markaraja that he must first show him how the sacrifice was to be performed. As the older man bent down, the boy picked up a sword and beheaded him. 'In those days there were few gods and so there were few deaths on earth. The mortality on earth has increased because of the great increase in the number of deities.'

We have already seen how the origin of magic among men is connected with a human sacrifice and cannibalism. The Maria are acquainted with similar stories of the origin of the sun and moon through the sacrifice of a living being. Some of the Maria iron-smelters describe how at the beginning they were unable to extract iron from the ore. They killed a Maria and put his body into the furnace, after which their craft prospered.

Maria folk-tales are full of the usual murders, treacheries 539
and deceits. But it is worth noting that generally these are attributed to outsiders and members of other castes. The Maria themselves usually appear virtuous and honourable.

I do not suppose anyone was ever incited to murder by 000
these stories and legends. I doubt if anyone would ever

Gond AW32

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Jawārā Song

1. Behind the bar (tree) stands the pipal tree.
By the door stands the fruit-bearing nim tree.
Ho Mata, you are good.
2. Under the nim tree hangs a swing.
Who is to be swung?
Ho Mata, you are good.
3. The Dewi (mata) sits on the swing,
And the servant swings.
Hanuman (the monkey) speaks: Swing to (i.e., he murmurs hm, hm).
Ho Mata, you are good.
4. Swinging, swinging, she (Dewi) became unconscious,
And the neckband tore apart.
Ho Mata, you are good.
5. Who will pick up the beads (which have fallen on the ground)?
Who will put the string of beads back together?
Ho Mata, you are good.
6. The goddess has picked them up.
And the servant helped her.
The gardener put it (the string of beads) back together.
Ho Mata, you are good.
/186/ 7. Well, well, Mata, I have sung this song.
O goddess Hinglaj (442), bless (us)!

> 442. "Hinglaj, said to be derived from Sanskrit hingula, a preparation of mercury with sulphur, vermilion: possibly, on account of the smearing of a sacred stone with red pigment, . . ." W. Crooke, ERE, Vol. VI, p. 715. Under the name Hinglaj the great mother goddess is venerated in Baluchistan, west of the Hingol River, near its mouth. The Hinglaj Mātā is widely known in India.

Ho Mata, you are good.